To the vertuous Lady, the Lady Woolley.

FArre fet, deare bought, doth fit a Lady beſt;
Such you deſerue, ſuch would my will beſtow:
Good things are rare, rare things eſteem'd you know;
Rare ſhould yours be, as you rare of the reſt.
Such hold this gift, fetcht from a forraine land,
Which wiſeſt King, as pretious did prouide,
Who viewing all the earth, hath nought eſpide,
Whoſe worth (herewith cõpar'd) may longer ſtand:
The price (I dare aſſure) is very deare,
As puchaſd by your merit and my care,
Whoſe trauell would a better gift prepare,
If any better worthy might appeare:
Then this accept, as I the ſame intend,
Which dutie to the dead would will me ſend.

This is Yiiij. verso, (from anr. copy)

To the vertuous Lady, the Lady Woolley.

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ECCLESIASTES,

OTHERVVISE CALLED THE PREACHER.

Containing Salomons Sermons or Commentaries (as it may probably be collected) vpon the 49. Pſalme of Dauid his father.

Compendiouſly abridged, and alſo paraphraſtically dilated in English poeſie, according to the analogie of Scripture, and conſent of the moſt approued writer thereof.

Compoſed by H. L. Gentleman.

Whereunto are annexed ſundrie Sonets of CHRISTIAN PASSIONS heretofore printed, and now corrected and augmented, with other affectionate Sonets of a feeling conſcience of the ſame Authors.

Pſal. 144.

3 *Lord what is man, that thou regardeſt him: or the ſonne of man, that thou thinkeſt vpon him?*

4 *Man is like to vanitie, his dayes like a ſhadow that vaniſheth.*

LONDON.

Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blackefriers neare Ludgate.

1597.

ECCLESIASTES.

OTHERWISE CALLED

THE PREACHER.

Containing Salomons Sermons or Conclusions (as they may probably be collected) upon the Psalms

and Proverbs of the most approved writers before him.

Compiled by I. L. Gentleman.

Whereunto are annexed divers Sonnets of a like subject, not heretofore printed, and now corrected and augmented, with other additionall Sonets of a feeling conceite of the Fame Author.

PSAL. 119.

Quid mihi est in cœlo, & à te quid volui super terram? Deus cordis mei, & pars mea Deus in æternum.

LONDON,

Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blacke-friers neere Ludgate.

1597.

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT AND NOBLE PRINCESSE, LADIE OF RAREST VERTVES,

Queene Elizabeth our most gracious Soueraigne: her Highnes faithfull subiect Henrie Lok, wisheth perfect and perpetuall felicitie.

THE purest liquor drawne out of the heauenly fountaine of SALOMONS inspired wisdom I here (with all zeale of your Highnesse seruice) in most hũble dutie, offer to your thrise sacred Maiestie, vnder whose most glorious Empire, hauing first receiued the breath of this life: and by whose shining beames of most gracious gouernement, that life hauing tasted part of the common comfort of your many happie subiects, and peculiar fauor of your most princely countenance: I cannot but as I acknowledge all my powers of right to pertain to your Highnesse disposition: so to force my weake inde-

uours, to testifie the sinceritie of the same. This my present, which (in a rustie caske, in steed of a golden cup) I haue ventured to purchase for your Highnesse, is (I confesse) farre vnworthie your Maiesties tasting of (though in the benignitie of Dauids spirit, I doubt not your Highnes will accept the same,) which, as it is borrowed from the labours of so mightie and worthie a king as was Salomon the true Author therof, it seems most fit the dedication to your Maiestie, who in Empire being a peere vnto him, in election a partner, in happinesse a riuall, and in wisedome a Sabian obseruer of his soundest doctrines, can perfectliest iudge, and will kindliest (I assure my selfe) welcome this his child for his fathers sake, which must be (and so I desire) his onely grace. For with me it is true that in the composition hereof, it fared as with more worthie Nehemias, when he attempted the repaire of the holy Citie: who being oftentimes disturbed therein by the practise and malice of Sanballat, Tobia and Geshem, was sometimes forced to desist from his attempt, and in the end to effect it with sword in one hand and mattock in the other: so whilest common cares and do-

mesticall

meſtik duties (the direct enemies to all ingenious actions, and proper poyſon) of pure inuention, did many times confound my iudgement, diſturbe my leiſure, & in a maner vtterly diſable my diſpoſition for ſo waighty an affaire (remouing ſo often my hand from my mind, and my minde almoſt from the affection of my heart) I (with half my weak ſelfe) haue bene driuen thus to peece together, this often broken off, & now vnworkmanly perfected taske. VVhich yet (as a well fauoured perſon, euen in meane attires, ſeemes yet euer comely) will I doubt not ſhew ſome excellencie of the cõpoſers ſpirit, though it be not artificially clothed with borowed bewties frõ my barren braine. And your Highneſſe, whoſe courſe of life ſo wel conformeth with this his diſcourſe (teaching vs your ſubiects by holy practiſe, what he by deuine precepts inſtructed his) may as iuſtly chalenge (me ſeemeth) the publication of the like diſcourſe: as we without defrauding God of his honor, & your Highneſſe of your due, may not conceale the perfect reſemblance your Highnes hath of him in name, diſpoſition, and fortune: & we with his ſubiects in honor, proſperitie and peace: which albeit,

we your inferior ſubiects (as the weake ſighted eyes which cannot behold perfectly the face of the ſunne, but looking downe in the water: nor ſee his firſt appearing in the Eaſt, but by looking for the ſhadow in the VVeſt) knowing our diſabilities iudicially to obſerue the cleare brightnes of your ſhining vertues: referring to bordering Princes and attendant Peeres, the more fit recording of the ſame: we take palpable aſſurāces of the bleſſed Spirit of God working in you; by the like frute of peace, proſperitie and plenty deriued by your Maieſties moſt excellent gouernement and wiſdome, vnto vs: whoſe firſt worke of building vp the Church of Chriſt, prouiding for learning, reſtoring the decayd ſtrēgth and munitions of the realme, enriching the treaſurie of the land by refined coine, retaining with moſt princely magnanimity, the ancient ample bounds of your Empire, the eſtabliſhment of ſo many profitable factories for vnfrequented traffick, the chargeable diſcoueries of ſo many vnknown parts, the honorable repulſiō of ſo many foes, the bounteous purchaſe of ſo many neighbor frieds, the charitable relief of ſo many Chriſtians oppreſſed, the equal diſtribution of iuſtice

vnto

vnto all, (all tending to the glory of God, & prosperitie of your raigne) do sensibly, without any disparagement of the greatnesse of that mightie Prince, draw on a certaine liuely comparison of both your ꝓperties & blessings: which therfore might excuse me of flatterie, if in a few words I should point thereat. But I will leaue the ampler relatiō hereof to future posterities, & herein hūbly craving pardon of your Maiestie, for this my presumption (which indeed hath bene founded on your Highnesse gracious acceptance of my former Passionate present) and recommending them anew to your Maiesties fauor herewithall, augmented and reformed; I will with all feruencie of prayer, cōmend your Highnes to the protection of the Almightie: who as he hath confirmed your throne these (now nigh fortie) yeares amongst vs, to the vniuersall peace and comfort of his Israell the Church of Europe: so may he redouble and continue euen to the end (if so his Highnesse please) your Maiesties most happie raigne ouer vs for euer.

Your Maiesties most dutifull and loyall subiect,

HENRY LOK.

IT is the most fit subiect for the nobility of mans spirit to meditate of felicitie: and a true saying of *Aristotle*, that *Omnia appetunt bonum*. Yea the common practise of our high minded age, is to striue for the same in the superlatiue degree: But so fooliſh and new-fangled are our desires, that wishing we wot not what, and seeking it we know not how nor where: we come all farre short of the same, and some runne headlong to the despised contrary (looking for it on earth) and therby groping for it to their graues, they are there cut off of their hopes, and die discontented with their haps. Whereas if they acknowledged it to be the tree of life, planted in the heauenly paradise, they wold leiſe labor their bodies for attaining these transitorie shadowes of pleasure, and more exercise the faculties of the soule for atchiuing the same, so much the more despising these inſtable & imperfect happinesses of this life, as they found their fooliſh affections of the flesh (doting on the) to worke neglect of the nutriment of their soule: & slacknes in the constant trauell in religion and vertue (which is requisit for the long iorney we haue to passe through life and death thereunto.) But this hauing bin the sicknes of all ages, & specially of the Iewes in *Salomons* time, (which induced him, as it should appeare, to take so great paines in remouing the from that error.) I the leſſe maruell, that our age floriſhing in the pride of like long peace and plentie, vnder her Maiesties most happie raigne, be also sorted with the world as they were, dreaming of that perfection and perpetuity here, which God by nature hath denied vnto vs, & but by her Highnes raigne we could hope for. And since it is the dutie of euery part and member of the body, to ioyne in the assistance & cure of the whole, if any particular of it should suffer: I haue in a dutiful compassiō of this cōmon calamity endeuoured to deale forth some mithridate for this poyson: by which so many periſh; and haue here brought thee a Doses of the wiſest Phyſitions cōpotion, that euer had practise of that cure: who did not (for th' experimēt of his potions qualitie, first kill many patients in triall thereof) but applying it to his owne wound first, dares confidently write *probatum est*, and by the seale of the holy spirit and consent of the Church, doth warrant thee to tast of the same. It is a receipe so oldly composed perhaps, that thou respectest it the leſſe, or of so small price, that thou shamest to take it, or perhaps knowing the bitternesse of the tast, thou hadst as liue continue sicke, as to trie it. But deceiue not thy selfe, it is of the nature of the perfectest drogs, which with age increase in strength: of the kind of *Sibillaes* works, which refused, grow higher prized: and of the herbe called woodroofe, which onely handled hath an euill smell, but more forcibly rubbed, yeeldeth a sweet sauour. Receiue it therefore as confidently as he assureth it, and as kindly as I intend it: who in respect that the obscuritie of many places, the contrarietie (as at first would appeare) of some points, and strange dependancie of the whole together: haue done my carefull & studious indeuor (by consideration & imitation of the best interpreters hereof) to explane the true

sense,

ſenſe, accord the diuerſe places: to ioine by probable cõnexion the whole diſcourſe together: which after to diſtinguiſh the ſeuerall arguments, as to varie the verſe, and pawſe the reader) I haue ons altogether vnſtily diſtributed into three Sermons, each one containing foure Chapters a peece. The firſt eſpecially ſhewing the vaine opinion of felicitie, which is not in earth to be found. The ſecond pointing more directly (by the lawfull vſe of this life) the true way thither. The laſt, teaching her reſidence to be in heauen, and perſwading the ſpeedie purſuit of her fauor. And that you might truly conſider of the cariage of the matter, according to the ſcope of the Text, I haue cauſed the ſame to be quoted in the margent, reducing for memorie ſake into two abſtract lines euerſe ſet in the top of euerie leafe: the ſubſtance of euery pages content, which afterward as thou ſeeſt, is paraphraſtically dilated page by page, in the plaineſt formed I can deuiſe. Whom reſpect of the grauitie of the argument did reſtraine my pen frõ the helpes of much profane learning, and in conſideration of the antiquity of the worke, and maieſtie of the author, could not (without great indecencie) haue vſed the authorities of men, or of ſo late times (as ſince the learnings floriſhed, whence we now receiue our common light.) Like naked truth therefore I pray thee receiue it, for it owne, if not for my ſake: & if in any thing I ſeeme to ſwarue from thy conceit of many points, I pray thee confer farther therin, with *D. Gregorius, Nazianzenus Epiſ. Olimpiodorus, D. Saluianus Epiſ. Hieronẽſis, Theod. Beza, Iob. Serranus, Aub. Carranus, Trendelin*, all interpreters and paraphraſers in proſe vpon this worke, and *I. Lectius, Re. Lemmanus, I. Viuianus*, reducers thereof into Latin poeſie, or any other thou likeſt better of, ſo ſhal my errors be couered or excuſed, whilſt their different formes, diſtributiõs of method, & interpretatiõs, will leaue thee (I am perſwaded) in ſome points as litle ſatisfied as this my labor ſhall do: who in ſome things was forced to digreſſe from them all, when either too much in one place, or too litle in an other, they followed the forme of a Paraphraſis, which they vndertooke: into which error alſo it is not vnlike but I haue ſometimes fallen my ſelfe, and I doubt not but many things more might haue bin ſaid, & perhaps to more purpoſe then I haue done, but *non omnia poſſumus omnes*. According to my ſufficiencie I haue diſcharged my ſelf faithfully vnto thee, and therfore I truſt (in theſe dayes wherein ſome pernitious, many vnciuil, and a ſwarme of ſuperfluous and vnprofitable books paſſe from the preſſe) it ſhall not be needfull for me to vſe great inſinuation for thy fauour: ſince it lyeth not in the bounds of a Preface, to prepare a peruerſe mind, or in the nature of ſuch a worke, to go a begging for a grace. I will therfore cut off that labor, & only ſignifie vnto thee the excellency of this worke, compiled by the wiſeſt man, and mightieſt king of Iſrael, ſouen *Salomon* the king of peace: *Ydida*: the beloued of God: *Eccleſiaſtes* the preacher: who in his Prouerbs inſtructeth thee as a child, to a ciuill and honeſt life: in this worke, inſtituteth thy manly thoughts to the inquiſition of the higheſt good. To the end, that by his laſt ſong of heauenly loue, thy ripened thoughts might be inflamed with that glorious bride Chriſt Ieſus: to whoſe holy direction I hartily cõmend thee.

H. L.

Certaine poems to the Authour of the worke.

TErra ferax vatum est Britannia, non tamen omnes,
Aut vno, aut sacra flamine Phœbus agit
Hic canit obscuri certaminis arma virosve,
Alter lasciui ludicra amoris alit.
Hos genio vt superas, sic carmine & argumento
AEquum & Regina est cedere Regia opus.

A. H. S.

Ad Sereniſſimam Reginam Elizabetham.

REgia Virgineæ soboles dicata parenti,
Virgo animo, patriæ mater, Regina quid quid optas?
Chara domi, metuenda foris, Regina quid optas?
Pulchra, pia es, princeps, fœlix, Regina quid optas?
Cœlum est? Certò at serò sit Regina quod optas.

Ioh. Lily.

Ad Lockum eiuſdem.

INgenio & genio locuples, dic Locke quid addam?
Addo, quod ingenium quondam precioſius auro.

Ad Authorem.

NOn vane vanas ſapiens perſtringit abuſus:
Nec vano enarrat regulem carmine mentem.
Nec qui ſuaſit opus, fuerat vanúſve maluſve.
Nec vanum diue ſacrum dicare laborem.
Cuius quid vani? quid non memorabile dictu?
Non vanum eſt ſceptro, populum rexiſſe potentem.
Non iuſto regem bello, ſuperaſſe ſuperbum,
Non Antichriſti vires fregiſſe furentis,
Non armis miſeros, vicinaque regna fouere,
Si vanus repeto, ignoſce ô regia virgo
Vano. Perge tamen. Sola hæc & vera putato.

L. P.

To the worke.

THee Princes pen, now preſent to a Prince,
And poeme to a princely ſprited Muſe:
Ye full ſound Ethicks of the ſweet eſſence
Of heauenly truth, which all ought to peruſe
View all, reape good, leaue ill without excuſe.

H. A.

To the Author.

FOr me to praiſe this worke, it were no praiſe,
Whil'ſt thou doeſt publiſh it: it prayſeth thee;
Thing (once cald perfect) further praiſe denayes,
Becauſe all other words inferior bee.

With happie ſight thy muſe appeares to ſee,
That could ſelect a ſubiect of ſuch choyce,
Which hath enforced many more then mee,
With ſilence (for thy bliſt attempt) reioyce.

Thy former vaine, no vaine conceipt bewrayes
By Paſſions (patternes of a Chriſtian fight)
But for this worke, yet higheſt honor ſtayes,
And therefore henceforth feare no others flight
Thy Zeale, thy theame, thy gift, thy fame to ſtaine,
Which imitate they may, but not attaine.

M. C.

TO THE QVEENES MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE.

TO you thrise sacred Princesse of this Ile:
By God, By countrie, By true wisdomes praise,
Elect, Annointed, Soueraigne, is the stile,
Religous Empresse, Beautie of our dayes,
His Church you cherish, that your state did raise,
Our peace you purchase, where your throne is plast,
Eternall glorie on your actions staves;
Rare, Crowned, Vertue: Holy, Humble, Chast,
Whom all heauens high perfections fully grac't,
Whom all earth honors, should, do, will adorne:
VVhom all the Muses haue with loue embrac't:
VVho doth pale Enuie, and blind Fortune scorne;
To you wise kings discourse of blisse I bring,
Renowned Queene, true type of happiest King.

1. These sacred words king Dauids sonne did preach, who Israel taught
2. All vanitie of vanities, he calles: more light than thought.

The words of the Preacher the sonne of Dauid king in Ierusalem.

1. THe heauenly words of holy *Dauids* sonne,
Who ouer Israels race sometimes did raigne,
Wherewith to vertue he his subiects wonne,
Whilst in Ierusalem he did remaine,
And to instruct them thus did not disdaine.
Those words, no vaine discourse it is I write,
Pend by a Prince, as God did them indite.

Strange doctrines, which some paradoxes call,
But yet the quintessence of holy creed,
Liues pure Elixer, which is sought of all,
To assuage cares crasities, in heart that breed,
Of happinesse the generatiue seed,
Of morall speculation practise sound:
Of constant faith the quiet fruit he found.

Vanitie of vanities, saith the Preacher: vanity of vanities, all is vanitie.

2. The farre set happinesse which some propound,
In minds, in bodies, and in fortunes gifts:
(Which all conioyned seeldome times are found)
But to a vaine conceit the fancie lifts,
And their best Sectaries do lose their drifts;
The crowne it is, of heauens most glorious stare,
Earths fruites all vaine: care, folly, and debate.

Yea vaine, all vaine (saith he) mans soule well proues,
What euer on earths spatious Orbe below
Hath breath, life, being, sense, or what so moues,
By vegetatiue kind: or which doth ow
To nature a declyning state to grow.
Vaine in the roote, in bud, in flower all vaine:
Vaine fruit, whose of springs vainly vades againe.

3. What solid fruite finds tyred man, of trauell vnder Sunne?
4. The earth is firme, whilst mans age past, another age doth runne.

What remaineth vnto man in all his trauel, which he sufferеth vnder the Sunne?

3. What if some one amids a multitude,
More happie in many points then others be?
Yet truly can you not thereby conclude,
That perfect happie, in all respects is he:
Nor long time can enioy the same we see.
Vpon a tickle point earths blessings stand,
And come and go in turning of a hand.

All must confesse, that nothing long remaines
To man, for all the trauels of his mynd,
Sustained in this life with bodies paines,
Since earth and earthly things all vade by kynd,
As doth a shadow or a puffe of wynd.
No prouidence preuenteth destinie,
Earth and her fruites do liue but for to die.

One generatiō passeth, and an other generatiō succeedeth, but the earth remaineth for euer.

4. Mans life like to a burning lampe doth wast,
And like the ship on sea all stormes abyde,
Flies swift as thought, which straight is come and past:
Whose memorie as soone away doth slyde,
As trace which soaring fowle through aire did guyde,
Whose entercourse of change so swift doth go,
That sence can scarce discerne that it was so.

And as on stage new actors issue still,
Vntill each part expir'd, the play be done:
So generations newe the world do fill,
And ages newe past ages ouer-runne:
And shall till this worlds end haue new begun
That other world, which neuer shall haue end:
To which we posting thus, our hopes should bend.

Yea

5. The moving sun doth rise and set, and turnes from whence it came,
6. The wind frō north to south blows roūd, & calmeth with the same.

5. Yea all heauens elements full well we see,
Though farre more durable then man by kind,
Yet for our vse, in motion still to bee,
And by their change of change put vs in mind,
As in the lightsome sunne we proofe may find;
Whose time in measuring out our time is spent,
Whilst we to marke his motion onely ment.

The sunne riseth, and the sunne goeth downe, and draweth to his place where he riseth.

This glorious Bride, in loue of earth his spouse
From his Starchambered pallace of the sky,
Drawne on by mornings wings, betimes doth rouse
Through either Hemi-sphere, and passing by,
Th'Antipodes, from East to East doth fly,
With euery step Horizons making new,
Wherewith the earth new bewties doth indew.

6. This pure sweete aire wherein things breathing line,
Th'all filling essence of vacuitie,
He vnto life the very spright doth giue,
And neuer rests, his presence to applie
To our behoofe: who languishing would lie,
If long he should retire his fragrant breath,
Whose vse (from vs restraind) doth menace death.

The wind goeth toward the South, and compasseth toward the North: the wind goeth round about, and returneth by his circuit.

He being speedie guide to motions all,
In tender care and neighbour loue he owes
Vnto those lower regions, forth doth call
From hils and dales exhaled breaths, whence growes
As many winds as on earths compasse blowes,
Which cleansing clouds, and drying dampish soile,
Do whistling through each hollow vault recoile.

7. Fresh waters from the sea thence flowes, their obiect yet fill not it.
8. All is but toyle man sees or heares, with his insatiat wit.

All the riuers goe into the sea, yet the sea is not full: for the riuers goe vnto the place whence they returne, and go.

7. The liquid streames, of waters which arise,
Fro out the Cesterne of the Centors deepe,
Whose winding channels in a wondrous wise,
Through hils and dales, in curbed wise do creepe,
A constant progresse do by nature keepe,
Till they the Ocean (their deere mother) meet,
Whose brackish teares for thē, their drops make sweet.

Whose fruitfull wombe, in gratefull wise repaies
The yeelding earth, the tribute of her loue,
By sending strayned springs through forced waies,
And Porus passages for mans behoue,
That so her selfe in bounds might mildly moue:
Who yeelds likewise to beare earths heauy brood,
And breeds her selfe some store of humaine food.

All things are full of labour, man can not vtter it, the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the eare filled with hearing.

8. And not those compound elements alone
Are subiect to this intercourse of change,
But euen the foure pure elements echone
Doe from themselues, to th'others natures range,
Though contrary by kind, with motion strange:
Earth into water turnes, moist into aire,
Pure aire to fire, Condenst they backe repaire.

So all things labour euermore and tend
Vnto their end, which when they once attaine,
That forme doth change and to another bend,
Which likewise in his time hath end againe,
And nothing in one state doth long remaine:
Whose wondrous frame, in vaine man seekes to find,
Whil'st his mans studie can suffise his mind.

I was

9. What euer hath bene, ſhall be done: for there is nothing new:
10. What may we ſay is now, the which was not before thinke you?

9. For proofe, let me demaund but this of you,
Who moſt haue ſearched natures ſecret powre?
And you who are conuerſt in ſtories true,
And you obſeruers of ech day and howre,
Haue ye not found, that time doth all deuour?
And that new times the like things doth produce,
As any former ages had in vſe.

What is it that hath bene? that that ſhall be: and what is it that hath bene done? that which ſhall be done: and there is no new thing vnder the Sun.

We dreame of ſecrets daily, newly found,
And of inuentions paſſing former wits,
We thinke our world with wiſedome doth abound,
And fame (for knowledge) vs much rather fits,
But ouer-weening thoughts this toy begits:
Their longer liues more temperately led
In holy ſtudie, ſure more knowledge bred.

10. What one thing can we ſay is new indeed,
Excepting time it ſelfe, which ſtill renewes?
New ſinnes perhaps this wicked age would breed,
Yet can not other then firſt age did vſe:
The name of new indeede we do abuſe,
By calling new the thing we newly know,
Which rather ignorance of skill doth ſhow.

Is there any thing whereof one may ſay, behold this, it is new? it hath bene already in the old time that was before vs.

Thoſe elder times (no doubt) in golden age,
When natures ſtrength was in her youthfull prime,
When Will on Wiſedome tended as a Page,
And loue of vertue, baniſht many a crime,
When humble thoughts did not for glory clime:
Then all things flouriſht ſure that now we ſee,
And actions all, that are, or that may bee.

11. Things past forgotten are we see, and future so shalbee.
12. In Ierusalem, Israels king I was, who teacheth thee.

There is no memorie of the former, neither shall there be a remembrance of the latter that shall be, with them that shal come after

11. But they forgotten are, as ours once shall,
Mans few and euill dayes with cares of mind,
Make many worthy things to dust to fall,
And vs to predecessors grow vnkind,
Whose fames with theirs shall vanish with the wind,
And as our stealing wits would clips their fame,
Deuouring time, shall desolate our name.

For what more equall recompence is due,
To such as others merits doe depraue,
Then that like base contempt, do them insue,
And of successors they like guerdon haue,
And so we see fame leaues vs at the graue:
Build then his happinesse on earth who will,
He but himselfe with care and scorne shall fill.

I the Preacher haue bene king ouer Israell in Ierusalem.

12. By proofe I speake, who once a mighty King
Did sway the Scepter of the holy seed,
Whose blessed name of peace, true peace did bring,
And publike wealth, which happinesse did breed,
And all delights whereon the world doth feed:
From Dan to Bersaba there, bound before,
And from Euphrates vnto Nylus shore.

My seat in Centor of earths Paradice,
In blest Ierusalem Gods dwelling place,
Neare to whereas mount Sion doth arise,
The holy hill, which doth the countrey grace,
Wherein I ruled not a litle space:
For fortie yeares, I raigned still in peace,
And in a ripened age I did decease.

13. I gaue my heart (God gaue this care) true wisedome out to find,
14. My studie found all vnder sunne, to be but griefe of mind.

13. And all this time I bent my power and will,
To find faire wisedomes pallace, that I there
My homage due, might pay vnto her still,
And trophes to her in my heart might reare,
Her loue made me all other loue forbeare:
Welth I and honour, health, and euery thing
Disdaind, that did not me true wisedome bring.

And I haue giuen mine heart to search and find out wisedome by all things that are done vnder the heauen, this sore trauell hath God giue to the sonnes of men to humble them thereby.

I therefore first did God most humbly craue,
To guide my steps in such a holy care,
Who (thenceforth) thereof such a measure gaue,
As none for wisedome might with me compare:
To proue all things I did my heart prepare,
Insatiat still as man by nature is,
Of skill (so doomd) for Adams first amis.

14. What euer nature of her selfe brings forth,
Or skilfull Art by practise could produce,
What euer did to any seeme of worth,
Or for necessitie might seeme of vse,
Was still the obiect of my studious Muse,
Which out of all to gather did desire,
That happinesse whereto we would aspire.

I haue considered all the works that are done vnder the sunne, and behold all is vanitie & vexation of the Spirit.

But for my paines on earth did nought attaine,
But losse of time and agony of Spright,
A vaine desire, replete with skill more vaine,
A carefull life, disgaisd with vaine delight,
A puft vp braine, with dreames of wisedomes sight,
But to my heart vnfruitfull of content,
To wearied life, a lode of time mispent.

15. The crooked thing can none make straight, or number things amis.
16. I thought and said, in power or wit, none like me was or is.

That which is crooked, can none make straight: and that which faileth can not be numbred.

15. For when I sought to practise what I knew,
My mind distracted diuersly was led,
In looking to preuent things to insew:
Much care in vaine I tooke, no fruit it bred,
To know the worlds amis, serues to small sted;
When no man can make straight the crooked tree,
Or mend the chance that is ordaind to bee.

To number forth mans miseries and woe
Is hard to doe, and litle would auaile:
To stay the Oceans course, he should but goe,
That would support, where nature meanes to faile:
It makes vs but our weakneſſe more bewaile,
If any way our wisedome stood in sted,
It would suppresse the vices in vs bred.

I thought in mine heart, and said, Behold I am become great, and excell in wisedom all them that haue bene before me in Ieruſalem: and mine hart hath seene much wisedome and knowledge.

16. And though (alas) I might of all men best,
For wisedome be reputed mongst the great,
Whose knowledge farre surpassed all the rest,
Before me euer were in Israels seate,
Or any others whom Records repeat:
Yea then was Chalcoll, Darda, or Ethan,
Heman, Maholl, or any liuing man.

Yet I for all my knowledge must confesse,
That childish blindneſſe raigneth ouer all,
The more I knew, I thought I knew the leſſe,
My knowledge, ignorance I seemd to call,
When to the skanning of it I did fall:
As farre to weake true wisedome to behold,
As man vnfit, Gods secrets to vnfold.

And

17. *I studied all both good and bad to know, in all I found*
18. *Much grief, & as much wisdom grew, new cares & woes abound.*

17. And that I might the better others iudge,
I bent my selfe to euery students vaine,
To reade each friuolous worke I did not grudge,
As well as writers of more pregnant braine:
The rules of obseruations I did gaine,
Which long experience maketh many see,
And to the vulgar sort instructions bee.

And I gaue my heart to knowe wisedome and knowledge, madnesse and foolishnesse: I knew also, that this is a vexatiō of the spirit.

I put in practise what these arts did teach,
And tasted euerie toy for my delight.
Fond actions made in modest mind a breach:
For will with reason I did arme to fight;
Yet all in fine did but torment my spright.
In wisdoms graue restraint my bouds seeme straight,
On follie, shame, and sorow to awaight.

18. So wisedome proues a style of small auaile,
Which cannot yeeld a man one happie day,
His infant studies seruile feares do quaile,
His youthfull yeares with wantonnesse decay,
His manly thoughts worlds combers weare away:
His yeares of iudgement for true wisedome fit,
Deuoyd of powre, through weakned limbs do sit.

For in the multitude of wisedome is much griefe: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth griefe.

And yet suppose some one in ripened time,
In bodie and in mind haue some delight,
Yet he shall find, when he doth seeme in prime,
A world of woes to march before his sight,
Which past or presently shall with him fight:
Which if he scape, yet many thousands beare,
Whereof whilst yet he liues, he stands in feare.

1. Then did I ioy prone at full, which also proued vaine.
2. Mad laughter and short ioy, what ease do ye yeeld to my paine?

I said in mine heart, goe to now, I will prone thee with ioy: therfore take thou pleasure in pleasant things: and behold this also is vanitie.

1. THus tired with these studies I replinde,
And in my heart, I said, no more of this:
Now will I try if pleasure I may find,
To cheare my fainting soule in worlds amis:
Perhaps in mirth and joy is plaste true blis,
Let me to counsell, my affections take,
And let them to their likings frolike make.

From reasons bonds, thus set at large awhile,
They ech of them their appetites doe fit,
Each seuerall sense, himselfe seekes to beguile,
And all conspire the wished prise to git,
But (ouer gorg'd) full soone they all do furfit:
For lust complete facietie doth breed,
And vaine, the fruite, that growes from such a seed.

I said of laughter, thou art mad: and of ioy, what is this that thou doll?

2. Then did I first begin indeed to know,
The vanitie of these vnconstant ioyes,
For while the foggie myst of lust doth grow,
As through a cloud, we see it so annoyes
Our purest iudgement, euen with childish toyes:
But then (as safe on shore) the storme I saw,
Whose raging billowes did soules perill draw.

Then cald I laughter a deformed grace,
More fit for fooles, then temp'rate men to try,
Graue maiestie expelling from the face,
And antike wise disguizing men, whereby
As madnesse, I began it to defy:
As forced mirth, which no sweet fruit doth bring,
But to relenting soule a poysned sting.

3. With wine I wit and follyfed, to find mans liues content.
4. In stately workes of houses and of vineyards, stidy spent.

3. The Antidote of hearts with care oppreſt,
Earths bloud, wits bane, wines beſt delighting taſt,
I gaue my ſelfe to proue in my vnreſt,
To quicken ſo my ſprights, with care defaſt,
Not glutton like, with drunkenneſſe diſgraſt,
But as in prickly bush men Roſes take,
So in my plentied not meaſure brake.

I ſought in mine hart to giue my ſelfe to wine, and to lead mine hart in wiſedome, & to take hold of folly, till I might ſee whether is that goodnes of the children of men, which they enioy vnder the ſunne, the whole number of the daies of their life.

For why, the obiect of my actions were
So limited by wiſedomes happy guyde,
That I in them, did Gods offence forbeare,
And in the bounds of temperance firme abyde:
I onely ſought by all things to haue tryde,
Where, and what is, that good mans of-ſpring finds
In life on earth, which ſo inchaunts their minds.

4. And for I held magnificence to bee
A vertue fitting well a princely mind,
I built and dedicated (Lord) to thee
A Temple, where thy Arke a reſt might find:
A worthleſſe preſent for a God ſo kind:
Yet beſt that skilfull Hyrams art could frame,
In ſeauen yeares time, and coſt vpon the fame.

I haue made my great workes: I haue built me houſes: I haue planted me vineyardes.

I rayſed and reedified beſide,
Full many cities to withſtand the foes,
And Libanus, whoſe beautie farre and wide,
In fame before all other cities goes:
Beſides a Pallace for my Queene, like thoſe
Where mightieſt Monarks courts haue erſt bin plaſt,
Which was with many vineyards greatly graſt.

5. I gardens had, and Orchards faire, of euery fruit full tree.
6. And Aqueducts to water them, the purest that might bee.

I haue made me gardens & orchards, and planted in the trees of all fruite.

5. I made me spacious gardens therewithall,
Wherein to solace both my Queenes and mee,
In which all kind of herbes both great and small,
And all such flowers as either pleasing bee
To sight or smell, you there might plentie see,
Or which for health of man had any prayse,
Or for delight might serue him any wayes.

My Orchards like to Paradice were held,
Wherein for shadie walkes and sweete prospects,
Ingenious art had nature so exceld,
That things gainst kind produc'd most kind effects,
All fruitfull trees of tast that man affects,
Were planted plenteously, from Cedar tall
To little shrubbe, that clymbeth by the wall.

I haue made me Cesterns of water, to water therewith the woods that grow with trees.

6. From top of farthest cliffes through hils and dales,
I set my fountaine heads and crystall springs,
I forced riuers from the lower vales,
To mount their neighbor hils, whose backs them brings
Vnto those Cesternes, which by spoues them flings,
Like Aprill showers dispersedly to fall,
And so bedeaw those bordering trees withall.

Whence softly they distilling to the ground,
Might coole the pride of Summers scorching rayes,
And cause the happy soyle with fruite abound,
Which spring time like, thus flourished alwayes,
Whose ouerplus of streames in chanell stayes:
That euery fish and foule might solace take,
Or men might bath on banke, and banquet make.

I was

7. I houſholds had of men & maids, and ſtore of beefes and ſheepe.
8. With Princes treaſures, ſinging folke, I did for pleaſure keepe.

7. I was attended on in princely ſort,
As well of Nobles as of ſeruile kynd,
Yea tributary kings did oft reſort,
To doe the homage fealty did bynd,
Of Captiues I had ſtore, vnto my mynd,
And families of theſe and their of-ſpring,
To populate a countrey for a king.

I haue gotten ſeruants and maides, & had children borne in the houſe: alſo I had great poſſeſſion of Beeues and ſheepe, aboue all that were before me in Ieruſalem.

My flockes of ſheepe, and heards of cattell great,
Wherewith my royall Court I dayly fed,
Who thirtie Beeues, and fiueſcore Sheepe did eat,
Beſides ſuch dainties as the countrey bred,
I fortie thouſand horſe to battell led,
And Charets more I had, I dare well ſay,
Then any king in Iewry till this day.

8. Of treaſure I had ſtore and reuenue,
Sixe hundreth Talents, ſixtie ſixe of gold,
Foure hundreth fiftie more, from Ophire due,
And cuſtome for all marchandize was ſold,
With tributes more then number well you could:
So that like ſtones or droſſe, I ſiluer gaue,
And in my raigne for want few needed craue.

I haue gathered vnto me alſo ſiluer and gold, and the chief treaſures of kings and prouinces: I haue prouided me men ſingers and women ſingers, and the delights of the ſonnes of men, as a woman taken captiue, & women taken captiues,

The choyſe of all the ſpoyles of warre I had,
Both men and women ſingers rare of skill,
Whoſe melodie would cheare the mind moſt ſad,
Whoſe beauties with delight the eye might fill,
And of theſe had varietie at will,
And what ſo euer humaine kind can craue,
To ſeeke delight therein, my ſelfe I gaue.

9. More mightie then forefathers all, with wisedome ruling mind,
10. I fed my will, my will pleasd me, this fruit my paines did find.

And I was great, and encreased aboue all that were before me in Ierusalem: all my wisedome remained with me.

9. Thus grew I mightie, and of greater fame
Then any king Ierusalem had knowne:
From farre and neare, great Princes sent and came
To see my greatnesse, which abrode was blowne:
Admir'd I was, and loued of my owne,
Surpassing farre, report that went of mee,
As Saba Queene, confest that came to see.

And (which few men, in prosperous state can do)
By wisedomes rule I guided so my life,
That holy Iustice still I leand vnto,
And shielded innocence from Tyrants strife:
And (had I not transgrest through heathnish wife,
Who made me winke at her Idolatry)
Few errors in my life you should espy.

And whatsoeuer mine eies desired, I withheld it not frō them: I withdrew not mine hart from any ioy: for mine hart reioyced in all my labor: and this was my portion of all my trauell.

10. Thus did I fill my eyes with their desire,
And fed my heart at full with all content,
No sooner did my thought a thing require,
But forward to effect it straight I went:
Thus I my dayes in ioy and solace spent,
Peace gaue me wealth & power, power fed my will,
My will sought happinesse in all things still.

But happinesse I had not as I thought,
For though in vse of things I seemed glad,
Yet afterward they to me loathing brought,
And things begunne in ioy, were parting sad,
And yet that present ioy was all I had,
In recompence of all my trau'll and paine,
And to haue that, was more then many gaine.

In

11. I viewd in fine all I had done, & found all vaine and fruitleſſe.
12. Both wit & folly, for of both none knew more: all prou'd bootleſſe.

11. In fine, now ſurfetting indeede with all
My deare bought pleaſure, both begunne and paſt,
Vnto a reckoning I my iudgement call,
And true account of gaine, of them I caſt,
And did ſurvay my workes, which yet did laſt,
To ſee the benefit I reapt thereby,
Becauſe I would the truth of all things try.

Then I looked on all my workes that my hands had wrought, and on the travell that I had laboured to doe: and behold, all is vanitie and vexation of the Spirit: & there is no profit vnder the sunne.

Which when I found for moſt part vaniſht quight,
And thoſe remaining, ſubiect to like fate;
I ſaw a world of vanitie and ſpight,
Which made me world and all her workes to hate,
As maſſe of miſerie, and vnkind debate,
As they ſhall find, who thus forwarnd will proue,
Repentance being price of fooliſh loue.

12. Then I a new compariſon did make,
Twixt ſacred wiſedome (heauens infuſed gift)
And humaine wiſedome, which doth patterne take
Of preſidents, of morall actions drift,
The skill wherein doth worldly minds vp lift,
And this compard with fooliſh ignorance,
Which in the world doth many ſotts aduance.

And I turned to behold wisedome, madnes, and folly: for who is the man that will come after the king in things which men now haue done.

For if that knowledge on experience grow,
And that experience be the child of time,
If time her powre do to the ſtudious ſhow,
And labour doth to higheſt knowledge clime,
If iudgement flouriſh where theſe are in prime,
Then who hath me ſurpaſt, or ſhall ſucceed
In theſe, whoſe cenſure may more credit breed?

13. Yet found I wisedome it excell, as light doth darknes farre.
14. It sees, that gropes, yet wise and fond, both in one hazard are.

Then I sawe there is profite in wisedome, more then in folly: as the light is more excellent then darknesse.

13. And what I could, impartiall conceiue
Of ech of them, I will thee truely tell:
I found that folly did a man deceiue,
And woe to them within her snares that fell,
But wisedome did all earthly things excell,
Immortalizing man with worthy fame,
And couering the defects of natures shame.

And looke how much the sunne in sommers day,
When he in Zenith of our Hemis-pheres,
Most glorious beames of brightnesse doth display,
Surpasseth darkest nights that winter weares,
In frozen Zone for light some face he beares:
So farre and more, the wise do fooles surpasse,
Or more then precious stones doe brickle glasse.

For the wise mans eyes are in his head, but the foole walketh in darknesse: yet I know also that the same condition falleth to them all.

14. For why, the wise call passed things to mind,
Obserue the present, future doe fore-see,
Compare effects, whereby they courses find,
And make their actions to best rules agree,
Like Eagle eyes, and Linxes sights theirs bee,
Where fooles as blind-fold, groping misse the way,
And vnto euery daunger are a pray.

Although in deede one end befalleth all,
The wise and foolish, begger and the king:
All made of earth, againe to dust doe fall,
And euery state is crossed with some thing.
Wisedome breedes care, and folly want doth bring:
Wealth liues in feare, and pouertie in wo:
Honor enuide, base bloud contemn'd doth go.

I there-

15. If ſo (thought I) then is it vaine, more wiſedome to aſpire,
16. All is forgot in time to come, like death haue all for hire.

15. I therefore in my heart beganne to thinke,
If all eſtates ſome miſerie muſt haue,
If wiſe and fooliſh both of one cup drinke,
If all by death muſt draw vnto the graue,
If wiſedome may not man from daunger ſaue:
If ſickneſſe be the common guide to death,
If death the end of all that draweth breath:

Then I thought in mine heart, it befalleth vnto me, as it befalleth to the foole: why therefore doe I then labour to be more wiſe? and I ſaid in mine hart, that this alſo is vanitie.

Why then do I contend for wiſedomes prayſe?
With ſtudious trauell, why do I applie
My time, and ſpend away youthes pleaſant dayes
With paine and toyle? why ſerues ſeueritie,
And temperance of life, ſince all muſt die?
It is meere madneſſe to be too preciſe,
Though fooles be vaine, vaine alſo be the wiſe.

16. Vaine in the higheſt point of vanitie,
If they ſuppoſe on earth true bliſſe to find,
As on a ſtage, each ſtep they tred awrie
Is markt, and fame defamd by ſlaunderous kind,
And their beſt name that they do leaue behind
Is ſoone forgot, as fooles facts alſo bee,
As we by daily proofe full well may ſee.

For there ſhall be no remembrance of the wiſe, nor of the foole for euer: for that that now is, in the dayes to come ſhall all be forgotten: and how dieth the wiſe man, as doth the foole.

Alas! is there no difference at all,
In length of dayes betwixt the fond and wiſe?
Can nought protect from death, but muſt all fall?
As baſeſt ſort, ſo thoſe in honour riſe,
Can man no way to lengthen life deuiſe?
Then vaine is he in them repoſeth truſt,
Whoſe ioyes with them ſo ſoone determine muſt.

17. Then lothd I life, all life bred griefe, and did the mind torment,
18. My owne workes were vnpleasing then, possest by one vnment.

Therefore I hated life: for the worke that is wrought vnder the sunne is grieuous vnto me: for all is vanitie & vexation of the Spirit.

17. The thought whereof made me the world to hate,
And euery circumstance of life to blame,
The day of birth, as day of cursed fate,
The length of life, as heape of woe and shame,
The dayly looke for death, as rotten frame
Of natures weakest building, earth doth beare,
Bred vp and nourished, with care and feare.

Conceiu'd in sinne, brought into world with paine,
With iust laments bewayling future case,
Who impotent, doth hopelesse still remaine,
(If pitie in the parents had not place,
Or foster mothers did him not embrace)
Whose youth sharpe tutors, age the lawes restraine,
Whose vexed soule still carkes and cares in vaine.

I hated also all my labor, wherein I had trauelled vnder the Sunne, which I shall leaue to the man that shall be after me.

18. Yea, though my selfe was free from sundry things,
By reason of the greatnesse of my state,
With which the meaner sort full often wrings,
(As want, and suffering stroke of mighties hate)
Yet I my cares had in an other rate,
And far more forcible in me they were,
For prosperous states doe worst afflictions beare.

As feare of chaunge, care of the common good,
Desire to eternize my name on earth:
Yet nothing more (me thought) my ioy withstood,
Then that I traueld for an others mirth,
For whom, my fruits were gathred ere his birth,
Which made me all my workes of most desert
Hate and disdaine, euen from the very heart.

For

19. Vnknowne if fond or wise, who yet shall all enioy I leaue.
20. Which as most vain, made me abhor, my works which me deceaue.

19. For what knew I, who should to me succeed,
In vse of all the wealth and pompe I left,
An infant of mine owne, and proper breed,
Or else a stranger creeping in by theft;
I knew how easly crownes might be bereft,
If kings were Orphanes lacking yeares or wit,
Ne knew I if my child for rule were fit.

And who knoweth whether he shall be wise or foolish, yet shal he haue rule ouer all my labour, wherein I haue trauelled, & wherein I haue shewed my selfe wise vnder the sun. This is also vanitie.

The proofe he yeelds, and sentence God did giue,
Prognosticateth little good at all:
Yet (as vnto mine heire in whom I liue)
I giue what waste he may, and feare he shall;
The fruit euen of my wisest trauels all,
So that the world which witnessed my paine,
May hap record my trauels meerely vaine.

20. This made me oft, aide reason to contend
With my affections and my pleased sence,
And gainst my selfe, my selfe my wits to bend,
The loue of all my workes expulsing thence,
And taking on me truths sincere defence,
Said perturbations (which affections guyde)
Should not giue iudgement where her cause is tryde.

Therefore I went about to make mine hart abhorre all the labour, wherein I had trauelled vnder the Sunne.

I made my mind confesse, the studie vaine
Which was imployd, on transitory thing
I made my body graunt, too great the paine
Bestowd on any pleasure life doth bring,
My senses to conclude, there was a sting
And bitter tast attended on delight,
And so resolu'd, worlds loue to banish quight.

21. One toyles to get with right and skill, a ſtocke for one moſt vaine,
22. And no reward himſelfe doth find, for all his trauell and paine.

For there is a man whoſe trauell is in wiſedome, and in knowledge, & in equitie: yet to a man that hath not trauelled herein ſhall he giue his portion, this alſo is vanitie and a great griefe.

21. For could there be a greater griefe beſide,
Or iuſter cauſe to make a man repent
The paines and perils that he did abide,
In honeſt trade to purchaſe his intent,
Whereto his wits and diligence was bent:
Then for to thinke he doth for others toyle,
Manures the ground, where others reape the ſoyle.

Who buildeth but in hope to dwell therein?
Who planteth, but in hope the fruit to taſt?
Though birdes and Bees their neſts and combs begin,
Though ſheepe beare fleece, & Oxe the land haue traſt,
In hope of profite, which their maſters waſt:
Yet wiſe men grieue to ſpend in vaine their time,
For others ſake the buſh to beate or clime.

For what hath man of all his trauell & griefe of his heart, wherin he hath trauelled vnder the ſunne?

22. If man vncertaine be, as ſure he is
This night, if he the morrow day ſhall ſee,
If he do doubt his dayes cannot endure,
If he foreſee his bed, his graue may bee,
And yet of world haue care, vnhappie hee,
I meane ſuch care, as doth his powers poſſeſſe,
And ſuffers not his ſoule, ſome ioy expreſſe.

For what he leaueth him behind is loſt,
What he enioyd, that only was his owne,
What hath he gain'd, by wealth that comfort coſt,
If he not taſt his fruits of trauell growne?
Poſſeſſion beſt by vſe of things is knowne:
Who doth not ſo, but loſt his trauels are,
A heauie burden bootleſſe fetched farre.

He

23. His dayes are few and spent in care; his night in heavy rest.
24. If God yet grant to vse his wealth with ioy, how is he blest.

23. He doth thereby but massaker himselfe,
And seeme vnkind to natures true intent,
Whose bodie feeds not on the view of pelfe,
But on the food the hands to mouth do lend,
Which freely to ech part doth portion send:
He well may thinke his wofull dayes too long,
And trauell grieuous, thus to quite with wrong.

For all his daies are sorrowes, & his trauel grief, his heart also taketh not rest in the night, which also is vanitie.

If he the wished night ordain'd for rest,
Consume in carefull thoughts of greedie mind,
If he for others hoord his comforts best,
And to himselfe (gainst kind) do proue vnkind:
No blessednesse on earth then shall he find,
But like a bubble vanish soone away,
And in his life his vanitie bewray.

24. For no true profit earth to earthe can giue,
But (whilst on earth man yet doth make his stay)
The frutes of earth to vse by which we liue,
And ech dayes care, deferre vnto that day.
These Creatures plenteously enioy we may,
To needfull sustenance of bodies strength,
And to delight the mind, what dull at length.

There is no profit to man, but that he eat and drinke, and delight his soule with the profit of his labours. I saw also this, that it was of the hand of God.

Man onely must in plentie, plentie note
Of Gods abundant blessing, bewd therein,
And not forget him whilst they pasle their throte,
And them abuse, as instruments to sin,
But for his gifts, with prayse to him begin,
With almes proceed the needy poore to feed,
And not repine, though oft they stand in need.

25. Who knowes the vse of plentie more then I, yet this I find,
26. God makes the iust know ioy, the bad leaue wealth for good behind.

For who could eat, and who could haſt to outward things more then I.

25. Of all that I do ſay, I haue made proofe,
And therefore may the better thee aduiſe,
Which as I now ſet downe for thy behoofe:
So thereof make thy profit, be thou wiſe,
He is a foole that counſell doth deſpiſe:
And I who counſell thee, ſure beſt could try,
Earths pleaſures, and the fruits that come thereby.

As being King, I all things might commaund,
As being rich, I euch thing might procure,
As being lou'd, to pleaſe me all men fawnd:
As being learn'd, I might my will make ſure:
As being wiſe, I could make choyſe moſt pure,
If any earthlie thing might breed content,
Then may I ſay, that God me part hath ſent.

Surely to a man that is good in his ſight, God giueth wiſdom, and knowledg, and ioy: but to the ſinner he giueth paine, to gather and to heap, to giue to him that is good before God: this is alſo vanitie, and vexation of the ſpirit.

26. And for a full report of my conceit,
I briefly ſay, as truth requires of mee,
That wiſe do me as a bleſſing doth awaight
Vpon the godly, who true knowledge ſee,
And perfect ioy alone in them can bee:
For God the author of all goodneſſe is,
And with his feare aſſociats endleſſe bliſs.

But to the wicked he alotteth griefe,
In getting needfull things great wo and care,
In their poſſeſſion little ſweet reliefe,
In laying vp of wealth, a life full bare,
Which for the godly they doe but prepare:
Rare gatherers for the good, the wicked bee,
Vaine vexers of thoſe ſoules themſelues may ſee.

1. *All purposes haue proper times, all things fit seasons find,*
2. A time of birth, and death, to plant, and supplant is assigned.

1 BVt for I see the worldly wise will say,
They haue iust cause, to studie to attaine
The hidden course, which nature doth bewray
In interchange of times: which doth remaine
Inrold in writ of many a learned braine,
I will with them awhile conferre, and show
To thee the depth of all the skill they know.

To all things there is an appointed time, and a time to euery purpose vnder the heauen.

Most true it is (I graunt) that hidden are,
In knowledge of Philosophy indeede,
Such rules profound, by learning fet so farre,
As in the mind doth admiration breed:
But yet that skill doth serue to little steed,
For God hath natures bounds prefixed so,
That from that course, art cannot make them go.

2. Begin we first where we begin and end,
With birth of man in mothers wombe conceiu'd,
Which (fortie weekes expir'd) needs forth must send,
And age compels to yeeld the breath receiu'd,
In both of which, the wisest are deceiu'd:
The birth and death of diuerse, diuersely
Preuenting time, of birth and time to dy.

A time to be borne, and a time to die: a time to plant, and a time to plucke vp that which is planted.

And as of men, so in increase of things
The which the earth brings forth in growing kind,
Although we know the Moone, fit seasons brings,
To planted things to prosper, yet we find
They oft miscarie, and we chaunge our mind,
And (be their fruits once ripe) they gathered bee,
And flocke once rotten, we stub vp the tree.

3. A time to saue, and kill: the one, to build, and ouerthrow,
4. To laugh and weepe, a mournfull chaire, and merry hay to sow.

A time to slay, and a time to heale: a time to breake down, and a time to build.

3. And though it be a thing vnnaturall,
And most repugnant to societie,
The life of man by hand of man to fall,
And to shed blould, wherein his life doth lie,
Yet iustice craues that malefactors die,
Aswell as that the sicke, should phisicke haue,
Or salues imployd, the wounded corps to saue.

Yea though that cities first well founded were,
For safetie vnto men of euill sorte,
Yet neuer Monarkes sent such fame did beare,
Or citie grow so much with great report,
But time made cottages of small import
Suruiue their greatnesse, and surpasse them farre,
As Henok, Babell, Troy, true patterns are.

A time to weepe, and a time to laugh: a time to mourne and a time to dance.

4. Though nothing be more needfull to our kind,
The rigors to alay of worldly care,
Though nothing better for the health we find,
Then mirth (at times we may well for it spare)
Yet in the vse of it we must beware,
And vse it so as if we readie were,
The brunt of greatest crosses straight to beare.

For times there are, when dutie doth require,
We should impart with neighbours woe and griefe,
For (partners in distresse) doe all desire,
And men suppose thereby they find reliefe
For sinne, so should we mourne, as cause most chiefe:
When Gods offended face, doth threat his rod,
Thus mirth and woe, are both requir'd by God.

5. To scatter stones and gather them, embrace and shunne one,
6. A season is to seeke, to loose, to keepe, to waste, I say.

5. There is a time when we the quarries draw,
And from the bowels of the earth full deepe,
Rayse vp her bones, the stones which neuer saw
The lightsome aire, and them we carued keepe,
To rayse with them our towers, to heauen which peepe,
Which afterward decay, and we are faine,
Their ruines to transport abrode againe.

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones: a time to imbrace, and a time to be far from imbracing.

Euen so in youthfull yeares it seemeth fit,
As nature made it apt for loues imbrace,
So for the worlds increase to yeeld to it,
With due respect of person time and place:
Yet nothing more vnseemely in such case,
As when decrepit age creepes to the graue,
To dote in loue, and seeke a wife to haue.

6. There is a time, when man with reason may
With diligence indeuour for to gaine
A portion fit, his family to stay,
Although with sweat of browes, and daily paine;
But it were folly to torment his braine,
If losses happe, for there will losses fall,
Vnto most wise, if they haue ought at all.

A time to seeke and a time to loose; a time to keepe, and a time to cast away.

Then he that's wise, knowes when to spend and spare,
For who hath most, before he die may need,
And he must spend sometimes that is most bare,
And he may thriue, that doth the needie feed.
Bountie doth loue, and neighbour liking breed;
It is a vertue, placed in a meane,
Although it rather doe to giuing leane.

7. A time to reape and sow againe, for silence, and to speake,
8. To loue, to hate, to talke of peace, and peace with warre to breake.

A time to reap, and a time to sow: a time to keepe silence, and a time to speake.

7. The rich attyres ordaynd by craft mans hand,
To couer shame, which sinne made man to see,
Be not so comely held in any land,
But that in other lands, dislikt they bee:
So what one sowes, the other reapes for thee:
Good workes for Taylers that new-fangled are,
None make more fast, then others mending marre.

What speake we of such common things as this?
Not speech it selfe (the Ecchoe to the hart)
May be so free, but it restrained is
To ciuill rules, and lawes of every art,
The tongues misuse, oft breedes the bodies smart:
We therefore learne, both how and when to speake,
And when we modest silence may not breake.

A time to loue, and a time to hate: a time of warre and a time of peace.

8. Yea though that kindled heate of beauties fire,
And sympathy of natures liking good,
(Chast loue) be founded on a iust desire,
And beare such sway as hardly is withstood,
Infecting by the eye, both spirit and blood:
Yet such incounters grow in some respect,
That loue findes hate, best merit, base neglect.

Yea bloudie warre the scourge of peace misusd,
The fire-brand of ambition, hels owne chyld,
The wracke of iustice, value of abusd
From common-wealth may not be well exyld;
Though peace breed welth, welth yet with pride defyld,
Produceth warre, which pouertie doth breed,
To which heauens blessed peace doth yeeld succeed.

9. What profit finds the toyle some man, of all his carke and care?
10. To humble mans ambitious mind, God did these paines prepare.

9. Which if so be, (as so it is indeed)
Then would I haue the Gimnosophists wise,
The Magy, Druides, and Stoicks breed,
The Sophis, and most wise of all Rabbies,
And all Philosophers of euery guise,
Who morall rules, and naturall skill did know,
Or iudgements supernaturall did show.

What profit hath he that worketh, of the thing wherein he trauelleth.

Them would I haue to tell to me in briefe,
What profit man, most properly may say,
He hath, of all his dayes consumde in griefe,
Which he assured is with him shall stay:
The goods of fortune subiect to decay,
The strength of bodie, fayling euery houre,
The minds much more, which worldly cares deuour.

10. I see (me thinkes) a laborinth of woes
Enuiron man about, from day of birth
Till houre of death, what so about he goes,
With sower sauce, seasoning still his fained mirth,
Cares him accompan'ing vpon the earth,
For needfull things for life, yet foolish he,
With needlesse studies still will medling be.

I haue seene the trauell that God hath giuē to the sonnes of men to humble them thereby.

And God hath iustly giuen this plague to all,
For our forefather Adams clyming mind,
That humbled so, we might before him fall,
Confessing that we are poore wormes, most blind,
And fly to him where we may comfort find,
Vpon his prouidence our selues to rest,
As thing whereby, we onely may be blest.

11. All beauteous & desired God made, though all things man not know.
12. That only good know I, and they, good work, such fore show.

He hath made euery thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, yet can not man find out the worke that God hath wrought from the beginning, euē to the end.

11. Indeede God so his creatures beautified,
And marshald so their matters euery one,
That in them his great wisedome is espied,
And in their season is their beautie showne,
Defect vnto their kind, they suffer none:
No maruell then, if heart of man desire
To see and know their vertue, and admire.

And God hath giuen to man a speciall will,
To search for knowledge euer while he liues,
Who therefore beates his braines about it still,
And vseth all endeuour nature giues,
But he in vaine about the matter striues:
He neuer can or shall, the depth attaine
Of Gods decree, his labours are but vaine.

I know that ther is nothing good in them, but to reioyce, and to do good in his life.

12. Let wise men therefore learne to be content,
With knowledge of such things as vs befit,
Enioy the blessing God to vs hath sent,
And with contented mind in quiet sit:
His paine and trauell may not farther git,
Then God hath limited, of that be sure,
With patience therefore doe thy selfe indure.

For I no other good on earth can praise,
But present vse of blessings I possesse,
With chearefull heart to exercise my dayes,
To good of such, to whom I loue professe,
And deedes which charitie doe best expresse,
And that is all this world to thee can lend,
And vse, why God did them vnto thee send.

And

13. To eat & drinke paines gained ſtore, as gifts Gods bleſſings were.
14. His will (moſt firme) man may not change, but it admire with fere.

13. And to ſpeake truth, what man with all his paine,
Can promiſe to himſelfe the vſe to haue
Of what with greateſt trauell he doth gaine,
To yeeld the ſuſtenance his life doth craue?
What prouidence ſo wiſely can it ſaue,
But in a moment it may vade away,
Twixt cup and lip, fall many a ſlip we ſay?

And alſo that euery man eateth and drinketh, and ſeeth the commodity of all his labor this is the gift of God.

Then let man learne that Gods good gifts they are,
And lent but for a time, whereof to yeeld
Account how they are vſed, and how farre
Our confidence and truſt on them we build:
For wealth cannot from heauenly iudgement ſhield;
Let God therefore haue part, the poore haue his,
With temp'rance do thou ſpend, remaine that is.

14. For well I know, God all things doth foreſee,
And ſeeing doth foreknow their iſſues all,
Whoſe knowledge (when he will) makes things to bee
In ſuch eſtate, as vnto vs they fall:
Whoſe prouidence herein ſome fortune call,
Becauſe effects of cauſe to vs vnknowne,
By chance (as we ſuppoſe) hath to vs growne.

I know that whatſoeuer God ſhall doe, it ſhall be for euer; to it can no man adde, and from it can none diminiſh: for God hath done it, that they ſhould feare before him.

But they in his decree immutable,
From all beginnings were, and firme muſt ſtand,
Examples be, mans fruſtrate labours ſtill,
If God aſſiſt not with his helping hand,
A haire from head, a bird falles not on land,
But with his heauenly will (which is a law)
And ſhould vs to his feare and reu'rence draw.

15. Things past are now, what is shalbe, for God will haue it so:
16. Yet on the earth, wrong rules for right, and all peruerse doth go.

What is that that hath bin? that is now: & that that shall be, hath now bene: for God requireth that which is past.

15. Hence nature hath this interchange of things,
This spring times clothing, of delightfull greene,
That scorched yellow colour sommer brings,
That tawney hew, in new spent harueſt seene,
Those withered pale prospects in winter beene,
When trees and plants to root liues sap retyre,
And euery change, that seasons doe require.

This well deuided kingdome of the light,
Twixt Sunne and Moone, so needfull to our life,
Of th'one by day, th'other by the night,
Wherein they louingly, like man and wife,
With equall care doe trauell voyd of strife,
By Gods almightie hand were framed so,
Things past, and those to come in order go.

And moreouer I haue seene vnder the Sun the place of iudgement, where was wickednesse, and the place of Iustice, where was iniquitie.

16. Yea though God be not author of our ill,
(Whereto by nature onely we are prone,)
Yet for our tryall, or our scourge, he will
Permit sometimes, (as I full oft haue knowne)
That euen his Magistrates, by whom alone
He leaues his lawes of Iustice to be tryde,
Into most foule enormities to slyde.

So wicked Tyrants vnto kingdomes rise,
And Iudges sit in holy Iustice seat,
Whose offices (ordain'd to beat downe vice,)
It fosters, and the Iust do worst intreat,
Which of all plagues to kingdomes is most great,
Yet God (who it permits) can it redresse,
Whose wondrous works therein we must confesse.

For

17. My hart yet gines both good & bad, in due time God wil find.
18. Who made mã pure, & gaue him wit, though brutish wilbe blind.

17. For God the great law-giuer, wise and iust,
Who sees the thoughts, and secrets of the raynes,
Though he a while, permit them in their Iust
To range, in pride of their malicious braynes,
Yet when he please, their progresse he restraynes,
And makes them stand before his iudgement seat,
Whose sway on earth doth seeme most powrful great.

I thought in mine hart, God will iudge the iust and the wicked: for time is there for euery purpose, and for euery worke.

He cals each creature in his time at will,
To wreke the wrongs that innocents abyde:
Plague, famine, sword, attend vpon him still,
And all mishaps the wicked doe betyde,
Fro out the snares, the iust he safe doth guyde
In his due time, and them with honour crowne,
But their oppressors, headlong plucketh downe.

18. Thus mayst thou see (as I do truly say)
By deepe consideration of the thing,
To humaine state on earth, each houre and day
Some chaunge, or alteration new to bring
To all estates, to subiects as to King:
And that albeit in creation, we
Were holy and pure, we now corrupted be.

I considered in mine heart, the state of the children of mẽ that God had purged them: yet to see to, they are in thẽselues as beasts

Through which corruption, death did first creepe in,
And death with it, all plagues and wants hath brought,
The heauie recompence of parents sin,
By them infusd to vs, by vs still wrought:
Corrupt throughout, in word, in deed, in thought,
With more then brutish sins which in vs raigne,
And in our of-spring alwayes will remaine.

19. Man beast like lines & dies, & both breath, liue, and die, in vaine.
20. Of dust at first, all passe by death, vnto the earth againe.

For the condition of the children of men, & the condition of beasts are euen as one condition vnto them: as the one dyeth, so dieth the other: for they haue all one breath, & there is no excellencie of man aboue the beast: for all is vanity.

19. And as with brutish kind our liues pertake,
Or rather doth out passe them farre in ill:
(For Tygers, Wolues, Gotes, Swine, our sins vs make,
When wrath, deceit, lust, glut'ny, rule our will,)
So to our end with them we hasten still,
Foreseeing nothing deaths approching houre,
Which vs (like them) is readie to deuour.

In care and trauell, we like them doe liue,
We liue vncertaine of the houre of death,
Vncertaine thus, securely we doe giue
Our selues to pleasure, till it stop our breath:
When time is come, no art the houre prolongeth,
When we as they, againe returne to dust,
In earth (no more then they) may we haue trust.

All goe to one place, and all was of the dust, and all shall returne to the dust.

20. One common matter was our stuffe and mould,
Euen earth and slime, the Element most vylde,
Which though our maker for our honour would,
With his owne hands vouchsafe to frame and bylde,
And with infused breath adopt as chyld,
Whilst by his word alone, the others all,
Take essence in the forme they were and shall.

Yet we as they, one common end do find,
One dissolution of this earthly frame:
Whose matter doth returne vnto the kind,
From whence at first creation forth it came:
The memory whereof, the mind should tame,
Of those ambitious braines vnbounded will,
Which whilst they liue, the world with comber fill.

And

21. Who knowes whether mans soule ascends, or beasts vnto the earth descends?
22. Best then say I, ioy in thy owne: which thee thy knowledge ends.

21. And though indeed, the soules immortall seed,
Which had his being from a cause more pure,
Vpon a higher hope doth iustly feed,
And shall in all eternitie endure,
Yet to the eye of man, who can assure
The same, if faith (the light vnto the soule)
Did not distrustfull fleshes thoughts controule?

Who knoweth whether the Spirit of man ascend vpward, and the Spirit of the beast descend downward to the earth?

For euen the selfe same instruments of life,
The same necessities of nutriment,
The same effects of sickneſſe with vs rife,
The same abhorred death, hath nature lent
To euery creature that on earth she sent:
And at, and after, parting of the spright,
The carkasses of both, seeme like to sight.

22. So that I see no vse of earths increase,
Fit for our bodies, but (whilst here we liue)
With them to cheere our sprights, and purchase peace,
And vnto God for them, due praise to giue,
Mans wit no further can his pleasure driue:
For he and they are subiect as you see
To chaunge, and to earths fraile mortalitee.

Therfore I see that there is nothing better then that a mã should reioyse in his affayres, because that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

As for the care the wise and goodly haue,
Of their successors competent estate,
It is but due, and nature doth it craue,
But for their loue, our selues we ought not hate,
And toyling vex our soules with worlds debate,
What they will proue, or what in time may grow,
We know not, nor should curious be to know.

1. The earths vnrights I viewd, & tears of wrõg by worthles iudg,
2. And therwith thought, thẽ blessed dead, need not the liuing grudge.

So I turned, & considered all the oppressions that are wrought vnder the sunne, and behold, the teares of the oppressed, and none comforteth them: and lo, the strength is of the hand of them that oppresse them, and none comforteth him.

1 BVt whither doth this passion me transport?
My thoghts with thinking haue forgot my thought,
Whilst (earthly I) with earthly worlds consort,
And to the bodies cares, haue comfort brought,
My meditations haue the heauens sought,
And those eternities which passe my skill,
But now descend to earth againe I will.

And of more humaine actions will intreat,
Where we a tragedie of woes shall see,
Whilst weaker ones (oppressed by the great)
Are destitute of place, whereto to flee
For succour, since their foes their Iudges bee,
And farre too powrefull, wherewith to contend,
And most men backward, poore men to defend.

Wherefore I praysed the dead which now are dead, aboue the liuing, which are yet aliue.

2. Which makes me thinke, (though nature it deny)
That much more happie is the dead mans state,
Then those that in this life such troubles try,
And life like death, my heart begins to hate,
Death vnto endlesse life, is but the gate,
But life is vnto death a longsome way,
Where tyresome troubles vexe vs day by day.

And death (that lothsome state which life doth shun,)
By life it selfe, with care and toyle is sought:
Through perils men to purchase death do run,
And with lifes scorne, holde death but cheaply bought,
Which honour to them selues or countrey brought:
For life could not exempted be from wo,
Whilst dying they, all worldly cares forgo.

But

3. The vnborne better then them both, who such ill daies not saw,
4. It vexed me the spight to see, that vertuous workes do draw.

3. But yet indeed, since both by life and death,
The state of many men is wretched still:
They may most happie seeme, which nere drew breath,
Or infants dyed, neuer knowing ill:
And reason good, for both produce I will:
The ones not being, making them to bee
Incapable of vengeance wicked see.

And I count him better the them both, which hath not yet bin i few he hath not seene the euill works which are wrought vnder the sunne.

The other cleane exempt from humane care,
As being dead, now needing nothing more,
Whose actuall crimes; he's doome could not prepare,
Originall sinnes, by grace were cleansd before,
And mercie guiding them to high heau'ns dore,
Whose want of reason (liuing) knew no wo,
But voyd of feare, to death did mildly go.

4. This other plague besides, doth follow man,
A vice (alas) too common in this age,
The more of vertue that he glory can,
The more the baser sort repine and rage,
And with reprochfull slander malice swage,
Depriuing, or depraying best desart,
Or it Eclipsing with some guilefull art.

Also I beheld all trauell, and all perfection of workes that this is the enuy of a mã against his neighbour: this also is vanitie and vexation of the Spirit.

No foe to learning, like the ignorant,
Nor to the good, like to the bad we say:
Gods kingdome Beliall seeketh to supplant,
And vertue saying his another way,
Euen viciously they vertue would betray,
Who herein yet themselues do but disgrace,
For slander can not iust deserts deface.

5. The slothfull foole he folds his hands, but hunger starues the pines,
6. Whilst to a poore (but lasie life) his choise course inclines.

The foole folded his hands, and eateth vp his owne flesh.

5. Themselues like fooles, and feeble helplesse wights,
Vnable or vnwilling to attaine
The trauell which belongs to vertues rights,
Doe poore disgracefull liue, and so remaine,
And caterpiller like, on others paine,
Doe feed and liue, to world improfitable,
Driuen to depend on scraps, of others table.

Nay well it were with some, if so it were,
Who foodlesse are compeld to begge or starue,
Because their idle fingers doe forbeare
The honest trades, which might their liuing serue,
Whose folded hands, no better doth deserue,
But as they to themselues do proue vnkind,
So they of others, should no better find.

Better is an handfull with quietnes, then two handfuls with labor and vexation of the Spirit.

6. Yet, which is lamentable to be told,
They senseleſſe so in idlenesse delight,
That they their course of life to prayse are bold,
And all viriliti excluding quight,
Their base borne humours glosd so well in sight,
As though an humble thought, and peace of mind,
From all industrie did the honest bind.

As though that peace and plentie neuer met,
As if wealth were attaind with bare desire,
As though they carelesse were that liue in debt,
As if they griefeleſſe, who not wealth aspire,
As though God did not trauell of vs require,
As though an humble mind appeard not best,
In modest vse of plentie and of rest.

Thus

7. More vanitie I searched out, and this I found, that one
8. Lines carefull to get vnheird wealth, and pyning liues alone.

7. Thus doth one error forth another bring,
Like Hydras heads, which ech way vs assayle,
Man vnto man, a Wolfe with Scorpions sting
Of force by fraud still seeketh to preuayle,
If Sathans forren practises do fayle,
Our selues against our selues he straight doth arme,
With ougly lusts of sinne, which in vs swarme.

Againe I returned, and saw vanitie vnder the Sunne.

So though we scape one snare, we soone may fall
Into some other snare, that he hath set,
Into despaire, if our estate be small,
Into presumption, if our power be great:
And euery sinne doth thousands more beget,
And we with euery waue of fortunes wind,
Do swell or sinke, in glorie of our mind.

8. And yet of all vaine humors that arise,
This seemes to me the greatest plague indeed,
When one (of powre) vnto himselfe denies
The lawfull pleasures might his comfort breed,
When he hath no man but himselfe to feed,
Ne child, ne heire, ne any friend at all,
To whom his horded wealth he wisht to fall.

There is one alone, & there is not a second, which hath neither sonne nor brother, yet is there none end of all his trauell, neither can his eye be satisfied with riches, neither doth he thinke, for whom do I trauell and defraud my soule of pleasure: this also is vanitie, and this is an euill trauell.

And yet he ceaseth not, to trauell still
To gather wealth, he knoweth not how nor why,
Which though with plentie God into him fill:
He to himselfe doth natures wants deny,
And of the world, is made a scorne thereby,
Not hauing grace once to his mind to call,
To whom the wealth he gets, is like to fall.

9. Not thinking, two do more deserue then one, and haue more hire,
10. A readier helpe (if foot do slip) do find, if need require.

Two are better then one: for they haue better wages for their labour.

9. Ne knowes he truly (as it should appeare)
The blessings that his wealth depend vpon,
For did he, he would hold no wealth too deare
To be bestowd in gaine of such a one,
As might his comfort breed, with whom alone
He might recount the secrets of his state,
And partner make, of good and aduerse fate.

For by the lawes of friendship and of loue,
Such mutuall frutes doth kindnesse counterchange,
That two as one, like tast of state do proue,
And eithers thoughts do in the other range,
With such a sympathy as seemeth strange,
Whilst gaine of both, to each one doth remaine,
And eithers kindnesse, kindnesse payes againe.

For if they fall, the one will lift vp his fellow: but woe vnto him that is alone; for he falleth, & there is not a second to lift him vp.

10. If one of them an inconuenience haue,
The other readie is to yeeld reliefe,
His perill shall the others perill saue,
And with his yeelding shoulders beare his griefe,
And (which indeed of all is comfort chiefe)
His weale and woe, on th'others shall depend,
And loue in both, both ascend and descend.

Whilst that this wretched solitary wight,
Vnknowne, and vnregarded quite of all,
Shall liue the obiect vnto all despight,
And helplesse perish, if he hap to fall,
No pittie finding, or but very small:
For who by gratitude, is bound to mone
His case, who careless seekes to liue alone?

11. If two together ly, they find the heat that sole bed lackes,
12. If wrõg, relin'd by friend, for three plight cord not lightly cracks.

11. Such one (me thinkes) may well compared bee,
Vnto a man that in long winters night,
(Through lacke of light) can no earths comfort see,
And in his bed can find no great delight,
When (lacking list to sleepe) he hath no wight,
With whom in speech the time to passe away,
But (wallowing in his bed) doth long for day.

Alsoif two sleep together, then shall they haue heat: but to one how should there be heat?

Or rather to the withered aged man,
In whom the liues warmth bloud is waxen cold,
Whom when as shiuerings seaze, he seeketh than,
In many furres and clothes himselfe t'infold,
Which not suffising, then he also would
A bed-fellow wish, wherewith to haue withstood
His cold, by others heat of natiue blood.

12. And that in all respects (I well may say)
The solitary man vnhappy is,
Do but mans nature herein truly way,
Which is directly opposite to this,
He in societie reposeth blisse:
Whose maker great, to whom he best was knowne,
Ordain'd a meanes he might not liue alone.

And if one ouercome him, two shall stand against him: and a threefold cord is not easily broken.

The diuerse wants (likewise) our liues sustaine,
Compels the wise a neighbour helpe to craue,
A single man is soone oppresst by twaine,
Whose valour (though right great) will scarce him saue,
For great the strength small twigs in bundell haue,
And closely plighted threeds, strong Cables make,
And force vnited, greater force doth take.

13. *A poore wise child is better then an old fond king out aught,*
14. *From prison to a crown he climbs, that poore king set at naught.*

Better is a poore and wise child, then an old and foolish king, which wil no more be admonished.

13. The princely state of all most happie held,
And happiest sure (if worthie Prince haue place)
Hath not all common woes so well expeld,
But often times their crownes do cares imbrace,
(Though God as his owne deputies doth them grace)
For where in vertue and wisedome is defect,
Full hardly can that honour them perfect.

For though best subiects bodies do obay,
The tyranny of most iniust behest,
Yet doth their minds obedience oft denay,
When they do find that powre hath right suppreſt,
And then the poore wise child is held more blest,
That yeeldeth to aduice the sage doth bring,
Then ill aduised head-strong aged King.

For out of the prison he commeth forth to raigne, whereas he that is borne in his kingdome, is made poore.

14. Such one there hath (not seldom times) bene seene,
Of base descent by pedegree of kin,
Abandon'd so of hope, that you would weene
He hardly should his liuing poorely win,
(Much lesse of captiue euer free haue beene:)
Yet so by vertue he hath rayſd his state,
In th'end he wore a crowne that pynde of late.

Whereas contrariwise, you oft behold,
The worthlesse child of many a worthy king,
On predecessors vertues grow so bold,
And to their state so little honor bring,
That from them, natiue right some others wring,
And they vnto the common state of men,
Poore and reiected do returne as then.

15. I ſaw all liuing follow change, and on ſunne riſing gaze,
16. No truſt in peoples loue, now one, now other they will prayſe.

15. For ſo iuſt God the Monarke maker great,
Diſpoſeth of theſe Emperies below,
That as they well or ill their flocke intreat,
He moueth ſo their ſubiects harts to grow,
He maketh fierce Adonebeſock know
Himſelfe, of mightie Prince moſt wretch aliue,
And captiu'd Ioſeph, by his bondage thriue.

I beheld all the liuing, which walke vnder the ſunne, with the ſeeõd child which ſhall ſtand vp in his place.

Yea ſo vnſtable are mens minds withall,
That nothing can long time their minds content,
Vnhappy are thoſe men, who vnder-fall
The vulgar cenſure, which is lightly bent
Vnto new-fangled liking. And who rent
The right of rule from father, to beſtow
On child oft times, before he merit ſhow.

16. So doth man gaze vpon the riſing ſunne,
So ſoone we ſurfet feeding on the beſt,
So faſt the multitude to miſchiefe runne,
So hardly can the fonder ſort digeſt
Obedience, where their ſafeſt ſtate ſhould reſt,
That (monſter like) they many heads do reare,
And euery head ten thouſand fancies beare.

There is none end of all the people, nor of all that were before them, and they that come after, ſhal not reioice in him. ſurely this is alſo vanitie, and vexation of the ſpirit.

In which their choice, by chance if they attaine
Vnto a worthy guyder of their ſtate,
He in their likings can not long remaine,
Whilſt (cauſeleſſe) malcontents turne loue to hate,
Which cares (with many more) their ioyes abate,
And makes their rayſed ſtate more deeply way,
That wo, which nature doth on all men lay.

17. *For all is vaine, saue to serue God, which whē thou dost prepare:*
Heare ere thou speake, of sacrifice, of babbling foole beware.

Take heed to thy foot, when thou entereſt into the houſe of God, and be more neare to heare then to giue the ſacrifice of fooles: for they know not that they do euill.

17. Now leaſt my ſpeech which tended to thy cure,
Should in thy mind worlds meere miſliking breed,
Which yet perforce, a ſpace thou muſt indure,
I will thee now with wholeſome counſell feed,
With God and man, inſtructing thee the way
To liue in peace, and worldly cares alay.

And firſt (as chiefeſt comfort of the reſt)
I will direct thy ſteps to God aboue,
Vnto whoſe ſeruice when thou art addreſt,
Let reuerent feare thy whole affection moue,
Come thou to learne, thy ſchoole his Temple make,
And fond preſcriptious, of thy owne forſake.

1. Bethinke

1. Vse few and pithy words to God, from heauen full well he heares,
2. As busied braine (by dreames) so want of wit, by words appeares.

1. BEthinke thee well ere thou begin to pray,
And so prepare thy humble soule thereto,
That thou thy worthlesse stare do duely way,
Gods power beleeue, and will, thee good to do,
And then thy needfull wants craue and commend
To his best pleasure, to restraine or send.

Be not rash with thy mouth nor let thine heart be hastie to vtter a thing before God, for God is in the heauens, and thou art on the earth, therfore let thy wordes be few.

For he inthronized in mercies seat,
All-seeing is, all-powerfull, alwayes prest,
To view our wants, to yeeld what we intreat,
If (as they ought) our prayers be addrest;
Few words (if feruent) will to heauen ascend,
He knowes our thoughts ere hart to pray we bend.

2. The multitude of numbred words we heare
Some vse in prayer, sheweth want of faith,
Like Balaams Priests their passions do appeare,
Whose hope on their enchaunting fury stayeth,
And doth not (as it should) on God depend,
Who knowes the fittest time thy cares to end.

For as a dream commeth by the multitude of businesse: so the voice of a foole is in the multitude of words.

For looke how cares of passed day do cause,
A swarme of aparitions in the night,
Which on the sleeping sense terror drawes,
And doth the tyred body oft affright:
So folly moues the tongue, which vainely speakes,
And vaine that is, which modest measure breakes.

3. If ought thou vow, performe it soone, God likes not fond delay,
4. It better were, vow were not made, then deede should it denay.

Whē thou hast vowed a vow to God deferre not to pay it: for he delighteth not in fooles, pay therefore that thou hast vowed.

3. And as in prayer, so aduise thee well,
When vnto God thou any thing wilt vow,
Earth is his footstoole, heau'n his throne to dwell,
What need hath he then, of thy presents now?
Yet free will offrings he doth kindly take,
If gratefull heart a lawfull promise make.

Be therefore sure, thou dally not therein,
But (if thou vow such things) performe the same,
Vntruth with men, but foule defame doth win,
With God it can not then but purchase blame,
Ne ignorance, ne rashnesse may excuse
So foule a fault, refraine it then to vse.

It is better that thou shouldest not vow, then that thou shouldest vow, and not pay it.

4. Thou hadst bene better farre, to haue with-held
Thy promise, when thou first the same didst make:
Thou wast not then by any law compeld
Thereto, but freely didst it vndertake,
Compulsiue promises, no promise bee,
But vow premeditate, it bindeth thee.

It bindeth thee, euen by the highest band,
That heauen and earth affordeth vnto man,
Thy hart (as spokes-man) for thee long doth stand,
And God the hearer, who conceiue it can,
Thy selfe (faith breaker) vnto God art found,
If thou performe not then, what vow hath bound.

5. Yet

5. Sin not by words, ne ignorance plead, least God thy works cõfound,
6. But feare thou God, & count as dreams, those vaine words which abound.

5. Yet if thy promise were, to do the thing,
Which is contrary to his holy law,
I rather wish thee it forbeare, then bring
The price of sinne that should more iudgements draw:
Of euils two, the least the wise do chuse,
If vow were wicked, rather it refuse.

Suffer not thy mouth to make thy flesh to sin: neither say before the Angel, that this is ignorance: wherfore shall God be angry by thy voice, and destroy the worke of thine hands

And first beware (as I before did say)
That thou no euill thing in vow pretend,
Then how thou canst performe it, see thou way,
And freely then, with speed performe intend,
Least God and Angels witnesse thee vntrew,
And thou and thine, with vengeance for it rew.

6. Thus (in a word) I haue informed thee,
How vaine a rash and foolish prayer is,
How daungerous, a heape of words that bee
Impertinent, and vowes that are amisse:
Euen fruitlesse vapors of corrupted braine,
Which like vaine dreames, the rest of soule do staine.

For in the multitude of dreames and vanities, are also many words: but feare thou God.

Leaue them therefore, and do thou wholly bend
Thy holy thoughts to please thy God aright,
In word and deed, and pray him grace to send,
That thy weake workes be pleasing in his sight,
So (though the world, with wrong and woe abound)
Thy faith and peace of conscience, shall be sound.

7. If poore oppreſſed be, feare not: one ſits in heauen it ſeeth,
8. Earths plenty paſſeth all the reſt, and kings are fed therewith.

If in a countrie thou ſeeſt the oppreſſion of the poore, and the defrauding of iudgement and iuſtice, be not aſtonied at the matter, for he that is higher thē the higheſt, regardeth, and there be higher then they.

7. What if the wicked age wherein we liue,
Or lawleſſe place wherein thou hapſt to dwell,
Do ſacred Iuſtice from her Scepter driue,
And make the poore mans life ſeeme worſe then hell,
As though there were no God, nor prouidence
To puniſh ſinne, or yeeld the iuſt defence?

Yet be thou ſure, God ſeeth all full well,
And though he pacient be, yet (moued long)
He will diſmount from heauen where he doth dwell,
To do thee right, and wreke thee of their wrong,
With hoaſt of Angels, and earths meanes beſide,
To powre his wrath on them for lawleſſe pride.

And the aboundance of the earth is ouer all, the King alſo conſiſteth by the field that is tilled.

8. When happie ſhall be held their bleſſed ſtate,
Who humbly yeelded vnto Gods decree,
Who with the ſweat of browes their liuing gate,
And with liues needfull food contented bee,
Whoſe trauell on this earth of mans vnreſt,
With fruitfull crop, from God aboue is bleſt.

Thriſe bleſt (thou ſilly ſwaine) that tilſt the ground,
Voide of the crafts and cares in Courts that bee,
More honeſt profit, or content not found
In Princes pallace, then in cot with thee,
Kings (without thee) ne liue, ne can be kings,
Thy paine to Court and Countrey plenty brings.

9. What

9. Who loueth gold ſhall lacke, and he who couets much want ſtore,
10. With wealth charge growes, the owner but, increaſeth paine the more.

9. What though the world (through hateful luſt of gold)
Be thus tranſported with a greedy mind,
To purchaſe wealth, which makes the coward bold,
To ſearch land, ſea, and hell, the ſame to find?
Yet (as it doth increaſe) ſo doth deſire,
And ſoone conſume as oyle amidſt the fire.

He that loueth ſiluer, ſhall not be ſatisfied with ſiluer, and he that loueth riches, ſhall be without the fruit thereof: this alſo is vanitie.

A iuſt reward of ſo vnworthy trade,
As doth debaſe nobilitie of ſoule,
Which (made immortal) ſcornes thoſe things that vade,
And in the wiſe ſhould earthly affects controule:
But mouldwarp like, theſe blindfold grope in vaine,
Vaine their deſires, more vaine the fruit they gaine.

10. If honor, wealth, and calling do excell
The common ſort, ſo charge doth grow with all:
Few with a litle ſure, may liue as well,
As many may, though greater wealth befall:
It is not wealth, to haue of goods great ſtore,
But wealth to be ſuffiſd and need no more.

When goods increaſe, they are increaſed that eat them: and what good commeth to the owners thereof, but the beholding thē of with their eyes?

Who hath aboundance, and it vſeth well,
Is but a ſteward to his family,
A purſe-bearer for ſuch as neare him dwell,
An Amner to the poore (that helpleſſe ly)
He but his ſhare doth ſpend (though ſomwhat better)
And what he leaues, he is to world a detter.

11. Poore labourers (empty mawd) sleep sound, whilst gluttons want their sleepe,
12. This plague I see, some with their wealth, their proper mischiefe keepe.

The sleepe of him that trauelleth is sweet whether he eat litle or much: but the sacietie of the rich will not suffer him to sleepe.

11. The labouring man, that in his lawfull trade,
Hath past the toylesome day to gaine to liue,
No surfet hath his stomacke to vpbrayd,
Nor fearefull dreames, which into horror driue
His fraudlesse soule, whilst he the longsome night
Doth rest, and rise (to worke) as day doth light.

When as the glutton after crammed gorge,
Whose surfets vpon surfets buried bee
In his insatiat maw of hellish forge,
In bed no rest can find, but slumbering see
A swarme of visions breed by vapours vaine,
Which from a putride stomacke rise to braine.

There is an euil sickenesse that I haue seene vnder the sun: to wit, riches reserued to the owners thereof for their euill.

12. And which I further see doth oft ensew
The wealthier sort, and which I much lament,
Is that they often times themselues do rew
Their euill gotten wealth, with time mispent
As meanes (for so it proues) of greater care,
And which in end, doth leaue them poore and bare.

Like to a spunge, which store of sap hath suckt,
Or to the Bee, that hony hath in hyue:
Their wealth is wrong, their hony combe is pluckt
Out of their hord, by which they thought to thryue,
Their liues do for their goods, fare oft the worse,
For enuious eyes pursue the plenteous purse.

13. Which

13. Their riches periſh with their paine, their children poore remaine,
14. As naked buried as were borne, leaue all their trauels gaine.

13. Which though they hap to ſcape, yet many wayes
There are beſides, which doth their ioyes bereaue,
Ill gotten goods (we ſay) not long time ſtayes,
And haſtie wealth few heires, to heires do leaue:
The getters faults or follies all may loſe,
And chance or change of times it new diſpoſe.

And theſe riches periſh by euil trauell, and he begetteth a ſonne, and in his hand is nothing.

So that the of-ſpring of theſe mightie men,
By due viciſitude do oft deſcend
From their aſpired greatneſſe, hoped then
Vnto the meaneſt ranke from whence they wend,
Each Crow his feather hath, and naked they,
Their parents ſinnes by their miſhaps bewray.

14. The Father he, all naked went before
Vnto the earth, whence firſt he naked came:
The ſonne (as readie) ſtandeth at the dore
To follow fathers ſteps, and with the ſame,
Poore, naked, helpleſſe ſtate, that borne he was
From all his pompe, vnto his graue to pas.

As he came forth of his mothers belly, he ſhall returne naked to go as he came, and ſhall beare away nothing of his labor, which he hath cauſed to paſſe by his hand.

Not any thing with him, from hence to beare,
Of earthly ſubſtance that he did poſſeſſe,
The ſoule immortall is, and may not weare,
Nor any vertues that our way addreſſe
To heauen, they ſhall ſuruiue vs after death,
Whē death ſhal liue, by liues ſoone ſinothred breath.

15. Gone as they came (ô griefe of griefes) his trauels paid with wind,
16. His daies in darknes spent, his bread consumd with grief of mind.

And this also is an euill sickne that in al points as he came, so shall he go, and what profit hath he that he hath trauelled for the winds

15. If so it be (alas what woe is this)
That not alone (as poorest man beside)
All naked vnto graue he posting is,
But euen the common pangs must him betide,
That to all flesh at houre of death is rife,
When soule and bodie (parting) finish life.

And that with him his trauels fruits do end,
Who hath no share in all his former gaine,
But what soeuer blisse he did pretend,
His haps (as others chance) do voide remaine:
His hopes (like dust) dispersed with the wind,
Or sownd on sea, where they no root could find.

Also all his daies he eateth in darknesse with much griefe, and in his sorrow and anger.

16. Which when he doth fore-think with heauy cheare,
He pines away the remnant of his dayes,
How much the more he happie did appeare,
The more vnhappy he his state bewrayes,
For contraries, by contraries are showne,
As blacke from white, so good by ill is knowne.

As one that for some passed publike crime
Is scandaled, and pointed at of all,
With shame retyres himselfe in future time,
Least into more disgrace he yet should fall:
And hanging downe his head, doth sigh (alas)
And rage with griefe, so he his dayes doth pas.

17. Then

17. These hold I good, with ioy to feed, on portion God doth giue,
18. And whom God giues (with this) his grace, he in Gods loue doth liue.

17. Then this (for earthly good) I count the best,
(For other good, I scarcely any know)
That with those goods thou hast, thou pleased rest,
And for thy owne behoofe thou them bestow,
Such part (I meane) as nature craues to vse,
Euen plenteously: so thou it not abuse.

Behold then, what I haue seene good, that it is comely to eat, and to drinke, and to take pleasure in all his labour, wherein he trauelleth vnder the sunne, the whole number of the dayes of his life, which God giueth him: for this is his portion.

And hold this all thou hast, of that is thine,
For that is left, thou seest may be lost:
God gaue the plentie of both corne and wine,
To cheere mans troubled soule, with combers tost:
This if thou hast, and grace to vse it right,
Thou hast earths good, the most on thee may light.

18. And they are rightly vsde, when vsde they bee
As he ordaines, that did them first bestow:
God was the author of all good to thee,
To him thy life all thankfulnesse doth owe:
So vsing them, they to thee blessings are,
Else wealth breeds woe, peace proues as ill as warre.

Also to euery man to whom God hath giuē riches and treasures, & giueth him power to eat thereof, & to take his part and to enioy his labour: this is the gift of God.

Thou seest many starue, in plenteous place,
Thou seest lusty youth suruyu'd by age,
Thou seest honour stoope to foule disgrace,
And heauy cheere the greatest ioyes asswage,
And (for men do not yeeld the praise of all
To God) these mischiefes do vpon them fall.

19. He need not sure, thinke long his daies, of pilgrimage on earth,
Since God doth answere harts desire, to him with ioy and mirth.

Surely he will not much remember the daies of his life, because God answereth to the ioy of his heart.

19. O rare and happie they, that God doth blesse
With grace, to know and vse his gifts aright,
Sure they more easly may support (I gesse)
The common cares that do to all men light,
For present comforts, cancell passed care,
As pleasures past, do way to woe prepare.

Such season so the actions of their life,
That common cares, seeme but the needfull sauce,
To quicken tast, as peace insuing strife,
More gratefull is, and hath the more applause,
They God in wealth and woe, a father find,
And vnto him will not appeare vnkind.

1, But

1. This mischief more mõg st thõ I find, some haue their wish at will,
2. Of honor and wealth, yet liue in lacke, a strangers mouth to fill.

1. BVt not one woe alone I must disclose,
For many woes do follow humane kind,
Great were these griefes, but not more great then those
That vnrecorded yet do rest behind:
One mischiefe seldome time alone doth fall,
One care or other sure doth follow all.

There is an euill, which I saw vnder the sunne, and it is much among men.

To speake of woes will lesse vnpleasing bee,
To such as heare (not feele) thereof the smart:
Thou (who so happie art) mayst better see,
(By others harme) thy happie peace of hart;
Then heare and learne more happinesse to gaine,
If thou (from others ill) thy selfe refraine.

2. Thou mayst well see full oft a man enioy,
In show, all blessings nature can bestow;
Lands, honors, wealth, whose wants breeds thee annoy,
Whilst he (to world) doth happy seeme in show,
Not wanting any thing that thou wouldst craue,
Yet some one want makes him small comfort haue.

A man to whõ God hath giuẽ riches & treasures & honor, & he wanteth nothing for his soule of all that it desireth: but God giueth him not power to eat thereof, but a strange man shall eat it vp: this is vanitie, and this is an euill sickne.

He hath no wife, or else he hath no child,
Or hath them both, but both vngracious proue,
He wants his health, imprisond, or exild,
Or cares of common weale his ioyes remoue:
His restlesse mind thus thirsting midst the streame,
He pines in care, and finds his blisse a dreame.

3. And more if hundreth sonnes & yeares he haue, if lack content,
4. If due contemnd, worse then abortiue child to graue he went.

If a man beget a hundred children and liue many yeares, and the dayes of his yeares be multiplied, and his soule be not satisfied with good things, and he be not buried, I say, that an vntimely frute is better then he.

3. Suppose a hundreth children he begot,
And liu'd as long, as old Methusalem,
Yet if defame his family do spot,
And he do lack the common loue of men,
And want the honor of his funerall,
How can you any wayes him happie call?

True happinesse on vertue hath his ground,
And only measurd is by peace of mind:
What though all earthly blessings do abound?
If that the soule no inward comfort find,
Is not th'abortiue child more happie farre,
Then those that liuing, thus perplexed are?

For he cõmeth into vanitie & goeth into darknesse: and his name shall be couered with darknesse.

4. In farre more happie state, in very deed
Is he, whose timelesse birth his life denyes,
Whose mothers wombe vnable him to feed,
Vnperfect him reiects, and doth despise
Vnprofitable burden also long
To beare, that nature hath compounded wrong.

For (being) he is not the same he seemes,
The others seeming proues not so indeed,
This liueles humane shape, a man none deemes,
That deemed man with dreames our eyes doth feed:
This neuer being knowen, none knoweth not,
Of all men this admyrd, of all forgot.

5. That neuer saw nor knew this life: this did, the worse his state,
6. Two thousand yeres spent, void of ioy, makes death seeme ouer late.

5. How much it better is in true account,
To be a happie man, or so esteemd?
So farre th'abortiue th'other doth surmount,
Though naught it seeme, the other much is deemd:
For (hauing nothing good) it hath no ill,
But his expected good, all woes do fill.

Also he hath not seene the sunne nor known it: therefore this hath more rest then the other.

His closed eyes which neuer saw this light,
Those woes nere saw, which th'other saw and felt,
His senslesse braine which knoweth no delight,
(Incapable of cares with th'other dwelt)
Makes his estate lesse ill, much better held,
Than his that thus, in wretchednesse exceld.

6. The multitude of yeares, but multiply
To the vnhappie, multitude of cares,
Two thousand yeares, to him that dead doth ly,
Are but one moment: all alike he fares,
But hours seem days, daies yeres, yeres millions seeme,
In care, griefe, agony, that spent we deeme,

And if he had liued a thousand yeares twise told, and had seene no good, shall not all go to one place.

Then how vnhappy is that hated man,
Whose long and wealthy life, in bootlesse blis,
In life no peace or ioy, enioy he can:
In death not honor haue, that proper is
To such, as by their liues do merit well,
Who dead, in sacred tombe do famous dwell.

7. All toyle man takes, is for the mouth, his mind yet neuer eas'd:
8. The foole & wise cā both but liue, the wife (though poore) is pleas'd.

All the labour of man is for his mouth: yet the soule is not filled.

7. Alas, what gaineth man by all his paine,
Which in his pilgrimage on earth he takes?
Sure nothing but a life he doth maintaine,
And as his state permits he dyet makes,
For which (our backes and bellies nutriment)
Our times, our cares, our hopes and feares are spent.

And yet this food so carefully attaynd,
Cannot sustaine our life one longer day,
Then God by prouidence hath it ordaynd:
And when our time is come, we must away,
And though a little food will life sustaine,
Yet long without supply we not remaine.

For what hath the wise man more then the foole? what hath the poore that knoweth how to walke before the liuing?

8. What hath the wife, in all he doth possesse
More then the foole, whereof he may reioyce?
The vse of needfull things, he hath no lesse
That simple is, then who of wit hath choyce:
Both do but eat to liue, and liue to die,
Both like afflictions in their fortunes trie.

What doth the misers care increase his state,
More then free spenders honest thrift doth his?
Yet th'one by wretchednesse doth purchase hate,
The others bountie alwayes praysed is:
Both care to liue, both can but liue thereby,
And both of force, must yeeld (ere long) to dy.

9. And

9. To take thy ſhare and miſſe no more, is beſt: deſire is vaine.
10. What art thou mã, to ſtriue with God? his will thou muſt ſuſtain.

9. And therefore ſure, whilſt we are here to liue,
It is the beſt to liue with chearefull hart,
And cauſe of good report the world to giue,
And not for vs to breed our proper ſmart:
Our daies conſume vnpleaſing to our ſelues,
Offenſiuely to ſuch as with vs dwels.

The ſight of of the eye is better then to walke in the luſts: this alſo is vanitie, and vexation of ſpirit.

Yet both in end are vaine, and ſoone haue end,
No conſtancie or permanence in either,
The one or other can not life defend,
Both to the graue, are like to go togither:
Vaine and inconſtant, is the fruit of all,
Wiſe, fond, ſad, glad, into the earth muſt fall.

10. What can a man attaine by any thing,
Which he on earth, atchieueth any way,
But euen a name and fame, the which doth bring
A ſwelling Eccho of his prayſe a day,
But is aſſoone forgotten as is gaynd,
And with a thouſand ſlaunders may be ſtaynd.

What is that that hath bin? the name thereof is now named: and it is knowne that it is man, and he cannot ſtriue with him that is ſtronger then he.

His prayſe cannot exceed, nor ſoone attaine
The like that many worthies had before,
Their fame is gone, thine cannot long remaine,
If thou be wiſe expect not any more:
For God thy maker hath ordayned ſo,
When he ſayth yea, fleſh may not anſwere no.

1. Sure many vaine things do increase, which mans wit cannot mende
2. Who knowes his best in life, or what God after him ordeined will send?

Surely there be many things that encrease vanitie: & what auayleth it ma.

1. SVre many things besides do yet remaine,
Our vanitie appeares in euery thing,
But they best knowledge of the same attaine,
To whom a prosperous state, did plentie bring:
For plenty best affoords to feed our will,
And will most soone, to folly runneth still.

Which folly is the vanitie I meane,
A fruitlesse trauell of a carefull hart,
When midst the choyce of good, the ill we gleane,
And weaue vnto our selues our proper smart,
When wit is captiuated vnto sense,
Which doth produce both Gods and mans offence.

For who knoweth what is good for man in the life, and in the number of the dayes of the life of his vanitie, seeing he maketh the as a shadow? for who can shew vnto man what shall be after him vnder the sunne.

2. And sure in this sense, foolish are we all,
For who discernes aright twixt good and ill,
Whose knowledge truly can you perfect call,
Who (knowing good) effectuates goodnes still:
Mans dayes are few, and like a shadow fly,
In which small good, he many woes doth try.

The wisest men themselues do scarcely know,
Of others minds their knowledge is but blind,
Their present actions do them foolish show,
How should man then a solyde knowledge find,
Of future things which after him shall bee,
Since he conceaues not what his eye doth see?

3. A good name sweeter is then oyle: deaths day, then day of birth.
4. In mourning house more good is learnd, then in the house of mirth.

3. Then let man ceaſe his wiſedome to beſtow,
In ſeeking foorth on earth a happy ſtate:
Let him endeuour rather good to grow,
The fruit and fame whereof cannot abate,
Through age or death, but like a ſweet perfume,
Will follow man vnto his day of doome.

A good name is better then a good ointment, and the day of death, then the day that one is borne.

The truſt wherein ſhall make him death deſire,
As path to leade him vnto bliſſe prepard,
And loath this life, whoſe cares him ſo do tyre,
Where vanitie and death is ſole reward,
Yea he ſhall farre preferre the day of death,
Before the houre he firſt drew liuing breath.

4. For better preparation whereunto,
The wiſe will exerciſe their eyes and mind,
In contemplation of their ſtates, who do
By death forerun their corſe not farre behind:
And (by the view thereof) reſolued grow,
The worlds contempt in reſt of life to ſhow.

It is better to goe to the house of mourning, then to the house of feasting, because this is the end of all men: and the liuing shall lay it to his hart.

The feaſts and ſports which do his ſenſes charme,
With deepe forgetfulneſſe of woes approch,
He will refraine, and rather thinke it harme,
That vnprepared death ſhould him incroch:
(For euils looked for, leſſe euill ſeeme,
And ioyes expected long, we doubled deeme.)

5. Sharp stokes (then smyling shewes) more soone the euil mind correct,
6. The wise delight in gr auitie, whilst fooles the same reiect.

Anger is better then laughter, for by a sad looke the hart is made better.

5. And though awhile our minds therewith distract,
We feele a conflict twixt the flesh and spright,
Which lothly would dissolue the old compact,
Which flesh and world, contracted in delight:
Yet sweeter in the end we shall digest
Deathes bitter pill, which nature doth detest.

Yea though we in a sort offended wax
With euils, which we see so much abound
Within our selues, and for the good that lacks
In vs, and others which the good doth wound:
Yet this a cheerefull mendment will procure,
And rayse our hearts in sinne to fore secure.

The hart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the hearr of fooles is in the house of mirth.

6. The wise they will (like heedfull watchmen keepe)
A curious Sentinell in all their wayes,
Least death and ruine should vpon them creepe,
And turne to mournfull night their merry dayes,
They do obserue the frailtie of their state,
And rather fawne on death, then feare too late.

Whilst foolish worldlings surfet with the ioy,
Which they vnfitly plast in earthis vaine sweet,
And are surprisd with euery small annoy
So sore, that it to beare they are not meet,
And vnder euery aduerse cause do sinke,
Whilst others hope and ioy at perils brinke.

7. More sweet are wise rebukes, then notes, which flattering fooles do sing.
8. As blase of thornes, so vainely passe, the pleasures they do bring.

7. And (for we hardly see our owne amisse,
And each in others eyes a mote can spy)
My best aduice (to do thee good) is this:
That to thy friends reproofe thou do apply,
Yea such a friend, as knoweth good from ill,
And thy misdeeds in thee reproue that will.

Better it is to heare the rebuke of a wise man, then that a man should heare the song of fooles.

For better are the blowes that friends do giue,
Then smoothed actions, flatt'rers do bestow,
Those to amendment do the wiser driue,
By th'others, fooles from ill to worse do grow,
There Syrens songs, do make thee sleepe in sin,
These rougher words, thy soule from ruine win.

8. And what delight (indeed) can wisemen take,
In foolish tattle of the lewder sort?
Like crackling bushes in the fire, they make
A blast, and blase foorth straight in their disport,
An outward show of mirth, which ends with smart,
And laugh with mouth, that haue a heauie hart.

For like the noyse of the thornes vnder the pot, so is the laughter of the foole: this also is vanitie.

The wise in ioy and myrth are temperate,
They ground their mirth on greater cause of ioy.
They are not so raysd vp with good estate,
Or beaten downe with any aduerse annoy,
But that they can beare either state aswell,
As time or chaunce, can make them ebbe or swell.

9. Sure wise men wax with wrongs nere mad, to see bribs so prevaile,
10. But th'end is al, who patient stayes, shal thrive best without faile.

Sutely oppression maketh a wise man mad, and the reward destroyeth the hart.

9. And yet it is (I graunt) a heauie thing,
And hardly is digested of the best,
To see how some the lawes to lust do wring,
And how thereby the weaker are oppresst,
How wrong for right sometimes doth freely pas,
And no man will, or dare, say bad it was.

And to behold how bribes are busie still,
To blind the eyes that else would wisely see,
That Lay, and Clergie, great and small, most will
Giue, take, buy, sell, things that most holy bee,
Would make a man of sob'rest spright halfe mad,
And any good man be perplex'd and sad.

The end of a thing, is better then the beginning thereof, & the patient in spirit is better then the proud in spirit.

10. But men that note Gods iudgemẽts for these things,
And can (as sure they ought) his pleasure stay,
Shall see the plagues that sinne vpon them brings,
And shall according to the prouerbe say,
That that is onely good, and doth excell,
Which doth begin, and also endeth well.

And therefore will with patience long expect,
The issue which God hath decreed before,
And as he limits times, his will effect,
So till that time be silent euermore:
The rather since their agony and griefe,
Might wo increase, not yeeld one iot reliefe.

11. The

11. Be thou therefore to anger slow, it footes doth best befit,
12. Muse not why times are chang'd, it doth import but want of wit.

11. Then be not thou with worlds peruerſe euent
Diſquieted, or moued vnto yre,
No though with malice men againſt thee bent,
With iuſt offence might kindle cholers fyre:
It is a paſſion that aboundant is
In fooles, and not reformes the thing amis.

Be not thou of an hasty ſpirit to be angry, for anger reſteth in the boſome of fooles.

If thou with reaſon be (as be thou may)
Offended with the euils that abound,
Thou mayſt reproue them ſure (I ſay not nay)
And hate the place whereas ſuch ſinnes are found,
For fooles they are, and dog-like bite the ſtone,
That blame offence, yet doer let alone.

12. But yet (withall) beware thou do not blame
Thy God, in gouernment of preſent age,
By calling him t'account, why not the ſame
Moſt hatefull vices, which with vs do rage,
Did not in former times ſo much excell,
And we with them compare in doing well.

Say not thou, why is it that the former daies were better then theſes for thou doſt not enquire wiſely of this thing.

For it were folly, and offenſiue much
To God and man, and ſigne of hatefull pride,
In weale or woe we may at nothing grutch,
For through our ſinnes thoſe ſcourges vs betide:
And God that ſends the ill, can it amend,
Vpon his will our liking muſt depend.

13. Wisedome with welth grees euer best, of all things vnder sunne.
14. They calme the mind, yet quiet heart, by wisedome best is wonne.

Wisedome is good with an inheritance & excellent to them that see the sunne.

13. Sure well is he that wisedome hath, and grace
To vse it alwayes well, in weale and wo:
But who hath wealth withall, in better case
By farre (I do confesse) though few are so:
Few though there be, yet some such may you find,
Though many more, with worldly wealth are blind.

Wealth giueth meanes for exercise of good,
Wealth the temptations wants, to many a sin,
By wealth mens faults are hid, their foes withstood,
Wealth may performe such workes as fauour win:
Which wealth, if (by dissent, not care) we haue
And wisedome both, what can we farther craue?

For man shall rest in the shadow of wisedome, and in the shadow of siluer: but the excellencie of the knowledge of wisedome, giueth life to the possessors thereof.

14. This wisedome armed thus with worldly powers,
For pleasant shadow, may compared bee
Vnto an Arbour deckt with fragrant flowers,
Which sweetly from sunne beames protecteth thee,
From wind and raine, that can thee well defend,
And sweet repast vnto thy bodie lend.

For wisedome teacheth thee thy wealth to vse,
Vnto the needfull ends they were ordaynd,
And (as vnwise) you may them well accuse,
That will reiect the goods may well be gaynd:
But wisedome wealth can get, and spends it well,
And wisedome therefore chiefly doth excell.

15. In

15. Behold Gods works: who can reforme his will? then be content
16. In weale or woe, both (sent from God) do serue the turne he ment.

15. In wisedome therefore, set thy chiefe delight,
Come wealth, come woe, take all as God doth send,
Against the Lords decree it's vaine to fight,
He knowes thy need, and giues what thou shalt spend,
More then he hath decreed, thou shalt not haue,
Toyle while thou wilt, and moyle vnto thy graue.

Behold the worke of God: for who can make straight that which he hath made crooked?

Canst thou reuoke the times the which are past?
Canst thou recount, the dayes that are behind?
Canst thou pursew the chaffe that flyeth fast?
Canst thou proportion out the waight of wind?
Canst thou make straight the tree once crooked
No nor thy state amend, but God alone. (growne?

16. Then with thy state content thy quiet mind,
If wealth abound, with ioy then vse the same,
If lesse thy store, yet thinke not God vnkind,
And to thy portion do thy compasse frame:
In all estates a chearefull heart doth well,
What God intends for thee thou canst not tell.

In the day of wealth be of good comfort, and in the day of affliction cõsider: God also hath made this cõtrary to that, to the intent that man shold find nothing after him.

God vseth (like as wise Phisitians do)
By want sometimes to purge our humors ill,
And after plentie giues to strengthen vs to
The worke whereto, imploy our powers he will,
By proofe of contraries, to teach vs how
To vse those gifts, as he doth best allow.

17. In my short life, the iust (I saw) decay, and wicked thriue,
18. Muse not hereof too much, least it thee into dumps do driue.

I haue seene all things in the dayes of my vanitie: there is a iust man that perisheth in his iustice, and there is a wicked man that cõtinueth long in his malice.

17. As for such new incounters as befall,
To thee in crossing of thy quiet life,
Assure thy selfe, they are not new at all,
But in my dayes (and long before) were rife,
Euen full of vanities and care, I found
My life, as well as thy life to abound.

I saw both wise, and honest men full oft,
Insnared by the wicked, and destroyd,
Their counsels and their actions mockt and scoft,
Their innocencies, cause they were annoyd:
The force, the folly, rapine and the wrong,
The wicked vsd, protect their liues full long.

Be not thou iust ouermuch, neither make thy selfe ouer wise: wherfore shouldest thou be desolate?

18. What was the cause hereof thou maist inquire,
Sure first the hate, the ill to good do show,
Then Gods decree, whose iustice did require,
Their hidden sins, a publike shame should know,
Some ouerweening wits, do foolish proue,
And cause of these mishaps do fondly moue.

For excellence procureth enuy much,
And wise mens small offences haynous seeme,
And busie braines such tickle points may touch,
As vndiscreet you may their iudgement deeme,
Be thou not too precise, nor ouer wise,
But with a modest meane thy gifts disguise.

19. Yet

19. Be not too curious things to know, leaſt God correct thy pryde,
20. Yet learne things fit, and fearing God, no ill ſhall thee betyde.

19. Yet do not thou extenuate ſo thy skill,
That thereby into ſcandall thou do fall,
The very wicked ſo contemne thee will,
And good and bad, will ſo condemne thee all,
None is ſo vile, that vice he will commend,
Although his deeds, to little better tend.

Be not thou wicked ouermuch, neither be thou fooliſh: wherefore ſhouldeſt thou periſh not in thy time.

Ne do thou folly any whit affect,
For that doth ruine all that it doth vſe,
Who will the foole or vndeſcreet protect,
Or truſt to him, or vſe him (may he chuſe?)
Well may men laugh at him and make diſport,
But neuer truſt, in cauſe that doth import.

20. In meaſure is (we ſay) a merry meane,
Twixt two extremes doth ſacred vertue dwell,
Who will vnto true heauenly wiſedome leane,
Muſt fly defect, and all exceſſe expell,
With ſerpents wiſedome muſt his iudgement ſee,
With Turtles humble mind, yet clothed bee.

It is good that thou lay hold on this: but yet withdraw not thy hand from that: for he that feareth God ſhal come forth of them all.

The loftie thought, preſumption doth inſtruct,
The abiect mind diſpaire doth ſoone perſwade,
From wings of Lucifer, this quill is pluckt,
To hatefull ſerpents den, that leades the trade:
But he whom heauenly wiſedome doth inſpire,
From both thoſe ſnares in ſafetie ſhall retire.

21. The wise by wisedome safer liue, then Princes in their holds:
22. Yet none so perfect liues, their deed no sinne at all vnfolds.

Wisedome shal strengthen the wise man, more then ten mighty Princes that are in the citie.

21. For wisedome is (indeed) a heauenly gift,
Infusde to guide vs in earths pilgrimage;
Blest is his choice who therewith not vplift,
Doth peace procure, and worldly cares asswage,
Who trusteth in the comfort of her ayd,
In no affliction need to be affrayd.

She stronger is, and much of greater might,
Then any Princes power that euer was:
Yea Princes ten, combind gainst her to fight,
In force and prowesse shall her no way pas,
The strongest bulwarks that they can erect,
Doth art (by wisedome) soone to earth deiect.

Surely there is no man iust in the earth, that doth good and sinneth not.

22. This wisedome makes thee haue a secret peace,
Twixt God and thee, which if thou once attaine,
To feede the same, his grace will neuer ceace,
And that content for euer will remaine:
As for content the world afford thee can,
Its nothing worth, for vaine is euery man.

Let this therefore, be grounded in thy mind,
That man and all his workes vnperfect are,
That on the earth one man thou shalt not find,
That from true righteousnesse not strayeth farre,
Whose peruerse deeds, do oftentimes bewray
The wicked thoughts that in his bosome stay.

23. How

23. Heare not all words of wrong, leſt thou thy ſeruãts ſlãders heare,
24. Thou know'ſt thy ſelf haſt dõne the like, though it did not appeare.

23. How much then leſſe ſhouldſt thou be moued much
By words of any one that thee offend:
Yea though euen very neere thy fame they touch,
And to thy great diſgrace they ſeeme to tend:
Let paſſe like wind the blaſt of ſlanderous tong,
And thinke the beſt, ſometimes euen ſo are wrong.

Giue not thine heart alſo to all the words that men ſpeake, leaſt thou doe heare thy ſeruant curſing thee.

Yea though thou oft mightſt heare, yet do not heare,
Or if thou do, ſeeme as thou diddeſt not,
Its better farre both deafe and dumbe t'appeare,
Then liſtening ouermuch, it were thy lot
To heare thy ſeruant, or ſome other ſpeake
The thing, that being heard, thy hart would breake.

24. Thou mayſt remember what thy ſelfe haſt done,
In like caſe vnto others abſent oft:
And what diſlike therefore thou mightſt haue wonne,
If that thy ſpeech had not bene vttered ſoft,
(Or not conceald by ſuch as heard the ſame)
Which will thee make another leſſe to blame.

For oftentimes alſo thine hart knoweth that thou likewiſe haſt curſed others.

For it were meere iniuſtice, to condemne
Our vnderlings, for lauiſh ſpeech of vs,
When we our betters farre, do more contemne,
Yet lothly would therefore be ſerued thus:
The rule of Charitie doth will thee do,
As thou thy ſelfe wouldſt faine be done vnto.

25. This haue I prou'd, & wisdom sought to know, which fled frō me,
26 It is too high and deepe, my reach cannot her secrets see.

All this haue I proued by wisedome: I thought, I will be wise, but it went farre from me.

25. All this haue I found by experience true,
And so mayst thou, if that thou way it well,
Apply thy selfe the same then to ensue,
And let her lawes within thy actions dwell,
And of thy wisedome do not ouerweene,
For many times the wise are ouerseene.

My selfe by nature was inclynd to skill,
By education was instructed much,
A heauenly gift did more my knowledge fill,
And all the world supposd my wisedome such,
As few attaynd, and I supposd no lesse,
But found my folly great, I must confesse.

It is farre of, what may it be: and it is a profound deepnesse who can find it?

26. For of three things (all worthy to be knowne)
The past, the present, and the future things,
Whose first in writs record (in part) is showne,
Whose last with deepe obscureneſſe blindneſſe brings,
In th'one I had but euen a very taſt,
In seeking th'other out, I time did waſt.

That vulgar knowledge which by moderne view,
I did obserue, to make my profit by
Did somewhat me instruct, and much more trew
Then passed things forgotten presently,
Or dreamd suppoſals of succeeding time,
Which for to fetch to heauen my thoughts should clime.

27. That

27. My hart & mind hath wisely searcht, both good & bad to know,
28. And worse the death a womans snares, I found: God shield the fro.

27. That knowledge which I had, I did bestow
With heart and mind in searching round about,
The true effect of euery thing to know,
And of effects the causes out of doubt
(For happie they are held that can define
Of causes and effect, how they incline.)

I haue compassed about both I & mine heart, to know and to enquire and to search wisedome and reason, and to know the wickednesse of folly, and the foolishnesse of madnesse.

And chiefly I obseru'd, whence good and ill
Haue their originall and nutriment,
What bounds they haue, and how the soule they kill,
And in the vse of them sought mans intent:
And so of mirth, of solly, and delight,
And what so seemd, most pleasant vnto sight.

28. And loe, I found all sinne to end with shame,
Yea euen the sinne which doth most men allure,
The lawlesse loue of women of defame,
Who bitterer plagues (then death) to vs procure,
Insnaring in their bands of beauties gift
The wretched soules, which yeeld vnto their drift.

And I find more bitter then death, the woman whose heart is as nets and snares, and her hands as bands: he that is good before God shall be deliuered from her, but the sinner shall be taken by her.

A fatall furie of the flesh (alasse)
In idle braine begot, with plentie fed,
Whose smalleſt sparckles to a flame do passe,
If by the eye the fancie will be led,
But such as God doth loue, shall lust refraine,
Whilst wicked ones intrapped do remaine.

29. The wicked fall, by her faire bayes, this I the preacher find,
30. Of thousand men scarce one prowe good: of women none by kind.

Behold saith the Preacher, this haue I found seeking one by one to find the count.

29. Beleeue me well, I know it ouer well,
By many a one my selfe haue found it true,
I teach thee this, who best the same could tell,
And for the same with all my hart do rue,
And wish thee by my harme the like beware,
And for their new assaults thy selfe prepare.

For few or none, but do assaults abide
At first or last, and ouer many fall,
Thou doest not know thy strength, what may betide,
The wisest sort fall herein most of all:
In any case then trust not to thy strength,
Some dally with the fire, but burne at length.

And yet my soule seeketh but I find it not: I haue found one man of a thousand: but a woman among them all haue I not found.

30. I must confesse, I would not men acquit,
From equall blame in this so grosse a sinne,
Beseeming not (in truth) their stronger wit,
To yeeld to them whom they from ill should winne,
And in this point, mongst thousands that I know,
One wise and perfect man, I scarce could show.

But of a world of women that this day,
Do prostrate their affections to their lust,
By my experience, sure I cannot say,
(Though others can perchance, and will I trust)
That one hath so reclaymd her life to good,
As that a new assault would be withstood.

31. So

31. This only haue I found, that God did man most righteous make:
But men (for their originall grace) their owne inuentions take.

31. So we and they, as wofull president
Of parents fall, to euill do incline,
He'is best at ease, that doth his sins repent,
And not of others sinnes too much define,
Nor yet his owne excuse: bad is the best,
This sinne, is but one sinne among the rest.

Onely loe this haue I found, that God hath made man righteous, but they haue sought many inuentions.

For though God made vs holy, pure and iust,
And gaue vs powre in righteousnesse to dwell,
Yet did our wils, so to our senses trust,
That it the eye of reason did expell:
Since which, a swarme of hatefull sinnes increase,
On thought, word, deed, and all our actions preasse.

1. Who is like the wise, who all things knows? his face with fauor shines
2. The wise his Princes hests obserues, and to Gods word inclines.

Who is as the wise man, and who knoweth the interpretation of a thing? the wisedome of a man doth make his face to shine, & the strength of his face shall be changed.

1. IT stands him then vpon, who would withstand
This great calamitie of humane kind,
Another course of life to take in hand,
Then in the practise of the most we find,
And arm'd with wisedome gainst the flesh to fight,
Not yeelding cowardlike to lewd delight.

That is true wisedome, worthy lasting fame,
That doth adorne with honor and with prayse,
Such as sincerely doe imbrace the same,
That will transforme their life to better wayes,
And grace them in gracious Prince and people still,
And in the end adorne their state it will.

I aduertise thee to take heede to the mouth of the king, and to the word of the oth of God

2. It teacheth man his dutie vnto God,
And how with ciuill men he should conuerse,
With neighbours how to haue a kind abode,
Or with a people that are most peruerse:
To know what doth beseeme in euery case,
And how to walke, to win our soueraignes grace.

It will aduise thee (as I also do)
To be attentiue to thy Prince behest,
To be obsequious also thereunto,
So farre as may accord with all the rest,
Of lawes of God, of nature, and of state,
And to attend his pleasure rare and late.

3. If

3. Insist not, but giue place, Princes their pleasure craue:
4. His word of power who may withstand the thing he likes to haue?

3. If so his liking did of thee require
A thing vnfit, not pleasing vnto thee,
I would not wish thee therewithall retyre,
Or discontent in countnance ought to bee,
But yeeld with patience rather to the same,
For to obedience, subiects ought to frame.

Haſt not to go forth of his ſight: ſtand not in an euil thing: for he will do whatſoeuer pleaſeth him.

But if thy selfe by indiscretion haue
Offended him, persist not in thy wrong:
Of him it is no shame thy pardon craue,
For vnto Princes homage doth belong,
They haue the power of subiects to dispose,
Thy life and goods, to saue or else to loose.

4. The Princes wrath is messenger of death,
His will a law, his words are firme decrees,
Their instruments are readie at a breath,
To pull the proudest rebels on their knees,
Such Maiestie and power in them is found,
With euery frowne a loyall hart they wound.

Where the word of the king is, there is power, and who ſhall ſay vnto him, what doſt thou?

Who dare vnto account his soueraigne call,
Who to no power in earth inferiour is?
Who will not at his feet all prostrate fall,
Who hath the power to punish his amis?
As deputies to God, on earth they raigne,
And by his sword of Iustice state maintaine.

5. Who keepes the law, is free from blame, the wise they times do know:
6. The wise, with iudgement chuseth time, for things, leſt trouble grow.

He that keepeth the commaundements ſhal know none euill thing, and the hart of the wiſe ſhal know the time and iudgement.

5. Whoſe lawes (the godly wiſe) both muſt and will
Indeuour moſt exactly to obſerue,
In euery point and tittle to fulfill,
And wittingly in nothing much to ſwarue:
So ſhall he for himſelfe, beſt ſafety find,
And leaue the better name to world behind.

And (for they hardly can diſcharge aright
Their duetie, that their native lawes not know,
And that their ignorance cannot acquight,
Who may, and will not learne, more wiſe to grow)
The wiſe will therefore learne their duties furſt:
The good, refraine th'euill, they might and durſt.

For to euery purpoſe there is a time and iudgement, becauſe the miſerie of man is great vpon him

6. And as in publike cauſes wiſe behaue,
To guide their actions warily and well:
And proper times and ſeaſons euer chuſe.
For all they do, before therewith they melt:
(For proper times there are for euery thing,
Which good or ill ſucceſſe with it doth bring.)

So in their priuate life they do obſerue,
Expediencie of that they take in hand:
From care whereof, whilſt ſome do raſhly ſwarue,
(Becauſe true wiſedome they not vnderſtand)
They into many miſchiefes headlong fall,
Which afterwards too late they would recall.

7. For what knowes he what ſhall ſucceed? he can not mend his fate,
8. In life, death, battell, ſinne cannot protect the wickeds ſtate.

7. For it lies not (no doubt) in powre of man,
To iudge aright of ſequels and euents,
Though (by obſeruance of things paſt) we can
Sometimes right neere coniecture of intents,
As like to haue ſucceſſe as we deſire:
But none can iudge the truth that they require.

For he knowes not that which ſhal be for who can tell him when it ſhalbe.

It is but chance not iudgement if they hit,
So many errors do incounter them:
Thoſe future knowledges for God are fit,
And none but he, that priuileage can claime;
For as for Reuelations few are now,
And diueliſh arts, Gods word will not allow.

8. And how ſhould he be able to foretell,
An others haps or actions, can you thinke,
That not foreſaw, what to himſelfe befell,
Nor knew his perill being at pits brinke?
Nor could deferre his death or deſtiny,
With all the care he did thereto apply?

Man is not Lord ouer the ſpirit to retaine the ſpirit: neither hath he power in the day of death, nordeliuerance in battell, neither ſhall wickedneſſe deliuer the poſſeſſors thereof.

That could not tell the place, the dart ſhould light,
That he in battell flong againſt his foe?
That cannot ſaue himſelfe amidſt the fight,
But beares the brunt (perhaps) of ouerthroe?
No wicked ſlight or art can ſinners ſaue,
But that they ſure (in fine) their merits haue.

9. All these I note, and find sometime, mans powre his ouerthrow.
10. These wicked die, yet worse succeed: the godly, none to know.

All this haue I seene, and giue mine heart to euery worke which is wrought vnder the sunne, and I saw a time that man ruleth ouer man to his owne hurt.

9. How farre (alas) doth all our skill come short
Of that great knowledge we pretend to haue?
My selfe haue tryed the same in euery sort
Of studie, to the which my selfe I gaue,
And yet there is no knowledge so obscure
Or easie, but I did the same inure.

Nay of the things, most common in my sight,
Which enery man can say, and witnesse true,
I groped at, as in obscurest night;
And could not see the reason how it grew:
That men (euen to themselues) most ruine bring,
And Magistrates their owne dependants wring.

And likewise I saw the wicked buried, & they returned, and they that came from the holy place, were yet forgotten in the citie where they had done right: this also is vanitie.

10. For which the foolish world become so farre
From iust dislike of their iniust oppressions,
That liue and dead, they fear'd and praysed are,
And whose posterities get more possessions?
They flourish rather most by doing wrong,
As if the earth, did all to them belong.

But such as haue led long a holy life,
Deserued well of world and country all,
Haue bene pursued in life with hate and strife,
And euen at home forgot when death did call,
O vaine affection of the vulgar sort,
That maketh vice and vertue but a sport.

11. These

11. Gods patience makes the wicked ones, more bold to heap vp sin,
12. Which long deferd, is plagud in fine: when iust men blessed bin.

11. These worldlings whilst they see the day deferd,
Of plague and iudgement of these wicked ones,
They do suppose their actions haue not erd,
But wisely were decreed for the nonce,
And so grew bold in practise of the same,
Till all the world, therewith grew out of frame.

Because sentence against an euill worke is not executed speedily, therefore the hart of the children of men is fully set on them to do euill.

These wicked ones themselues grow insolent,
And pride their minds in their presumpteous trade,
They are so farre from meaning to repent,
That wrong on wrong vpon the iust they lade,
Euen whilst they able are no more to beare,
So voide they are of any kind of feare.

12. But though they scape vnpunished awhile,
(For hundred yeares are but a while with God)
Though flatteringly them selues they do beguile,
And feele no smart of Gods correcting rod:
But rather find their dayes prolongd with peace,
As though their happinesse should neuer cease.

Though a sinner do euill an hundreth times, and God prolongeth his dayes, yet I know that it shall be well with them that feare the Lord, and do reuerence before him.

Yet sure I am, it one day shall be well
With such as in the feare of God do liue,
As in his holy lawes and Church do dwell,
And proofe of their beliefe in life do giue,
That they exempted farre from tyrants rage,
Shall liue and rest in peace an endlesse age.

13. Who feares not God shall not escape: his daies as shadows pas;
14. Though wicked men triumph sometimes, & iust men waile alas.

But it shall not be well to the wicked, neither shal he prolong his dayes, he shall be like a shadow, because he feareth not before God.

13. When as contrariwise, the wicked one
Shall be dismounted from his seat of trust,
Dismayd and desolate, forlorne alone,
Pursu'd by heauen and earth, by iudgement iust:
Of God and man, forsaken and contemnd:
As he the innocent before condemnd.

The pompe and glory of his passed pride,
Like to a flowre, shall vanish and decay,
His life like ruines, downe shall headlong slide,
His fame like to a shadow vade away;
Because he feared not the God of might,
In iustice shall these woes vpon him light.

There is a vanitie which is done vpon the earth, that ther be righteous men to whom it commeth according to the worke of the wicked: and there be wicked men to whom it commeth according to the worke of the iust: I thought also that this is vanitie.

14. And yet in truth, it is a wondrous case,
To see the iust so many woes sustaine,
(Not that I thinke that pitie can haue place
With wicked ones, to make them wrong refraine:
But that the God of iustice doth permit
His seruants, to be subiect vnto it.)

For you shall lightly see, the better man
The more afflicted in his worldly state,
The vilest person (worst that find you can)
Most wealthy and loued most, though worthy hate,
But it is vaine to search Gods mind herein,
Thereof to descant I will not begin.

15. But

15. I best commend a ioyfull vſe, of bleſſings ſalue to ſhare,
16. For wiſedome made me but behold, mans life more full of care.

15. But drawing this diſcourſe vnto an end,
Concluding it as I the former did,
I ſay, that in this life who doth intend,
Himſelfe of many combers well to rid,
And to enioy the bliſſe that earth can giue,
Muſt caſt off care, and ſeeke in peace to liue.

And I prayſed ioy: for there is no goodneſſe to man vnder the ſunne, ſaue to eat and to drinke, and to reioyce: for this is adioined to his labour, the daies of his life, that God hath giuen him vnder the ſunne

I meane thoſe curious ſtudies fore-reprou'd,
Which do but multiply a bootleſſe care,
And ioy himſelfe, when ioy may beſt be mou'd,
With vſe of euery creature, and prepare
To take a plenteous part of them, as gaine
Of all his trauels to him ſhall remaine.

16. For though it be a thing ſome wiſemen vſe,
And man by nature is thereto inclind,
And I my ſelfe the ſame did not refuſe,
(Euen ſtudies trauell to inrich my mind)
Who knew thereby what ſtudie might attaine,
Or which a forward wit and will might gaine.

When I applyed mine heart to know wiſedome, and to behold the buſineſſe that is done on earth, that neither day nor night the eies of man take ſleepe.

Who ſearched had mens actions curiouſly,
And all the accident that world doth yeeld:
Who in my ſelfe great part of them did try,
On others proofe did likewiſe knowledge build,
Both day and night applying thereunto
My buſie braines, as many others do.

17. I see thereby Gods works profound, beyond mans reach to sound,
Be he nere so wise: toile nere so much, their depth cannot be found.

Then I beheld the whole works of God, that man can not find out the worke that is wrought vnder the sunne: for the which man laboureth to seeke it, and cannot find it: yea, & though the wise man thinke to know it, he cannot find it.

17. Yet (loe) I found that I much time had loſt,
That all my ſtudie was imployd in vaine,
That I in vaine my bookes had turnd and toſt,
That my experience did ſmall knowledge gaine,
That out the meaneſt creature God did make,
I might a new, full many a leſſon take.

That all we know but meere ſuppoſall is,
That we know not the leaſt of truth of them,
That in the principles of art we miſs,
That we vniuſtly name of knowledge claime,
Who only truely know, we nothing know:
As wiſe men in the end, to ſee do grow.

1. It

1. All this I know that wise & iust are Gods, whose loue showes not,
2. By hap they haue: wise, fooles, good, bad, are subiect so like lot.

1. IT resteth now my part to perfect that,
I in my former speeches haue begunne,
That I may hit the marke I aymed at,
And so my course vnto your comfort runne,
That I may see that some, haue profit wonne.

I haue surely giuen mine hart to all this, and to declare all this, that the iust, and the wise, and their workes are in the hand of God: and no man knoweth either loue or hatred of all that is before them.

Which I will do by laying plaine to thee,
The proofes which both by good and bad I make,
Their weale, nor woe, no perfect markes to bee
Of loue or hate of God, from whom we take
All powre, and all successe: and vaine are they
That mens intentions by their issue way.

2. For much a like, you all mens states shall find,
And like euents to good and bad befall,
To wisest men, as men most grossely blind,
To rich, as poore, and wretchedst man of all,
For in this life you none can happie call.

All things come a like to all: and the same condition is to the iust, and to the wicked, to the good and to the pure, & to the polluted, and to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the good, so is the sinner, he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oth.

Obserue the man that is of honest mind,
And marke the most deceitfull man a liue,
Looke on the Athiest most profane by kind,
And holy man, and you shall see them thriue,
Both oft a like, the foule blaspheming wight,
As he that prayes, and serues God day and night.

3. All during life to folly fold: alike all go to graue.
4. In life is hope, liue dogs, more price (then once dead) Lyons haue.

This is euill among all that is done vnder the sunne, that there is one condition to all, & also the heart of the sonnes of men is full of euill, and madnesse is in their hearts whilest they liue, and after that they go to the dead.

3. And sure of all the things that I do know,
It is the thing that seemes most strange to me,
That maketh wise men most amazed grow,
And best men most discouraged to bee,
When they their states, as hard as others see.

And that like others is their death in show,
As subiect vnto paine as wicked men,
Forgotten, be they once in graue below,
Their vertues (as not done) vnthought of then:
So that their cares, and fooles vnquiet dayes,
Both madnesse seeme, both die deuoide of prayse.

Surely who so euer is ioyned to al the liuing, there is hope: for it is better to a liuing dog, then to a dead Lyon.

4. Hence doth proceede (no doubt) the prouerbe old,
That liuing dogge, dead Lyon doth excell,
With princely beast of noble courage bold,
Then, euery barking curre dare sauſly mell,
That liuing, durst not come within his smell.

The reason is right easie to be told,
Because he liuing could himselfe relieue:
Life doth in time new hopes and haps vnfold,
But death no hope or earthly hap doth giue;
Time worketh wonders (if our time we take)
Occasion (at our death) doth vs forsake.

5. And

5. The liuing know that they must die, but dead things are forgot.
6. Their loue & hate is quēcht, the earth more fruit affords thē not.

5. And ſo accordingly do wiſe men vſe,
Whilſt yet they liue (and liuing haue the powre
To worke their wils) they proper times do chuſe,
To perfect their intent, leaſt death deflowre
Their ſweeteſt hopes, who all things doth deuowre.

For the liuing know that they ſhall die, but the dead know nothing at all: neither haue they any more reward: for their remembrance is forgotten.

For well they ſee and may (it is no newes)
The man that now triumphes, to morne to die,
That dead, the foole the wiſeſt will abuſe,
And that the wiſeſt then do ſenſleſſe lie,
And what vnperfected they left behind,
Neglected, and themſelues ſoone out of mind.

6. Their loue, their ſolace, and their chiefe delights,
Euen with their liues, expired and at end,
Their hate, their plots of high reuenge and ſpights,
And euery action that they did pretend,
Dead into graue with them each one deſcend.

All their loue, and their hatred, and their enuy is now periſhed, and they haue no more portion for euer, in all that is done vnder the ſunne.

Into that cabbin of eternall nights,
Where they no more the gladſome beames ſhall ſee,
Of ſhining ſunne, the comfort of the wights
That in this mortall life yet lingring bee,
Thoſe perturbations ryſe with humane kind,
Their now exchanged ſtate no more ſhall find.

7. With bread & wine, cheere thou thy hart, the pledges of gods loue,
8. With comely aray cloth thou thy corps, thou pleasant balmes maist proue.

Go, eate thy bread with ioy, and drinke thy wine with a cheereful hart: for God now accepteth thy workes.

7. Thy part of earthly things, that lawfully
Thou mayst inioy, I thereford thee aduise,
Vse whilst thou mayest, for death comes speedily,
And crosses vnsuspected oft arise,
As euery mans experience daily tries.

Vse thou thy owne with plentie and cheerefully,
Hurt not, but helpe thou others to thy powre,
And (if God gaue thee meanes aboundantly)
Do not thy selfe the same alone deuoure:
But as God gaue, so freely do thou giue,
Those almes best please, we vse whilst yet we liue.

At all times let thy garments be white, and let not oyle be lacking vpon thine head.

8. Thou needst not in thy dyet be precise,
As some perswade, and onely eat to liue,
Where choyse is set, to chuse in thee it lies,
All things were made for man, God all doth giue,
By bounty vs to thankfulnesse to driue.

Yea all the rich attyres thou canst deuise,
For different states of men ordayned were:
For Princes purples, for to please the eyes,
And all the precious gems that earth doth beare;
Yea sweet perfumes, for delicace ordaynd,
(If thou mayst haue them) need not be refraynd.

9. If

9. Reioyce in thy chaſt ſponſes bed: ſince God her to thee gaue,
10. What ſo thou wouldſt atchiue diſpatch, no works are don in graue.

9. If that thy eyes behold a beautie rare,
Which doth delight thy hart, and loue inflame,
If that in lawfull band ſhe proue thy ſhare,
And that vnto thy loue, her loue ſhe frame,
Thou mayſt with comfort ioy thee in the ſame.

Reioyce with thy wife whom thou haſt loued all the dayes of the life of thy vanitie, which God hath giuē thee vnder the ſunne, all the dayes of thy vanitie: for this is thy portion in the life, and in thy trauell wherein thou laboureſt vnder the ſunne.

A comfort ſure, to mitigate the care,
Which worldly troubles may on thee inflict,
The ſweeteſt, God or nature could prepare,
Or out of all earths beauties could be pickt,
So great as none can iudge that are vnkind,
And on a ſingle life do ſet their mind.

10. And (at a word for all) what elſe beſide
In all the world, thou haſt a mind vnto,
(So that in vſe thereof a meaſure guide)
Thou art no whit reſtraind the ſame to do,
But do it quickly, leaſt death all vndo.

All that thine hand ſhall find to do, do it with all thy power: for there is neither work, nor intention, nor knowledg, nor wiſedom in the graue whither thou goeſt.

For death diuerteth all, who can abide
The fury of his force, if once he ſmight?
To do (what thou wouldſt do) then take thy tide,
For in the darkeſome graue of deadly night
No knowledge, wiſedom, powre, there doth remaine,
All is forgot, all purpoſes are vaine.

11. The worthy want, the wise, the stròg haue oft times guerdon smal.
12. None knows his houre, as birds in snare are caught, so mẽ do fall.

I returned and saw vnder the sunne that the race is not to the swift, nor the battell to the strong, nor yet bread to the wise, nor also riches to men of vnderstanding, neither yet fauor to mẽ of knowledge: but time & chance commeth to them all.

11. By these obseruances I sought to win,
The happinesse which I did in part attaine,
But all gaine not the goale, that running bin,
Nor haue the spoyle that fight the field to gaine,
Nor to the wise doth alwayes wealth remaine.

Nay many needy sterue, and new begin
The world, whose wits and industries were good,
Their best indeuours stand on tickle pin,
And consterd are as they are vnderstood,
By such on whom the common wealth doth stay,
And time and chance in each thing beares a sway.

For neither doth mã know his time, but as the fishes, which are taken in an euill net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare, so are the children of mẽ snared in the euill time when it falleth vpon them suddenly.

12. We must acknowledge it in very deed,
The ordinance of God it should be so,
For well I know, that none can take such heed,
But headlong he into the snare may go,
(Say yea who will) if God alone say no.

Like harmelesse fish, that in the waters breed,
And feareless fowle that in the ayre are free,
Whose innocencies serue to little steed,
When nets and snares by fraud extended bee:
So man, by time and chance intrapped is,
(If wicked will) though nothing his amis.

13. Which

13. This thing in wisdome I haue markt, which seemeth strãge to me,
14. A city weake of strength and men, by Monarke sieg'd to be.

13. Which being (as we see the Lords decree)
Improperly we attribute to chance,
His will in time, produceth that to thee
Which thou supposest, fortune did aduance,
So wide, mans wisedome from the truth doth glance.

I haue also seene this wisedome vnder the sunne, and it is great vnto me.

True wisedome rather, sure will let thee see
How to apply thy state, to each euent,
With no aduerse incounter quaild to bee,
But all things take and vse, as God them sent,
And seeing this ingratefull peruerse age,
(By view of others wrongs) thy griefe asswage:

14. As I my selfe haue done, who sometimes saw,
A weake vnfortified citie sieg'd,
By powrefull Prince, who armies great did draw
T'ingirt their wals, and libertie abridge, (sliedge.
That none could scape, though wings were nere so

A litle citie and few men in it, and a great king came against it, and compassed it about, & builded fortes against it.

The towne not populate to scape their iaw,
By any skirmishes of saly out,
His raised bulwarkes kept them so in awe,
And forside trenches compast so about,
As if the Eagle houering ouer pray,
At pleasure readie were his talents lay.

15. Which one wise mã though poore releu'd, yet was his worth forgot
16. Yet (say I) wisedome more auaild then force: yet boots it not.

And there was found therein a poore and wise man, and he deliuered the citie by his wisedome: but none remembred this poore man.

15. When yet I saw (a worthy thing to see)
A man of small account for wealth or state,
But yet (indeed) both bold and wise was hee,
Who rayſd the ſiege, and ſo did foes abate,
That towne and people, thereby freedome gate.

But when they were miraculouſly free,
(Lo ſtrange vngratitude but common ſin)
This worthy man began neglect to bee,
And deeds forgot, as they had neuer bin:
Though all did taſt the fruit of his deſart,
Not one layd vp his vertues in his hart.

Then said I, better is wisedome then ſtrength: yet the wisedome of the poore is diſpiſed, and his words are not heard.

16. Yet this, his worthy proweſſe in my ſight
Was ſuch, as I could neuer but admire,
And makes me thinke that they in vaine do fight,
That haue all wealth and powre they can deſire,
If pollicie they want, if cauſe require.

And them vnwiſe (I hold) that iudge a wight
By his apparance outwardly or pealth,
In poore mens words the rich haue ſmall delight,
For they account them fooles that haue not wealth,
Yet at their need, their helpe perforce they vſe,
Their owne turne ſeru'd, to helpe them they refuſe.

17. But

17. Yet wiſe mens words the good regard: though fooles aduiſe reiect.
18. And wiſedome paſſeth powre of armes, & ſin brings woes effect.

17. But theſe my words I know that ſome will hold,
To be a partiall ſpeech of litle wit,
For tales vnto the fooliſh wiſely told,
Can ſcarce haue hearing, and ſmall fauour git,
Vnleſſe vnto their humors it do fit.

The words of the wiſe are more heard in quietneſſe, then the cry of him that ruleth among fooles.

Vnto the wiſe I ſpeake, of ſuch I would
Haue credit, euen as they the truth do know,
I might grow hoarce with preaching if I ſhould,
Seeke ſome to win to bend vnto my bow:
Few words among the wiſe, haue greater place,
Then long orations, with vnskilfull race.

18. To ſuch I ſay (as this example proues)
That wiſedome is a thing of greater powre,
And that a ſolid reaſon ſooner moues,
If well applyed, in conuenient howre,
Then Cannons ſhot, that batters on a towre.

Better is wiſedome then weapons of warre: but one ſinner deſtroyeth much good

And that one action more then well behoues,
(Miſtaking or neglecting of his due)
All former wiſedome of a man reproues,
And maketh many errors more inſue:
For as one bitter herbe the broth doth ſpill,
So one miſdeed may worke to many ill.

1. Dead flies do sweetest oyles corrupt, so follies small the wise
2. Disgrace: but wise men things foresee, though foole insnard he lies.

Dead flies cause to stinke and putrifie the oyntment of the Apothecaries: so doth a little folly him that is in estimation for wisdome and for glory.

1. THou therefore, who art once reputed wise,
Hadst need full warily thy selfe to guide,
For looke how much more high thy fame doth rise,
More sharper censure art thou like to bide,
If in a slender matter thou shouldst slide.

For looke how soone thou seest the drowned flyes,
In sweetest droogs Apothecaries make,
Corrupt them so, that men it straight despise,
Which they before, did for most precious take:
So be thou sure one vice shall staine thee more,
Then many vertuous deedes, thee prayse before.

The heart of a wise man is as his right hand: but the hart of a foole is as his left hand.

2. Thou farther seest, that wisedome is the thing
In all assayes, best worthy of esteeme,
Who doth her followers vnto honour bring,
And makes their actions alwayes gracious seeme,
And men their words, like Oracles to deeme.

From all extremes she shields them with her wing,
They find reliefe euen readie at their hand,
When foolish folke (with euery trifle) wring,
And like left-handed helpes amazed stand,
Not knowing how to others helpe to breed,
Nor yet themselues to helpe in time of need.

3. If

3. The foole to all men shewes his wit, each thing doth him amaze,
4. The wise (though Prince offended be) his fitter time he stayes.

3. If they in iudgement, once do go astray,
They headlong fall, and neuer see the same,
If once they misse the vsuall common way,
Vnto a better course they cannot frame,
But lie and perish to their lasting shame.

And also when the foole goeth by the way, his heart faileth, and he telleth vnto all, that he is a foole.

Their downefals they haue not the wit to stay,
Nor to conceale their fault from any one,
Nay they will blase their shame (say who will nay)
To euery one, though done a part alone,
Yea they will boast thereof, and it defend,
If that the standers by will hearing lend.

4. Which if they should, and that their powre permit,
Be not dismayd, but vse thou wisedome then,
Giue them the honour, for their place is fit,
And then remember that they are but men,
And vse good words, as wisedome teacheth when.

If the spirit of him that ruleth rise vp against thee, leaue not thy place: for gentlenesse pacifieth great sinnes.

For words well vsed, workes the grossest wits
Vnto a plient patience, more to heare,
And patience, fauour more, in time begits,
And time forgetfulnesse, if thou forbeare,
And mild forbearance, makes thy fault the lesse,
And him his fault (if grace he haue) confesse.

5. This euill on earth I oft haue seene, great rulers greatly fall,
6. The foole aduanst, the rich and wise reiected most of all.

There is an euil that I haue seene vnder the sunne, as an error that proceedeth from the face of him that ruleth.

5. But yet this rule I find not alwayes true,
Nay rather often times it fayleth quight,
(A thing I cannot mend, though it I rue,
And is the thing I hold the greateſt ſpight,
That euer may to common wealth alight.)

To ſee that thoſe to whom all rule is due,
And ſhould be guides to other men in good,
Should all the vices of the world inſue,
And may not be by any meanes withſtood;
By whoſe examples, many others fall
To ruine; as do ſhrubs with Cedar tall.

Folly is ſet in great excellencie, and the rich ſet in the low place.

6. How can it be in any other wiſe,
If folly ſit in ſeat of excellence,
Like will to like, and as the bad ariſe,
Downe goes the good, and vertue is baniſht thence,
(For wicked ones in wicked ſeeke defence.)

Pure vertue naked in a beggers guiſe,
May wander for protection and for ayde,
For euery one her merits will deſpiſe,
Becauſe like gifts, their natures haue denayd,
Thus topſie turuie euery thing will grow,
As cart, the horſe: the ſerue, ships way ſhould ſhow.

7. For

7. Slaues by desart a cockhorse ride, right nobles lackie by,
8. But who layes snares himselfe may fall: and pricks in hedges try.

7. For what obsurder thing can you suppose,
Then what is oftentimes before your eye?
When you on cockhorse see a praunсing those,
Whose birth and qualities you may despise,
Whilst wise and noble both contemned lies.

I haue seene seruants on horses, & Princes walking as seruants on the ground.

Nay lackie-like in trotting, time do loose,
In seruing such as know not true desart,
A worser life there could be no way chose,
Or that could more torment an honest hart:
For where shall they expect their paines reward,
Which they to foole all readie see is shard.

8. But for my part I can be well content,
To yeeld all honor where God honor giues,
But yet oppressors should in time repent,
For God in heauen a iudge for euer liues,
And to confusion wicked worldlings driues.

He that digeth a pit, shall fall into it, and he that breaketh the hedge a Serpent shall bite him.

He doth preuent their fraudulent intent,
And makes them fall into the pit they cast,
Whilst they indeuour others to preuent,
The Serpents sting to martyr them as fast:
For fraud with fraud, is oftentimes repayd,
And wicked snard, in grin for others layd.

9. Bounds changers, and wood stealers are, oft tane and punished:
10. By slight & force men may do much, but blunt wits cut like lead.

He that remoueth stones, shall hurt himselfe thereby, and he that cutteth wood, shall be in danger thereby.

9. If lawes of kingdomes chastisement procure,
For such as alter auncient bounds of land,
If that poore pilfring hedge-breakers be sure
To sit in stockes, if owners vnderstand,
And euery crime is punisht out of hand.

Shall wrong, or shall oppression still assure
The mightie ones, to tread the weaker downe,
Nay God the king of kings will not endure,
But in his wrath on them will fiercely frowne,
For though his patient suffring doth excell,
(Yet moued long) he striketh downe to hell.

If the yron be blunt, and one hath not whet the edge, he must then put too more strength: but the excellencie to direct a thing is wisedome.

10. Let no man therefore so misuse his wit,
To hurt of neighbour, or to proper shame,
But let him do the thing he findeth fit,
And let him wisely his intentions frame,
So shall lesse toyle, more sweet insue the same.

For as the dulled toole craues force with it,
Of doubled strength to make it pierce aright,
Yet will (with all thy paines) scarce cut awhit,
Vnlesse thou ioyne thy skill vnto thy might:
So in all actions reason must be guide,
Else no good issue will the same betide.

11. And

11. As ſerpents ſting, if charmes do want; ſo babbling tongs do bight,
12. Himſelfe he doth deuour: whilſt words of wiſe men do delight.

11. And as in deeds, euen ſo in words beware
How thou doſt guide thy tongue in any caſe,
Wherein to find a wiſe man, it is rare,
Licentious ſpeech hath now ſo common place,
And ſlanderous tongues, do find ſuch ſpeciall grace.

If the Serpent bite when he is not charmed, no better is a babbler.

Yet not the Serpents which in Lybia are,
Whilſt they vncharmed lye in wait for man,
More daungerouſly do ſting: or do prepare
More preſent poyſon, then vile ſlander can,
If it haue hearing once, and credit lent,
It will deſtroy the ſaint moſt innocent.

12. The lauiſh tatling tongue on prating ſet,
Spares no man, nor regardeth what it ſayth,
It cuts like to a razor which is whet,
And prickes himſelfe which raſhly with it playth,
And him that ſo it vſeth, fond bewrayth.

The words of the mouth of a wiſe man haue grace: but the lips of a foole deuoure himſelfe.

But wiſe men ſpeake when matter good they get,
With modeſtie, and vnto matter good,
Out of their lips no vaine vntruths they let,
They ſpeake diſtinctly to be vnderſtood,
And words accompanyd with matter graue,
For which of all they commendations haue.

13. His speech begins with foolish talke, with wicked madnesse ends,
14. Increasing words of future things, strange questions he defends.

The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishnesse, and the latter end of his mouth is wickednesse.

13. Fooles if they once begin, can neuer end,
And with their will they all the words will haue,
They loue to heare themselues, and will defend
Their follies, euen before the wise and graue,
And thinke they (brauely) do themselues behaue.

They do begin their speech (if eare you lend)
With vaine and foolish talkes, or lying toyes,
But in the middle they to mischiefe bend,
In fine with madnesse ends he, and annoyes
The honest eare and soule, that heares him speake,
And them compell his senselesse tale to breake.

For the foole multiplyeth words, saying man knoweth not what shall be, and who can tell him what shall be after him.

14. From table talke and childish toyes, he growes
To highest points of learning and of skill,
In deepe points of diuinitie he showes,
That with best learned clarke compare he will,
And all the world with paradoxes fill.

Gods secrets he by inspiration knowes,
He prophecies of things yet long to come,
With super-naturall skill he ouerflowes,
And in each science seemeth to haue some,
When silly wretch, his knowledge is but small,
For in those points, the best knowe nought at all.

15. Thus

15. He tyres himselfe in highest points, yet knowes not common way,
16. O wretched land, rulde by such child, whose peeres do feast by day.

15. Thus do the foolish vainely take in hand,
To vexe their braines, with things for them to hie,
They know that future things none vnderstand,
Yet they their faculties therein will try,
Such wise fooles (fondly wise) the world hath many.

The labour of the foolish doth weary him: for he knoweth not to go into the citie.

It fares with them (if it be rightly scand)
As with the blind that would the seeing guide,
As if one wandring in an vncouth land,
Would those instruct, the way dwell hard beside:
They silly fooles, know not their next way home,
And yet their wits would ouer all things rome.

16. Wo be to such, that by such ruled are,
But speciall wo be to thee land, where they
Do beare the Scepter, least they all do marre,
As ill as infants when they beare the sway,
Who not themselues, much lesse thy state can stay.

Wo to thee, ô land, when the king is a child, and thy Princes eat in the morning.

And doubled is thy woe and mischiefe farre,
If that thy Magistrates (who should aduise
Their Prince in highest points of peace or warre)
To banqueting and surfets early rise,
Neglecting common good, which first of all
With temperate braine, they should to counsell call.

17. But blest ô land, where honor rules, where Nobles feed to liue.
18. By sloth the houſe decays, & rain through top of roofe doth driue.

Bleſſed art thou ô land, when thy king is the ſonne of Nobles, and thy Princes eat in time, for ſtrength and not for drunkenneſſe.

17. And thou thrice happy ſoyle, whoſe Prince deſcends
Of pedegree of Emp'rors and of Kings
Of auncient honor, which to vertue bends;
Whoſe rule both peace and plenty to thee brings,
Where through thy fame, mõgſt forrẽ regions rings.

And happy Prince, whom God a Councell ſends
Of noble Peeres and wiſe, whoſe watchfull eyes
Thy ſubiects from all forren foes defends,
And ciuill broyles that might at home ariſe,
Such do in temperate wiſe their plentie vſe,
And feed for ſtrength, and plenty not abuſe.

By ſlothfulnes the rooſe of the houſe goeth to decay, & by the idleneſs of the hand the houſe droppeth through.

18. They cauſe the Peſant, in ſweet peace manure
The land, the treaſury of wealths encreaſe:
Vnto the needy they do worke procure,
And ſee the poore, with wealthy liue in peace,
And all oppreſſion in the land to ceaſe.

Their waking eyes doth Princes ſtate aſſure,
Doth to the people courage giue to toyle,
Gaines to themſelues a fame ſhall aye indure,
Giues to the foe the moſt diſgracefull foyle;
All this with paine and diligence is wonne,
Slouth ruines all, makes all to hauock ronne.

19. They

19. Bread ſtrēgthens hart, wine cheers the mind, but ſiluer all doth by,
20. Curſe not thy king or Peeres in thought, leſt birds the ſame deſcry.

19. They giue the ſafetie, for to vſe thy owne,
And peace, of plentie that thou mayeſt feed,
Thou feedſt by them, of beſt on earth hath growne,
Of fatlings, which thy flocks and heards do breed,
To recreate thy ſoule at time of need.

They prepare bread for laughter, and wine comforteth the liuing, but ſiluer anſwereth to all.

And for by gold and ſiluer wealth is ſhowne,
They do inrich the land with pureſt quine,
By which thy traffick farre and neere is knowne,
And Indian gems, and Arabian drugs are thine,
Gold gayneth all, and Ophire gold thou haſt,
Then happie thou, if hap in wealth be plaſt.

20. Then ſlander not ſuch Prince, that counſell graue,
By whom ſo many benefits we find,
Their many merits, many thankes do craue,
Each honeſt hart to reuerent loue they bind,
And baſe backbiters only are vnkind.

Curſe not the king, no not in thy thought, neither curſe the rich in thy bed chamber: for the heauen ſhall carry thy voice, and that which hath wings ſhall declare the matter.

The lawes of God, and nature willed haue,
The Magiſtrate ſhould reuerenced bee,
The lawes of man the bounds vnto thee gaue
Of words and deeds, but God the thought doth ſee,
In deed then, word, and thought them honor aye,
Leaſt flying fowles of ayre, thy guilt bewray.

1. Caſt bread on waters, freely ſpend: ere long thou ſhalt it find.
2. To ſeuen & eueugiue if they need: earths wants are great behind

Caſt thy bread vpō the waters: for after many dayes thou ſhalt find it.

1. NOw ſince no leſſe diſcretion is requir'd
In vſing wealth, then getting of the ſame,
And that the bounteous mind is moſt admir'd,
Doth profit others moſt, and gaines beſt name,
I therefore wiſh thereto thy hart to frame.

I would not haue thy hand too quickly tyrde,
Nor too reſpectiue vnto whom to giue,
Some I haue ſeene for ſhame haue not deſyrde
An almes, whom greateſt need to craue might driue:
Though water powred in the ſea ſeeme vaine,
Yet needleſſe gift, a gratefull hart may gaine.

Giue a portion to ſeuen, & alſo to eight: for thou knoweſt not what euill ſhall be vpon the earth.

2. Some giue in hope a gift to gaine thereby,
Such gifts, I rather bribes, then gifts do call,
Some feare to giue, leaſt they themſelues may try
Like want ere long: and ſo giue nought at all,
Some ſometimes giue, but yet their gifts are ſmall.

But I would haue thy almes giuen cheerefully
Vnaskt, ſometimes if crau'd, to none denide,
Let none lacke (to thy powre) in need that lye,
And to preuent their need, ſome goods deuide,
For God all bountie is, and ſo ſhould we
Diſpoſe our goods, if like him we would be.

3. Yea

3. If clouds be full raine fals on earth: and trees in north & south.
4. He that sowes and reapes by rules of wind, but little land he plow'th.

3. Yea looke how plenteously thou seest the raine,
Fro out the deaw-fild clouds on earth distill,
So long as any drops in them remaine,
Wherewith earths dryed cesterns vp to fill,
So in thy almes be thou as forward still.

If the clouds be full, they wil powre forth raine vpon the earth: and if the tree do fall toward the South, or toward the North, in the place that the tree falleth, there it shal be.

And as each soile, some sap from heauen doth gaine,
And euery tree and shrub of deaw hath part,
So thinke thou not thy gift bestowd in vaine,
To whom or when so ere thou giuing art:
And if thy store be great, more mayst thou spend,
If lesse, yet some, vnto more needy lend.

4. Take all occasions to be doing well,
Let euery season for it proper seeme,
The husbandmen that most in skill excell,
Though sometimes they to sow more fit do deeme,
Yet to be too precise, vnfit esteeme.

He that obserueth the wind, shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shal not reape.

Who marketh alwaies where the wind doth dwell,
And feareth euery cloud that is in sky,
But little corne shall sow or reape to sell,
If alwaies he do guide his workes thereby:
So giue thou when thou maist, and thinke thy store
Increast thereby, no whit impaird the more.

5. As child in wombe, so al things God makes grow vnknowne to thee.
6. The morn & euen, sow thou thy seed: God knows which best shalbe

As thou knoweſt not which is the way of the Spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the wombe of her that is with child: ſo thou knoweſt not the worke of God that worketh all.

5. Thinke this, that euen that God which gaue to thee
The preſent bleſſings that thou doſt poſſeſſe,
Thy charitable workes, from heauen doth ſee.
And will thy labours in due ſeaſon bleſſe,
If thou thy faith, by neighbours loue expreſſe.

And thinke that as the infants borne that bee,
Conceiued are, do grow, do liue, do feed,
And be by birth in time from priſon free,
By meanes vnknowne, to mothers them that breed,
Se be aſſur'd, that God which it hath wrought,
Can wealth reſtore, by meanes to thee vnthought.

In the morning ſow thy ſeed, and in the euening let not thine hand reſt: for thou knoweſt not whether ſhall proſper, this or that, or whether both ſhall be a like good.

6. Both rath and late at euery time and tide,
Then do vnto thy power, ſome almes deed,
Without ſome others good, let no day ſlide,
So oft as thou canſt find a man hath need,
And who this can performe, is bleſt indeed.

For man can not his worke ſo wiſely guide,
To know to whom, and when to giue is beſt,
But who for pittie giues, and not for pride,
Though needleſly ſome fall among the reſt,
Yet ſome (no doubt) is bleſſedly beſtowd,
And in thy will of good, good worke is ſhowd.

7. And

7. Sure life is sweete, and all desire, long time to see the sunne.
8. Though long life last, yet death makes hast: & times do vainly run.

7. And since (but whilst thou liu'st) thy goods are thine,
And what thou freely giu'st deserueth prayse,
Giue while thou mayst, so mayst thou find in fine,
Well sau'd, what well was spent in liuing dayes,
(For godly worke, with God aye present stayes.)

Surely the light is a pleasant thing: and it is a good thing to the eyes to see the sunne.

Long mayst thou liue, but must in end decline
To death, the end of euery liuing thing:
To yeeld to death, yet needst thou not repine,
If liuing thou to man, no good canst bring:
And hauing left some good by life to men,
More welcome death may be vnto thee then.

8. For death thou knowest, vnto life is due,
And life doth but prepare a man to die,
Liues cares, a daily death in vs renue,
To worke in vs consent to death thereby,
Which else no flesh (with patience) sure would try.

Though a man liue many yeares, and in them all he reioyce, yet he shal remember the dayes of darkenesse, because they are many, all that commeth is vanitie.

The many dayes or yeares which do insue,
Of wariest gouernment to happiest wight,
Cannot perswade him but that this is true,
That lightsome day will turne to darksome night,
That times most long haue end and what doth vade,
Is little better then a very shade.

9. Reioyce in youth, fulfill desire, yet know God iudgeth all,
10. To cleanse thy hart, & wicked flesh: graue age, vain youth doth cal.

Reioyce, ô young man in thy youth, and let thine hart chere thee in the dayes of thy youth: and walke in the wayes of thine hart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know that for all these things, God will bring thee to iudgement.

9. Delight he then in what so ere he please,
In youth, in beauty, strength, or wealthy store,
Let him delight himselfe, in vse of these,
And cheare his hart (as cause he hath) therefore
Yet let him thinke death knocketh at his dore.

And that they all, do vanish with their wayes,
That God alone remayneth euer sure,
That only vertue with vs longest stayes,
And can eternall blessednesse procure,
When to the iudgement of a God seuere,
Our workes must come, who all in mind doth beare.

Therefore take away griefe out of thine heart, & cause euill to depart from thy flesh, for childhood and youth are vanitie.

10. Let him, and all the wise whilst yet they may,
Prepare themselues to beare with chearefull mind,
The fierce assaults, in death that for vs stay,
And but by faith can strong resistance find,
Since all our other workes come short behind.

Let vs abandon euery wicked way,
And lay our treasure vp in heauen aboue,
Youth is a flowre that springeth out in May,
But euery frost or blast doth soone remoue,
But heauen and heauenly ioyes will still remaine,
When youth and earthly works proue meerely vaine.

1. And

1. Remember thy creator then, in these thy youthfull dayes,
Ere croked age all pleasure to thy lothed life denayes.

1. AND since thou canst not shun deaths fatall day,
And as the tree doth fall so shall it rise,
(Whilst yet thou mayst) prepare a quiet way
Vnto thy soule, which in such danger lies,
If thou in time relieue do not deuise.

Remember now thy creator in the daies of thy youth, whilst the euill dayes come not,

The earth and earthly things, do helpe denay,
Heauen is the harbor, where thy soule doth dwell,
Let not thy hope on earth then longer stay,
But it and workes thereof from hart expell,
Delay no time in hope long life to haue,
Youth may, age must, ere long time go to graue.

To heauen thy progresse thou dost wish to make,
Then cloth thy selfe accordingly therefore,
The clogs of worldly loue and lust forsake,
And thinke them burdens to thee euermore,
And in thy life, haue lights of vertue store.

Nor the yeares approach wherein thou shalt say, I haue no pleasure in them.

Let thought of thy creator thee awake
From sinnes of youth, hart burdensome in age,
Remember God account of thee will take,
If thy repentance not his wrath asswage,
Yea leaue thou sinne, ere lust leaue tempting thee,
Thy abstinence else, can not vertue bee.

2. Whilst sunne, moone, stars seeme light: and rayny clouds are farre,
3. Whilst keepers of thy house are strong, whose pillers stedfast are.

Whiles the sunne is not darke, nor the light, nor the moone, nor the starres, nor the clouds returne after the raine.

2. The feeble members which haue lost their might,
(Through which their senses did affection proue)
No maruell now, if they take lesse delight
In vaine prospects which they tofore did loue,
Since they the meanes do want doth liking moue.

The sunne, moone, stars (heauens ornamẽt, earths light)
Can yeeld small comfort to the senselesse corse,
When all thy ioynts begin by day and night,
Do tyre thy life, and breed the soules remorse,
No maruell if thou then, proue continent,
But thou shouldst temp'rance euen in youth frequent.

When the keepers of the house shall treble, and the strong mẽ shall bow themselues,

3. Before this glorious building do decay,
Wherein thy soule doth soiourne as a gueſt,
Thy comely body which erecteth aye,
The thought and eyes to heauen as mansion bleſt,
Grow feeble, and therein thou find no reſt.

When trembling hand, his duety doth denay,
And brainesalne thighes, and legs bend vnder thee,
When lamed limbs on others strength must stay,
And crouches (in their steed) of force must bee,
What time thou twise a child, shalt weary grow,
That thou the strength of youth didst euer know.

Before

Ere teeth wax few, and windowes clos'd, deny thy eyes the light.
4. And dore shut up, thy grinding saws, to chaw haue lost their might.

Before the Cators of thy diet fayle,
Those Iuorie teeth which do thy food prepare,
Which lost or loose, their labours not auayle,
But broths and minst-meats must become thy share,
And sharpned knife, thy toothlesse gums must spare.

And the grinders shal cease, because they are few, & they wax darke that looke out by the windowes.

Before that darksome mists thy eyes assayle,
Whose watchfull sight thy Centinell should bee,
When (christall humor failing) they shall quayle,
And spectacles must teach them now to see;
Or closed windowes force thee take thy leaue
Of worlds vaine shades, which did the soule deceaue.

4. Before thy wanny cheekes sinke hollowed in,
(In which well formed words should fashion haue)
And corrall lips which haue their portall bin,
And plyant tongue, which elocution gaue,
Now faltering lignes, for interpretors do craue.

And the dores shall be shut out by the base sound of the grinding.

Whilst those white cliffes (the bounders which begin,
The repercussion causing sweet resound)
Stand firme on rocke of their iaw ioyning chin,
Through which they gracious passage formtimes found;
And form'd that powrefull gift of eloquence,
The root of sweet content and sharp offence.

Ere sleepelesse braine, at birds voice start, and singing pipes be bast.
5. And high assents, do make thee feard, and almonds bud on face.

And he shall rise vp at the voice of the bird: and all the daughters of singing shall be abased.

Before thy dryed braynes doe rest denye
Vnto thy tyred bones, and carefull mind,
And comfortlesse the longsome night thou lye
In bed (thy graue) for ease tofore assignd,
And starts at each birds chirpe, or puffe of wind.

Before thy organe pypes with horceneſſe dry,
Restraine the passage of thy breathing voyce,
Wherewith (resembling heauens true harmony)
Thy musicke notes wed eares and hearts reioyce,
In liew whereof should hollow coffes succeede,
Which in corrupted loongs obstructions breed.

Also they shall be afraid of the hie thing, and feare shall be in the way, and the Almond tree shall flourish.

5. Before thou tyr'd at euery step must stay,
And clamber small assents on hand and knee,
And stumbling at each straw lyes in the way,
A spectacle of feeble nature bee,
To all that doth thy fearefull fashion see.

Before the harbengers of age (I say)
Euen griesly haires do blossome on thy chin,
(Which for most part declyning state bewray,
As Almond bud, showes sommer to begin)
Prepare thy selfe, for death the harueſt due,
Which after spring time, must of course insue.

Before

Ere weakneſſe make the graſhopper, a burden ſeeme, and luſt
Conſume, for ſure concupiſcence, with age doth weare to duſt.

Before the childiſh toyes of infants luſt,
Begin to want the wings of warmed blood,
And that thy body yeeld (as once it muſt)
To age, by which that humor is withſtood,
To leaue the vſe thereof I thinke it good.

And the Graſhopper ſhall be a burden.

For looke how of May deaw, and ſommers duſt,
The wanton Graſhopper doth quickly grow,
And ſinges in harueſt tide vntill he bruſt,
So doth luſts pleaſure vaniſh ere you know,
Like to Ephemeris, that Tanaiſh flie,
Morne bred, noone borne, that very night to die.

Not thoſe faire frutes which by Gemorra grow,
Which touched once, ſtraight vnto duſt do fall,
Are more deceitfull then this ſinne in ſhow,
Nor yet that fruit which firſt deceiu'd vs all,
Although regard thereof we haue but ſmall.

And concupiſcence ſhall be driuen away.

Luſt like a Torrent ſoone doth ouerflow,
If that acceſſe of nutriment abound,
But in a moment ſtraight it waxeth low,
As by experience hath bene euer found:
Not Ammons (of faire Thamor) foule deſyre
So fierce, but quencht, with loathing did retyre.

Before in ages bed (thy graue) thou lie, whilst thee they mourne.
6. Thy siluer cord and golden ewre, and lines pure cesterne worne,

For a man goeth to the house of his age, and the mourners go about in the streete.

Then leaue that lothsome snare of humane kind,
The common cankor of the best conceit,
Most powrefull passion that doth reason blind,
And to more brutish sins, th'alluring bait,
And thinke on death which doth on thee awaight.

Suppose each ringing knell puts thee in mind,
That thou art in the way vnto thy graue,
Take heed that death thee vnprepar'd not find,
But so in all thy life, thy selfe behaue,
As if thou were the man whose turne is next,
And wouldst not with a sudden death be vext.

Whiles the siluer cord is not lengthened, nor the golden ewre broken, nor the pitcher broken at the well, nor the whele broken at the cesterne.

6. Before (I say) the vitall spirits faile,
Or that thy radick humors all be spent,
That cramps do siluer cords of raynes assaile,
And natures intercourse no more be sent
From liuer hart and braine as earst it went.

Before warme bloud with Isey-fleame do quaile,
And pulslesse leaue thy ouer emptie vaine,
Before the (cesterne made for liues auaile)
Thy stomake now no sustenance retaine,
But all the wheles of nature lacking strength
To giue them motion, they do faile at length.

7. For

7. And flesh to dust thy sprights to God returne that it did make:
8. For all is vaine (the preacher saith) and all will vs forsake.

7. For then (be sure) thy dayes are neere an end,
And flesh dissolued turneth vnto dust,
Then yeeld thereto, before perforce thou bend,
And in thy strength of youth repose no trust,
Nor place thy ioy in earth or earthly lust.

And dust returne to the earth as it was, and the spirit returne to God that gaue it.

Thy nobler part (thy soule) it did descend
From God, first mouer of all life and grace,
Who therefore doth chiefe interest pretend
In thee and it, and will thy soule imbrace,
Amidst the heauens of his eternall rest,
If faith and loue haue once thy way adrest.

8. Thus haue I (sayth this Preacher) proued true,
The proposition that I first did make,
That earthly things are vaine in vse and view,
That in them we, can not sound comfort take,
And that in th'end we must them all forsake.

Vanitie of vanities, sayth the Preacher, all is vanitie.

That wisedome only, vertue should insue,
And vertue is the way to happinesse,
Which after death, doth life againe renue,
A life more happie then the world can gesse,
When we shall liue from lewd affections free,
And in that world no vaine delights shall bee.

9. These things and more he spake, for more he knew the more he taught,
His people knowledge, for their good, in all his words he sought.

And the more wise the Preacher was, the more he taught the people knowledge,

9. Full many other learned workes beside
He wrote, for more he knew the more he taught,
Whereby themselues the godly sort might guide,
Vnto the wisedome which they wrongly sought,
And he with care and study dearely bought.

Three thousand morall rules in writ abide,
In prouerbs and in adages for skill,
So sound that they worlds censure may abide,
And to a ciuill life reduce thee will,
Without offence of lawes, and with content
Of such with whom thou daily shalt frequent.

And caused them to heare.

Of natures workes with supernaturall skill,
He many volumes did compose likewise,
Not curious workes as some profanely will,
Of Alcumy, or iudgements which arise
By heauenly motions, farre aboue the skies.

But he his knowledge hath contained still,
Within the lawfull bounds of Gods decree,
And therefore many volumes he did fill
With medcinable vse, of things which bee
Abstracted out, of tree, shrub, mettall, stone,
Of beast, fish, fowle, and creatures euery one.

His

He sought by parables to giue, them precepts how to liue.
10. And with adorned words, to them he doubly grace did giue.

His heauenly Muse with wings of zeale did fly
Aboue the common pitch of earthly men,
And so inflamed were his thoughts thereby,
With holy liking of his loue as then,
That he could not containe his gratefull pen.

And searched forth, and prepared many parables.

In thousand songs and fiue his powers did try,
The prayses of his sacred soules delight,
In whom sweet peace and loue he did espy,
Which from him, loue of world did banish quight;
Among the which that song of songs by name,
Describes her beautie, did him so inflame.

10. But this his large discourse was chiefly ment,
To teach the world to know how farre they stray,
That do by earthly helpes a meane inuent
To leade their liues vnto a happie day,
Since naturo holy doth the same denay.

The preacher sought to find out pleasant words, and an vpright writing, euen the words of truth.

Which (for it crosseth earnall mens content,
And hardly may amongst most wise haue place)
By this most pleasant stile, about he went
To giue to naked truth a comely grace:
For hardly can corrupted man digest
Right wholesome food, vnlesse it well be drest.

11. For wise words, are like goades and nailes which workmens hands do driue
12. Vaine bookes and reading sinne, they wearinesse of flesh do bring.

The words of the wise are like goades & like nayles fastened by the masters of the assemblies, which are giuē by one Pastor.

11. And wise mens sayings, spoken to the wise,
Well fraught with matter couched well by art,
Adornd with words, and figures (whence arise
Content vnto the eare, and moue the hart)
Most soone do worke impressions in each part.

And as they sooner pierce, so firmlier lies,
The mind resolued in such sownded ground,
Than any planke or post you can deuise,
With nayle (by hammers) forced nere to sound;
And such this princely Prophets words esteeme,
Which are more waighty far, the thou wouldst deeme.

And of other things besides these my sonne, take thou heed: for there is none end in making many bookes, and much reading is a wearinesse of the flesh.

12. And let this graue aduice of father mild,
Which louingly he wrote, I bring to thee,
Be neuer from thy hart so farre exild,
That with the world againe seduct thou bee,
Wherein is nought but wretchednesse you see.

And striue to practise as you knowledge build,
Else is your learning vnto little end,
These many bookes wherewith this world is fild,
Do slender profit to the readers lend,
Which stuft with words of superficiall show,
But little fruit by them to world doth grow.

13. The

The end of all, mans wisedome is in this,
To know the will of God, and it obserue,
To know his will, and yet to walke amis,
A double chastisement must needs deserue,
Then feare henceforth therefro so oft to swarue.

Yet vs heare the end of all: feare God and keepe his commaundements, for this is the whole dutie of a man.

No seruile feare which I perswade it is,
But such as gratefull child to parent owes;
VVho though he feele the smart, the rod will kisse,
Because the fruit of fathers loue he knowes;
And this doth God require of man indeed,
That our obedience should from loue proceed.

14. The breach whereof will heauie iudgement call,
VVhen God the searcher of the heart and raines,
Shall vnto reckning with vs for them fall,
And pay our passed ioyes with lasting paines;
For sinfull worke no other guerdon gaines.

For God will bring euery worke vnto iudgment, with euery secret thing, whether it be good or euill.

O happie then shall they be most of all,
VVhose heedfull liues, in holy workes were spent,
The gaine of this their trauell, is not small;
For blessed they the narrow path that went.
And though this narrow gate few enter in,
Yet who runs on this race, the prize shall win.

FINIS.

Adue to worlds vaine delight.

YE worlds delights (blind guides to bliſſe) adue,
VVeake helpes, which fit a carnall vaine deſire:
My ſoule can find but comfort ſmall in you,
Though (as true bliſſe) profane ſort you admire.
My ſoule doth will my thoughts from ye retire,
In faith to place my hope of firmer ſtay:
To gaine true bliſſe, leſſe toyle it doth require,
Then worlds vaine pleaſure doth, by farre away.
Your falſe and fickle grounds do well bewray,
Your liking, baſe effect of fond deſire:
The earth (your ſeat) doth perfectneſſe denay.
My ſoules true hope (inſpir'd with hequenly fire)
There ſeekes to liue, where bliſſe is firme and true,
And by reformed life, would heauen purſue.

Sundry

Psalme. 27.

1 THe Lord he is my sauing light, whom should I therefore feare?
2 He makes my foes to fall, whose teeth would me in sunder teare.
3 Though hosts of men besiege my soule, my heart shall neuer dread:
4 So that within his Court and sight, my life may still be lead.
5 For in his Church from trouble free, he shall me keepe in hold:
6 In sight of foes his wondrous prayse, my song shall still vnfold.
7 Haue mercie (Lord) therefore on me, and heare me when I cry:
8 Thou badst me looke with hope on thee, for helpe to thee I fly.
9 In wrath therefore hide not thy face, but be thou still my stide:
10 Though parents fayle, thou wilt assist, thy promise so hath said.
11 Teach me thy truth, and thy right path, least that the enemy
12 Preuaile against my life, whose tongues intrap me trecherously.
13 My heart would faint for feare, vnlesse my faith did build on thee,
14 My hope, my God, and comforts strength, who will deliuer mee.

Psalme. 71.

1 IN thee (ô Lord) I trust, therefore from shame deliuer mee:
2 Performe thy promise, saue thou me, who call for helpe to thee.
3 Be thou my rocke of strength and shield, whose powre is great & might.
4 Deliuer me from wicked men, and put my foes to flight.
5 For in thee onely from my youth, haue I my trust repos'd,
6 Thou hast had care of me, whilst yet in wombe I was inclos'd.
7 Thee will I praise, who art my helpe, when men at me do scorne,
8 My mouth thy mercies still records, who helpst the mind forlorne.
9 In time of age forsake me not, or when my strength doth faile,
10 Least that the counsels of my foes, against my soule preuaile.
11 Who say, my God hath me forgot, they therefore me pursue:
12 But be thou Lord at hand to me, who canst my strength renue.
13 Shame and reproch let be their share, which my destruction seeke,
14 But on thee alwayes will I waite, with humble hart and meeke.
15 My mouth thy mercies shall rehearse, whose measure doth excell:
16 And in thy trust my steps shall walke, and tongue thy truth shall tell.
17 Euen from my youth thou hast me taught, thy wonders well I know:
18 And whilst I liue, (if thou assist) I will thy iudgements show.
19 Thy iustice Lord I will exalt: whose workes are like to thine?
20 Who threwst me downe, and raisd me vp, who elle in dust had leine.
21 Thou canst mans honor soone increase, and shew thy chearefull face:
22 Vpon the Vyall will I sing thy prayse, ô God, of grace.
23 My lips shall ioy to talke of thee, who hast my safety wrought:
24 My freed soule, shall still confesse, who hath my safety bought.

1 BLessed are they whose waies are vndefiled,
2 Whose heart the depth of his will and law hath tride,
3 Such do not worke iniquitie, but do their waies direct,
4 That in the holy waies of thy precepts they may walke.
5 O would to God my waies were so directed,
6 That with regard of thy precepts, I might be free from shame.
7 Then should I praise with vpright hart thy righteous iudgements known,
8 Which whilst I study to obserue, Lord let thy helpe be showne.

PART. 2.

9 By looking to thy lawes, most soone a man may perfect grow,
10 Since then my heart hath sought the same, allow let me not go,
11 Thy promises in mind I beare, which me from sinne withdrawe,
12 Thou gracious God and blessed guide, teach me thy perfect lawe.
13 My tongue hath testifi'd thy prayse, and iustice thou declarest,
14 To follow daily thy behest, I'le worldly wealth preferre,
15 For of thee will I meditate, and studie whilst I liue,
16 And to obey thy iust precepts, my mind will wholly giue.

PART. 3.

17 Be gracious to thy seruant Lord, giue life and powre to me,
18 Open my eyes, that of thy lawes I may the wonders see,
19 I am a stranger vpon earth, hide not from me thy will,
20 My heart doth swell with hote desire, to know thy iudgements still.
21 Thou hast destroyd the proude, and curst are they which go astray,
22 Shame and contempt yet take from me, who keepe thy lawes alway,
23 Though Princes hate me for thy truth, yet will I thee obay,
24 Thy lawes shall be my studie still, and comfort night and day.

PART. 4.

25 My soule with sorrow is oppress, giue me thy promist aide,
26 Thou knowst my state, I do confesse, thy wrath make me afraid.
27 But teach thou me thy truth, that I thy wonders may admire,
28 For shame of hope so dawnts my hope, it dares not that desire.
29 If thou redresse my blinded steps, and teach so me thy will,
30 Thy ordinances will I keepe, and looke vpon them still.
31 Thou art the portion I do chuse, O Lord confound me not,
32 But guide my steps to run that race, the which thy lawes alot.

PART. 5.

33 Teach thou thy statutes vnto me, that I may keepe them all,
34 Giue thou the knowledge of thy will, and surne my hart withall.
35 Direct me in thy path, o Lord, therein is my delight,
36 Incline my mind vnto thy word, and turne past thou to slight.
37 Turne thou my eyes from vanities, and do thou quicken me,
38 Performe thy promise made to me, whose hope depends on thee,
39 Preuent the shame I feare, because thy iudgements all are iust,
40 Behold I would performe thy will, for grace relieue me must.

PART.

41 Then let thy mercies fall vpon me (O Lord)
42 So shall I make answere to [illegible]
43 Take not away (quite) my truth, for in thy [illegible]
44 But let my life (perforce) obey thy precepts, [illegible]
45 My feete shall freely follow (then) [illegible]
46 I will not shame to [illegible]
47 Yea all my delight shall be [illegible]
48 My lifted handes vnto thee (then) my glory shall be [illegible]

Part. 7.

49 Remember (thou) my (patient) [illegible]
50 In trouble it doth recomfort me, my [illegible]
51 The wicked haue me tied (to) my lawes yet haue I kept
52 I gald (to remember) thy iudgements past, wherby in peace I slept.
53 Sorrow and fear ouercame me, [illegible]
54 Thy lawes transgressors [illegible]
55 In darknesse (and by night) thy [illegible]
56 Which blessing (thou) hast [illegible]

Part. 8.

57 O Lord (thou art) my portion, [illegible]
58 My hearty prayers made to thee, (and) promise (mine) preserue.
59 I haue reform'd my wayes, (and) [illegible]
60 With speed (I will) thy [illegible]
61 The wicked hath (no) [illegible]
62 At midnight (will I) [illegible]
63 My company (shall) [illegible]
64 Thy mercies fill the earth (O Lord), [illegible]

Part. 9.

65 According (to thy word) (O Lord) [illegible]
66 Teach (me) [illegible]
67 Before I [illegible]
68 But gracious [illegible]
69 The proud against me [illegible]
70 Their hart (on folly) [illegible]
71 This fruit [illegible]
72 A greater [illegible]

Part. 10.

73 Thy hand [illegible]
74 So shall [illegible]
75 Thy iudgements (Lord) [illegible]
76 Haue mercie (yet) [illegible]
77 Lord let me [illegible]
78 Bring (thou) to [illegible]
79 And let thy [illegible]
80 Who [illegible]

81 My soule is almost fainte for thy saying, but I put my trust in thy word.
82 Mine eyes are dim with looking for thy word, saying: O when wilt thou comfort me?
83 My bones are parched like an oven with drynesse, yet do I not forget thy statutes.
84 My life is short, thy judgement on the wicked I hope shall ease my pain.
85 By fraud the proude digge pits for me, which is not after thy law.
86 But thou art true, yea all thy precepts are true, helpe me therefore when they persecute me wrongfully.
87 They had almost consumed me on earth, but I forsooke not thy commandements.
88 Reuiue thou me after thy louing kindnesse, so shall I keepe the testimonies of thy mouth.

89 O Lord thy word endureth for euer, it standeth fast in heauen.
90 Thy truth from euer was and shall be to euery generation, thou hast laide the foundation of the earth, and it abideth.
91 All things continue this day according to thine ordinance, for they serue thee.
92 Vnlesse thy word did comfort me, my griefe were more than I could beare.
93 I neuer therefore will forget thy commandements, for with them thou hast quickened me.
94 I am thine, saue me, for I seeke thy commandements.
95 The wicked lay wait for me to destroy me, but I will consider thy testimonies.
96 I see that all things come to an ende, but thy commandement is exceeding large.

97 So much I loue thy law, O Lord, I studie on it continually.
98 Thy commandement hath made me wiser than mine enemies, for it is euer with me.
99 I haue more vnderstanding than all my teachers, for thy testimonies are my meditation.
100 I am wiser than the auncient, because I keepe thy commandements.
101 I refrayne my feete from euery euill way, that I may keepe thy word.
102 I swerue not from thy iudgements, for thou hast taught me.
103 How sweete are thy words vnto my throate, yea sweeter than honie to my mouth.
104 Through thy precepts I get vnderstanding, therefore I hate all wicked waies.

105 Thy word is a lanterne vnto my feete, and a light vnto my path.
106 I haue sworne, and will performe it, that I will keepe thy righteous iudgements.
107 I am troubled exceedingly, quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word.
108 Accept, I beseech thee, the free offerings of my mouth, O Lord, and teach me thy iudgements.
109 My life is continually in my hand, yet do I not forget thy law.
110 The wicked haue laide a snare for me, but I erre not from thy precepts.
111 Thy testimonies haue I taken as an heritage for euer, and why? they are the ioy of my heart.
112 I haue applied my heart to fulfill thy statutes alway, euen vnto the ende.

113 I hate vaine thoughts, but thy law do I loue.
114 Thou art my hiding place and my shield, I hope in thy word.
115 Away from me, ye wicked men, for I will keepe the commandements of my God.
116 Stablish me according to thy promise, that I may liue, and let me not be confounded in my hope.
117 Hold thou me vp, and I shall be safe, and shall haue respect vnto thy statutes continually.
118 Thou hast trodden downe all them that depart from thy statutes, for their deceit is falsehood.
119 Thou hast put away all the wicked of the earth like drosse, therefore I loue thy testimonies.
120 My flesh trembleth for feare of thee, and I am afraid of thy iudgements.

121 Let me not (Lord) oppressed be, for I have done thee right.
122 Plead thou my cause, and guide me well, that proud men do me not
123 My eyes are dim with thy help long, and for thy righteous
124 Teach me my God, and let thy servant be with thy law
125 I wait on thee, let me therefore of wisedom learn the
126 Helpe Lord in time for all the world do fear thy laws to
127 Yet do I thy graces esteeme more then the richest
128 Most iust are thou, therefore I hate all wicked

PART. 17.

129 Thy testimonies I admire, and my soule doth them
130 The way to know and learne to live, the simple it may
131 The mouth I heard thy law, and panting my
132 Look on me, shew mercy Lord, because the
133 Direct my feete in thy no sinne may beare
134 I keepe thy will, a wicked wight let me
135 Thy shining face unto me turne, thy statutes teach
136 With teares to my eyes do daily flow, because they

PART. 18.

137 Thou righteous God, most iust indeed thy iudgements all are
138 To equitie and truth is thine, thy lawes thy servants
139 My zeale doth burne, because my foes thy lawes
140 Thy word we see doth most pure, and I
141 Though I be poore and
142 Thy righteous precepts
143 Anguish and care
144 Teach me thy

PART. 19.

145 Heare me O Lord,
146 Saue me, and
147 Before
148 By night
149 Heare me
150 They
151 Thy promise
152 I

PART. 20.

153 Behold my sorrowes
154 Plead
155 The wicked
156 But for
157 Many
158 I see
159 Consider
160 For from

161 Princes of might do me persecute, my heart yet stands
162 I joy, that many
163 Thy law I loue, but do abhorre all falshood and deceit.
164 Seauen times a day I do prayse thy name, and so shall always walke.
165 The keepers of thy law, shall stand from danger alwayes free.
166 I keepe thy hests, because I hope thy sauing health to see.
167 Yea for the loue I beare to them, I will them not transgresse.
168 Thou seest (O Lord) in all my wayes, thy name I do confesse.

Psalme. 119.

169 Let then my plaint before thee come, and be shot still my guide.
170 Giue eare vnto my sute, and let thy promise stirme abide.
171 When thou hast taught me thy statutes, my lips shall speake thy praise;
172 My tongue shall tell thy word of truth, and wallue thy righteous wayes.
173 Helpe with thy hand, for I intend, thy precepts to pursue.
174 Thy sauing helpe and law I seeke, Lord do my faith renue.
175 Let liue my soule, to praise thy name, thy mercie me vphold.
176 I erre, thy law, then deare my friend, and bring me to thy fold.

Psalme. 121.

1 VNto the hils I lift my eyes, from whence my helpe shall grow;
2 Euē to the Lord which fram'd the heauens, & made the deeps below.
3 He will not let my feete to slip, my watchman neither sleepes.
4 Behold the Lord of Israell still his flocke in safety keepes.
5 The Lord is my [illegible] shadow eate,
6 By day nor [illegible] my limbes shall burne or blaste.
7 He shall pr[illegible] from sinne protect;
8 My going in [illegible] direct.

1 FRom pie[illegible] I erre,
2 O Lord [illegible] friendly,
3 If strict[illegible] death is sure.
4 But me[illegible] I wax
5 Vpon th[illegible]
6 With m[illegible] my sute renue.
7 Thy seru[illegible] sciencie found,
8 Thou w[illegible] my grace doth so abound.

OVr Father w[illegible] hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom [illegible]
Giue vs this day our daily bread: our trespasses forgiue,
As we for other mens offence, do freely pardon giue.
Into temptation leade vs not, but from [illegible]
For thine all kingdome, glory, power, [illegible]

SVNDRY CHRISTIAN PASSIONS CONFAINED

in two hundred Sonnets;

Deuided into two equall parts:

The first consisting chiefly of Meditations, Humiliations, and Prayers:

The second of Comfort, Ioy, and Thankesgiuing.

By H. L.

Call vpon me in the day of trouble, so will I deliuer thee, and thou shalt glorifie me.

LONDON,
Printed by Richard Field. 1597.

LONDON.
Printed by Richard Field. 1597.

To the right renoVVneD VertVoVs VIrgin

ELIzabeth, VVorthy QVeene of happIe EngLanD, her highneſſe faIthfVL ſubIeCT, Henry Lok, VVIſheth Long Lyfe, VVIth eternaL bLIſſe. VVne VIL.

MY worthleſſe pen
To eternize
In holy flame
VVhich doth diſpiſe
Thee ſacred dame
That ſhould protect
VVhoſe Phœnix quil
And thoſe hath deft
Heauens do diſtill
As come from thence,
Ioue long you ſaue,
For whoſe defence,
Venus would craue,
VVhith Pallas wils
Preſumeth to deuiſe,
Your peerles vertuous fame:
Of zeale my hart doth riſe,
A theame of vulgar frame,
The graces haue ſelect,
The holy Muſes hill,
Doth heauenly Crowne affect,
VVhich Romane Trophies fill:
Their happie influence,
You there your portion haue;
VVhoſe Scepters you diſpence,
True Engliſh hearts he gaue:
And Dain doth that dae,
Me yeeld alone to you.

The diſpoſition of the ſquare following.

1 A Saint Georges croſſe of two columbs, in diſcription of her Maieſtie, beginning at A. and B. in the middle to be read downward, and croſſing at C. and D. to be read either ſingle or double.

2 A S. Andrews croſſe, beginning at E. & read thwartwaies, and ending with F. containing the deſcription of our happie age, by her highneſſe.

3 Two Pillers in the right and left ſide of the ſquare in verſe, reaching from E. and F. perpendicularly, containing the ſum of the whole, the latter columbe hauing the words placed counterchangeably to rime to the whole ſquare.

4 The firſt & laſt two verſes, or the third and fourth, with ſeuenth and eighth are ſenſe in them ſelues, containing alſo ſenſe of the whole.

5 The whole ſquare of 100. containing in it ſelf fiue ſquares, the angles of each of them are ſenſe particularly, and vaited depend each on other, beginning at the center.

6 The out-angles are to be read 8. ſeuerall waies in ſenſe and verſe.

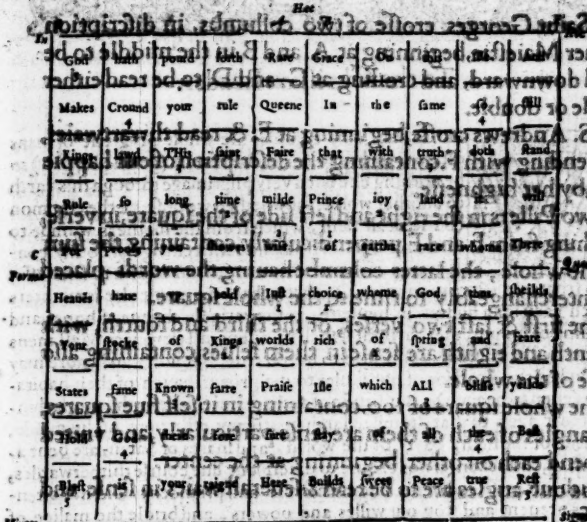
7 The eight words placed alſo in the ends of the S. Georges croſſe, are ſenſe and verſe, alluding to the whole croſſe.

8 The two third words in the bend dexter of the S. Andrews croſſe, being the middle from the angles to the center, haue in their firſt letters T. and A. for the Author. and H. L. in their ſecond, for his name, which to be true, the words of the angles in that ſquare confirme.

9. The direction to her Maieſtie in proſe aboue, containeth onely of numerall letters, the yeare and day of the compoſition, as thus, DD. C LL LL LL LL. VV VV VV VV VV VV VV VV. IIIIIIIIIIII. For, 1593. Iune V.

A Square in verse of a hundred monasillables only:

Describing the estate of England happie



God	hath	powrd	forth	Rare	Grace	on	this	Ile,	and
Makes	Crownd	your	rule	Queene	In	the	same	so	still
Kings	land	this	Saint	faire,	that	with	truth	doth	stand
Rule	so	long	time	milde	Prince	ioy	land	it	will
For	proofe	you	shewes	wise	of	earths	race	whom	there
Heauens	haue	ypheld.	Inft	choyce	whom	God	thus	thrifle,	
Your	flocke	of	Kings	worlds	rich	of	spring	and	feare
States	fame	known	farre	Praise	Ile	which	All	with	yields
Hold	God	their	fore	sure	stay	and	pose	the	best;
Blest	is	your	raigne,	here	builds	sweet	Peace	true	Rest.

The Square plainely set downe.

GOd hath powrd forth rare grace on this Ile, and
Makes crownd your rule, Queene in the same so still,
Kings land this Saint faire, that with truth doth stand,
Rule so long time mild Prince, ioy land it will.
For proofe you shewes, wise of earths race whom there
Heauens haue yheld. Inft choyce whom God thus thrifle,
Your flocke of Kings (worlds rich offspring and feare,
States fame known farre) praise Ile which all yields.
Hold God their fore sure stay, and pose the best;
Blest is your raigne, here builds sweet peace, true rest.

To the Christian Reader.

Ho so shall duly consider the whole progresse of mans estate from life to death, shall find it (gentle Reader) to be nothing else but a very pilgrimage through this earth to another world; for whether we obserue the common course of all flesh, which from the mothers wombe to the graue, is still trauelling with change of bodily constitution, from youth to age, from health to sickenesse, & so from one estate to another. Or if we behold the particular incounters which each man findeth in himselfe, in the variable change of hopes and crossing of his purposes: in both it shall by a generall experiéce of all mens calamities be assuredly confirmed to be too true. But how much more may we find in the direction of our soules to the proper hauen of their habitation (euen to heauen) a multitude of aduersaries lying in the way to hinder our trauell to that Promised land; how many afflictions of the minde, frailties of the flesh, baytes of the world, and snares of Satan, are bent against vs, to slacken (if not cleane to diuert) our due course thitherwardes, in such sort as if God of his infinite mercie and prouidence did not oftentimes preuent and stop our willes and powers, and bridle the malice of these aduersaries, we should all assuredly perish by the way. But now (such is his fatherly care and loue to vs in Christ) that he hath left vs a direction & ready way of safetie in the midst of all assaults or afflictions how perillous soeuer, euen prayer; which being formed according to the rules prescribed vnto vs by his Sonne, and with feruencie of faith offered vp vnto him, are of power to penetrate the heauens, purchase our safetie, pay our debts, and procure vs peace of heart in the midst of all earthly perils: yea (knowing our coldnesse herein, and feare of our owne guilt, deterring vs from his presence) he doth not onely licence vs to this boldnesse, but allureth vs by many sensible blessings for in our owne consciences, and calleth vs by a supernaturall courage, sometimes with confidence to come vnto him, and euen to hope against hope in our most desperate necessities. He doth direct our tongues oftentimes herein before our mindes, and our mindes before our hearts; being himselfe readier to giue then we to aske, and giuing with more regard of our good, then we can craue or conceiue: for all which he expecteth nothing else at our hands, but continually to flie vnto him, and to yeeld him due praise: to relie on him onely in the day of triall, and to encourage others thereto; for in this sort alone he

will

will be hindered of vs. This our earthly pilgrimage being subiect to daunger, both by all flesh, & to readie a way prest vsed vntovs for our safe passage therein, he were very vnwise that would not furnish himselfe with such prouision, which costs so litle as our wils to haue it) & most vnchristiable that would not do his best to assist his cõpanion in his iourney, with both counsell & cõfort of the same. For this cause (gentle Readers) I hauing (through gods great goodnes) felt in the direction and protection of my vnstable youth, a plentifull portion of the wonderfull care he hath ouer vs, & of the vnspeakable force of praier & thanksgiuing in all extremities: the more to stirre vp my selfe to a memorie thereof, haue thought good to set downe these abrupt passions of my passed afflictions, as witnesses of the impediments most stopping me in my Christian pilgrimage, and testimonies of the meanes of my euasion hitherto, which may serue for presidents for my selfe in the like future occasions: and not be altogither vnprofitable for others to imitate. In which (as in a glasse) may be seene, the state of a renegerate soule, sicke with sinne, sometimes (Ague-like) shiuering with cold despaire, straight waies inflamed with feruencie of faith and hope. One while yeelding vnder the burden of sinne to eternall death, and presently incouraged to runne chearefully forward the appointed course of this his pilgrimage; and like a practised trauceller, vsed to the change of company, dyet, heat, cold, paine, pleasure, plentie, and want, not to amaze himselfe long with any change: but by a consideration of pleasures passed, or rest expected, patiently to passe ouer this world full of incombrances; from a sence and feeling whereof in some measure, no true child of God is any long time (as I suppose) exempt. Now, although I doubt not but euen these reasons will carry the iudgement of the godly Christian Reader to a fauourable interpretation of my purpose herein, and to some delight in the taste thereof, to whom no person or occasion, style or phrase, will seeme vnseasonable, being imployed to the glorifying of God, and profit of the Church, or proceeding from a zeale of that effect: yet the consideration that the greater number to whose handes this Treatise may happen to come, are either not so well affected, or so discreet and temperate as were to be wished, maketh me thinke it needfull to say something in declaration of my purpose herein: not in excuse of my exercising my selfe in such theames, which in deede ought to be the common action in some measure of all men, as oft as necessary affaires of this life wil permit them, neither in that I make common with others this my exercise, which seemeth in secret only to be practised by my selfe: for that I take it not to be alwaies a token of pride or vaine-glory, to make knowne for a common good to others, that which may breed a suspect of ambition in the Author among the prophane or cauelling multitudes; though how herein I am caried my selfe, I leaue to God the searcher of hearts to iudge: only I would satisfie them first in the cause of my writing them in verse, then of the confused placing of them without speciall titles. To the first I was induced, for that I find many oftentimes (spe-

ciallie such as had most needs to praie and meditate) to reade bookes rather for the direction of words then liking of matter, and perhaps more to controll the composition, then commend the contents. Such (I say) as they read) shal giue me al that I craue, & find I hope that good they loked not for, if not in all, yet in some: among many of these sonnets (as for the apparature of Poetrie, to delight, to contriue significatiuely in fewe words much matter, to pearce and penetrate affections of men, with the aptnesse thereof, for helpe of memorie, I will not iustifie them) for my dedoying these pullings and affections into Sonnices, it answereth best for the shortnesse, to humanature, and common humor of men, who are either not long touched with so good motions, or by their worldly affaires not permitted to continue much reading. To the cause of my so preposterous placing of them, and deuision onely into three sorts, I confesse indeed I am perswaded their disorder doth best fit the nature of mankind, who commonly is delighted with contraries, and exercised with extreames; and also as they were by God minister vnto my mind to set downe by sundrie Accidents: so I suppose my prouidence could not (by a formall placing of them) so soone hit the affection of euery reader, as Gods direction (by that which we call chance) might often do. As they are therefore, I recommend them to thy courtesie in reading, and thee to Gods holy spirit in the perusing of them. If they may haue the same working in thee, that I praise God some of them had in me, they shall not be vtterly vnprofitable. If in matter they iumpe not to thy passions in all pointes, thinke that in the great Arsenall of Satans Armor he hath choise of weapons for sundrie assaults, and disposeth of them diuersly, according to the strength or weakenesse of the partie he besiegeth: which (being as different in particular persons as Gods gifts are to them) thou shalt doe well (to thy abilitie) to reforme or supply my defect therin. If in manner of the verse or stile, they be (as I doubt not but they are) to be amended much, I do not greatly seeke the praise of a curious Architector, neither (without neglect of more necessary duties) could I attaine to the required obseruances that way. And therefore craue that thy discretion may excuse my intention and abilitie And thus I hartily recommend thee to the Almightie.

THE FIRST PART OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS,

containing a hundreth Sonets of meditation, humiliation, and prayer.

PREFACE.

IT is not Lord the ſound of many words,
The bowed knee or abſtinence of man,
The filed phraſe that eloquence affords,
Or Poets pen that heauens do pearce, or can:
By heauie cheere, of colour pale and wan,
By pined bodie of the Phariſay,
A mortall eye repentance oft doth ſcan,
Whoſe iudgement doth on outward ſhadows ſtay,
But thou (ô God) doeſt hearts intent bewray,
For from thy ſight Lord nothing is conceald,
Thou formdſt the frame fro out the verie clay,
To thee the thoughts of hearts are all reueald,
To thee therefore with hart and minde proſtrate,
With teares I thus deplore my ſinfull ſtate.

SONET. I.

HOw ſhould my ſoule Lord clad in earthly mold,
(The priſon where it readie is to pine
Where vile affections captiue it do hold,
And threaten naught, but ruine in the fine)
Vnto one thought of hope or helpe incline,
Or raiſe my eyes vnto the heauens bright?
How may it Lord take hold on mercies thine,
Or preſſe it ſelfe in preſence of thy ſight?
Or how canſt thou therein at all delight,
If mercy be not ſpokeſman in this caſe,
If merit of thy Sonne ſhould not acquite
The common guilt of Adams ſinfull raſe?
Which ſince by faith alone man may attaine,
Grant me firſt grace not faithleſſe to ramaine.

SON. II.

FRo out the darkneſſe of this ſea of feare,
Where I in whale remaine deuourd of ſin,
With true remorſe of former life I reare
My heart to heauen, in hope ſome helpe to win:
I do confeſſe my fault, who did begin
To flie from thee, ô Lord, and leaue vndone
Thy ſeruice, which of right ſhould firſt haue bin
Performd, by which ſo many ſhould be wonne
To praiſe thy name: but feare alas begunne,
To repreſent to me my iourny long,
The dangers of the world my life ſhould runne,
Which made me to my ſoule to offer wrong.
But ſince by ſhow of death thou caldſt me backe,
Thy gracious helpe at need let me not lacke.

Within

SON. III.

WIthin this arke where in my ſoule doth dwell,
My bodie floting on worldes troubled waue,
Which windes of fierce affections cauſe to ſwell,
And hardly can my power from ſinking ſaue,
I crie to thee ô Lord, and comfort craue:
Cloſe vp this fountaine of ſtil flowing ſin,
Let me by faith againe once footing haue
On frutefull earth, and holie life begin;
Lighten the burden ſo vncleane within,
Of brutiſh vices raging in my minde,
Let cleane affects the greater partie win,
And ſo increaſe, that plentie I may finde
Of ſacrifices pleaſing in thy ſight,
Of faith and loue, which are thy ſoules delight.

SON. IIII.

IN humble wiſe as fitteth beſt my ſtate,
An abiect wretch deuoyd of all deſert,
I here approch before thy mercy gate,
O Lord of life with broke and contrite hart:
I need not to reueale to thee my ſmart,
A lump of ſin and ſhame I am I know,
Wounded ſo deepe with deadly poyſned dart
Of ſerpents ſting, which did from parents grow,
That now my humors ſo do ouerflow
With foule affections of my feeble minde,
As preſſeth downe my eyes on earth ſo low,
As dares not ſearch the heauens, true helpe to finde.
Yet ſince thou haſt made known to me my griefe,
Guide me by grace to fointaine of reliefe.

SONET. V.

VNto thy princely wedding Lord are bed,
Of euerie sort some guests to feast with thee,
One that a spouse but late before had wed,
One oxen bought, one taken land to fee:
They from the banket therefore absent bee,
Regarding not thy messengers of grace,
In number of the like, Lord hold not mee,
But let me haue I craue the offred place:
Yet ere that I appeare before thy face,
A wedding garment first I must put on,
My owne vnrighteous cloathing is too base,
And marchandise of merits now are gone,
Then since thou cal'st, with faith do thou me cloth,
A lame blind begger Lord, do thou not loth.

SON. VI.

IN pride of youth when as vnbridled lust
Did force me forth, my follies to bewray,
I challenged as patrimony iust,
Each vaine affection, leading to decay:
And trusting to that treasure, post away
I wandred in the worlds alluring sight:
Not reason, vertue, shame, or feare could stay,
My appetite from tasting each delite,
Till want and wearinesse began me bite,
And so perforce to father I retire,
To whom I prostrate kneele (vnworthie wight)
To name of sonne not daring to aspire;
Receiue me yet, sweet sauiour, of thy grace,
Poore penitent, into a seruants place.

Lame

SON. VII.

Lame of my limmes, and senceleſſe of my ſtate,
Neere fortie yeares Lord haue I groueling line,
Before Bethesda poole, yet ſtill too late,
To waſh me in the fountaine I encline,
Whence health wold come, when Angel gites the ſine:
If any one to aide me readie were,
But helpleſſe thus I readie am to pine,
My ſelfe vnable duly vp to reare.
Vouchſafe thou then me to this bath to beare,
By the aſſiſtance of thy heauenly grace,
Let not the force of foule affects me feare,
To preaſe forth firſt when Chriſt appeares in place,
Who is the fountaine, Angell, and the man,
That bath, that bliſſe, that cure my ſenſes can.

SON. VIII.

THy thundring voice and Angell Lord of long,
Hath cald my ſoule from ſlumber where it lay,
The harmony of heauenly muſickes ſong,
Hath made my wandring feete at laſt to ſtay:
Direct thou me alſo the readie way
Vnto thy church, that in thy holy place
Thy word and law I may in heart obay,
And worſhip thee before thy peoples face.
Grant me I ſay, ſuch meaſure of thy grace,
That greedily by faith I ſwallow vp
Thy booke of truth, and ſo thy word imbrace,
That fruteſully I taſte ſalnations cup.
Thou who doeſt rule the earth, the ſea and land:
In my defence, with power and glory ſtand.

SON. IX.

AMong thy sheepe ô Lord I seemd to feed,
By Sacraments receiu'd into thy flocke,
By preached word I watred was indeed,
And works with fleece did seeme inritch my stocke:
But at my doore true faith did neuer knocke,
(Which should be shepheard of my soules defence)
But (thiefe like) fond affections reason mocke,
And by the window of my wilfull sence
Do enter to my heart, and steale from thence
Each motion of amendment which doth rise,
And shepheardlesse of grace, transported hence
By Sathan (rau'ning woolfe) in fearefull wise,
I call to thee (sweet Sauiour) shepheard true,
Teach me to know thy voice and thee insue.

SONET. X.

BEhold ô Lord the Citie thou hast built,
Ierusalem this fleshly frame of mine,
By sin (Assyrians sword) is almost spilt,
And like to yeeld to Rabsake in fine:
Yet lo (alas) my soule doth much repine,
To see proud Satan so blaspheme thy name,
To threaten ruine to this temple thine,
Since thou art prayd and honord in the same:
Thou able art the rage of lust to tame,
The force of pride and furie to subdue;
Against Senacherib thy Angell came,
And all his host in one night ouerthrew:
So let thy holie spirit me defend,
And to my plaints and praiers comfort send.

Since

SON. XI.

SInce with Goliah I am now to fight,
And lacke the slight of holie Dauids sling,
Arme thou me Lord with heauenly armor bright,
Which power of flesh & world to foile may bring:
Thy righteous brest-plate gird on me with truth,
Prepare my feet with Gospel of thy peace,
The shield of faith (which firie dartes beare forth,
Of wicked Satan, whose assaults not cease)
The helmet of saluation, and the sword
Of spirit, which is founded on thy law;
All these my praiers are, that thou afford,
To make me stedfast, spight of lyons claw,
Who roaring, daily seekes as wished pray,
My silly soule from thee to take away.

SON. XII.

NOw that thou hast prepard me to confesse,
Thy seruice Lord the which I vndertake,
I thee beseech, my purpose so to blesse,
That I a good account to thee may make:
A Nazarit I am, who do forsake
The delicacies of the worlds delight,
Whose thirst thy purest fountaine still shall slake,
With faith and truth, the which with sin shall fight:
I will not tast the wine of Satans slight,
Which doth confound all reason and all sence,
My vow shall be to serue thee day and night,
And trust in thee shall be my true defence,
Till death dissolue this promise made to thee,
Whose strength herein thy heauenly graces bee.

SON. XIII.

I Seeke ô Lord to ſhew thy powrefull hand,
Which hath conuerted this my ſinfull hart,
Into a rod of ſtrength, which ſtill might ſtand
Strong in thy truth, who powrefull onely art:
But Iannes pride, and Iambres luſtfull hart,
By ſlight impoſture of lie Satans might,
Two Serpents frame, which will not thence d paert,
But ſeeke againſt thy powrefull hand to fight.
But let my faith their fury put to flight,
And vertue thine, deuour theſe imps of ſin,
Let not theſe fleſhly frutes appeare in ſight
Of truth, which only can the conqueſt win.
Let faith ſhew forth the finger of thy hand,
And cleane conſume, ech power doth it withſtand.

SON. XIIII.

BEhold ô Lord a tree by high way ſide,
Vnfrutefull yet of any food for thee,
In high way ſide as yet I do abide,
Where paſſers to Ieruſalem I ſee:
Though ſommer grow, I cannot frutefull be,
Vnplanted by thy grace in garden thine:
I do confeſſe I am a wild fig tree,
For want of moiſture which am like to pine,
Vnto my praiers Lord do thou incline,
Remoue me home into thy garden faire,
Let me behold the face of thy ſunne ſhine,
Which may my withered leaues with life repaire:
So maiſt thou taſt a frute of wholeſome kinde,
And leaue a marke of mercy great behinde.

Within

SON. XV.

WIthin thy garden Lord I planted was,
And watred well with thy most carefull hand,
But yet vnfrutefull I remaind (alas)
And these thy blessings did not vnderstand:
In vaine I did employ possessed land,
Ten times three yeares thy seruants did replant.
My stocke, and sought to bend my crooked wand,
And did supply eeh aide I seem'd to want.
At length my frutes which daily grew more scant,
Wild thee resolue to haue me weeded out;
My foule affections were with folly brant,
My roote of faith was shakt with feare and doubt,
And lo I pine, sweet Sauiour water me,
Paul and Apollos worke, else lost will be.

SON. XVI.

A Wicked Pharisie I long haue bene,
Whom sight of mercies thine allure to thee,
A shamed Lord of my faire clothed sinne,
In secret night I seeke thy face to see:
That thou art God, thy wokes reueale to me,
That thou art mine, thy sonne doth me assure,
Vouchsafe, that I regenerate may be,
And that my praiers pardon may procure.
Purge by thy sprite and faith, faire fountaine pure,
The senses dull that cannot vnderstand,
The heauenly birth which shall in blisse endure,
Not subiect vnto Satans sinfull band.
And with thy sonne let worlds affections die,
My soule from hell, with him ascend on hie.

SON. XVII.

FIue foolish virgins in my senses dwell,
And seeke to make the slumber ouer long,
They dreame, that all my deeds do fall out well,
Whereas indeed I headlong run to wrong:
To vanities their humors do belong,
And sin, who doth their fancie chiefly feed:
They cheined are to linkes of lust so strong,
That their best soile, brings forth but bitter weed;
They lacke the oyle which should be vsde indeed,
To lead them to the euerlasting light:
It growes not Lord in frute of humane seed,
Man sleeps all day and gropes his way at night,
Vnlesse thou lend thy hand and fill our lampes,
Our light goes forth with smothering sinful dāps.

SON. XVIII.

OVt of the fountaine of eternall life,
I poore Samaritan here readie stand,
(To sinfull Iust an old betrothed wife)
With pitcher readie in my trembling hand,
To wraw a draught of liquor most diuine,
To quench the thirst of my inflamed hart,
With heauenly dewe: ere that my soule do pine,
And qualifie the rigor of my smart.
A Prophet true thou art I vnderstand,
Or rather father of all truth thou art,
A stranger I from faine Iudæa land,
With these thy blessings craue for to impart:
Then guide my hand, and teach my soule to tast
True faith, the fountaine where all blisse is plast.

SON. XIX.

A Wicked soule sold to all fleshly sin,
Lord here I prostrate at thy feete do lie,
To gather crummes of grace, soules health to win,
Which Lord to giue me do thou not denie.
The precious oyle of penitence will I
Powre forth with teares, fro out my melting eyes,
To bath thy feete, and after will I drie
Them with my haires (which balmus treasure bies)
Though worldly loue (when he my fact espies)
Repine to see my soule so well inclinde,
To my defence O Lord vouchsafe to rise,
And fructifie this first fruite of my minde:
Vouchsafe to sup with humble seruant thine,
And that of seruice, better choyse be mine.

SON. XX.

A Poore Arabian whom base Agar bare,
First borne of flesh, but last of promist grace,
Of bastard kind, bred vp with mothers care,
In wildernesse of world for a long space:
And famishing before my parents face,
Whose workes vnable were to lend me aide,
A bond man vnto sin as fleshly race,
To whom heauens heritage thy lawes denaide:
Amidst my wandring course by thee am staide,
And hunt a promise not to die but liue,
Thy couenant bond abundantly is paide,
If grace (to feed by faith) thou doest me giue.
My bondage thus release, make thou me free,
My barren branch shall so bring fruite for thee.

SONNET XXI.

A Marchant I, full long abroad haue straide,
By sea and land true happinesse to gaine,
The riches of the earth my eyes haue waide,
And see their profit to be light and vaine:
Such trifling trash my soule doth now disdaine,
And Iewels of more value I espye,
Among the rest, one doth all other staine,
Which with my wealth I wish that I might buye,
But this rare pearle is of a price so hie,
As all the earth cannot esteeme the same,
Much lesse to purchase it, can it come nie,
Yet doth the loue thereof my heart enflame:
Be thou the pledge (sweet Sauior) then for me,
That heauenly bliss shall for my riches be.

SONNET XXII.

AMong the preasse of many that draw neare,
Vnto the feast of grace in Temple thine,
I silly widow also doe appeare,
With humble heart ô Lord, who here encline,
And vnto thee a mite for offering mine,
Present as precious, to my poore estate,
For heards or flocks for store of corne and wine,
Without obedience Lord, thou aye didst hate,
But broken hearts and soules which lye prostrate
Before thy throne of grace, and mercy craue,
Do mercie finde, though it be here too late,
Thy promise hereof vs assurance gaue,
In trust whereof, obaying thy beheest,
My praiers to thy praise, ô Lord are prest.

Into

SON. XXIII.

INto thy vineyard Lord (vnworthie) I
Desire to come, to trauell out the day,
Thou calledst me thereto, and didst espie
Me loytring idle, by the worlds high way:
At first to come my follies did me stay,
Whom cold and hunger now to worke compell,
Though halfe my daies be spent, say me not nay,
The other halfe to trie, employed well.
I do not hope my paines so deare to sell,
As they that beare the brunt of heat of day,
They merit most whose trauels most excell,
My slender seruice craues but single pay.
But (if thy bountie giue,) behold me prest,
With thanks thy grace to taste, amongst the rest.

SON. XXIIII.

AS thou art pure and iust in all thy waies,
(O Lord) so should thy offrings also bee:
The tongue vncleane, cannot set forth thy praise,
The wanton eye may not thy secrets see:
The lame of faith, the blind of skill not hee,
That thou alotst thy sacrifice to slay;
The heart that is found cleane in each degree,
Is fittest for thy church, wherein to stay,
Such is no flesh, ô Lord, the truth to say,
But as thou pleasest them to purifie,
By faith and by repentance euerie day,
Who then with Christ, may boldly thee come nie,
Behold me then, thus thy adopted chyld,
Let me not from thy temple be exyld.

SON. XXV.

I Follow thee ô Lord but far behinde,
As Peter did, when he did see thee led
To prison, where the traitors did thee binde,
Amazed much with worldly feare and dred:
When as I saw the world all ouer spred
With hatred and disdaine vnto the iust,
My courage it was quayld, and quickly fled,
And had no liking to thy helpe to trust.
But Lord I know perforce I forward must,
If I intend to gaine the crowne I craue,
I must abandon flesh and fleshly lust,
And in thy promise all my hope must haue.
Grant thou me boldnesse then and constant will,
To persеuere in thy obedience still.

SON. XXVI.

OF parents first, two brothers borne that were,
The bodie and the soule did represent,
The elder Cain, who Henocks wals did reare,
The yonger Abell dwelt in silly tent:
First man with plough the virgins soile he rent,
The other seru'd and shoare the silly sheepe:
To worldly lustes of flesh the one was bent,
Thy heauenly lawes the other sought to keepe.
A deadly discord twixt them so did creepe,
The elder did the guiltlesse yonger slay;
That ancient hatred grounded is so deepe,
It striues in me (alas) vnto this day.
Accept my sacrifice, Lord me defend,
My powres vnto thy holie pleasure bend.

Like

SON. XXVII.

LIke pined chyld ô Lord from nurſes breſt,
Whom churliſh ſtepdame ouer ſoone doth waine,
By wicked will alas I am oppreſt,
And crie to cruell fleſh behold in vaine:
Who lets me languiſhing in ſin remaine,
And ſends no comfort to ſupport my need,
My faults I know, I do confeſſe them plaine,
That folly doth my weake affections feed:
I ſee my ruine neare at hand in deed,
And cannot call for aide whoſe tong is dum,
My feete ſo feeble cannot helpe at need,
Although I ſee at hand thy vengeance come,
Vnleſſe thou giue me grace to ſee and feare,
To pray in faith, and thou thy hand forbeare.

SON. XXVIII.

POlluted with the cureleſſe leproſie
Of ſin, which is heriditarie now,
So lothſome growne, that I dare not come nie
Thy holy temple, where my heart doth bow:
I craue ô Lord, it pleaſe thee to allow
The high Prieſt Chriſt thy ſonne to view my ſore,
Whoſe holy hand may guide and teach me how
To cure this griefe it may returne no more.
I know ô Lord, thou haſt of mercy ſtore,
And onely thou doeſt pitie mans eſtate,
Which though my ſtubburne heart refuſde before,
Repentance yet and faith coms not too late,
Whoſe ſparrowes of repentance I preſent
An offering here through worldly deſert ſent.

SON. XXIX.

A Virgine pure ô Lord by birth I was,
The daughter of thy church adopt by grace:
But lothsome lust (foule fiend) did me alas
Pursue, and sought with me his dwelling place.
As many vertues as did seeke my grace,
By weddings band to me to be vnight,
So many did this fiend, first night deface,
So oft I was depriu'd of my delight.
Seuen times a widow I with shame and spight
Am left, and liue now hopelesse of redresse:
Till th ou with Raphaell send that medicine bright,
Of God to giue me grace, to sinne suppresse.
Thy sonne thus made, my spouse shall soone restore
Tobias sight, wealth comfort, lost before.

SON. XXX.

OF sinfull race of mans licentious seed,
Whilst heauenly offspring with faire humane kinde,
Do ioyne affects, where wicked lusts do breed,
And so pollute the frutes of vertuous minde,
A bastard brood my selfe alas I finde,
Whose nature doth in tryannie consist,
Of grace and reason growne so dull and blinde,
That I in wrong with stubburnesse persist:
Who seeing father Nature ere he wist,
A sleepe with sottish wine of worldly loue,
To hide his shame by wisdome had no list,
Which iustly curse of God on me did moue.
A slaue to sin, therefore I did pursue
(Like Nymrod) grace of God, which now I rue.

As

SON. XXXI.

AS oft as thou by grace wouldſt drawe me backe
From ſin, whereto I am by nature thrall,
So oft alas I finde my will to lacke,
And power to follow thee when thou doeſt call,
From ſin to ſin, I headlong thus do fall,
And quench repentance by a peruerſe will,
I ſee my fall, but haue no feare at all,
And to my vomit dog-like turne I ſtill.
My frailtie doth thy wrathfull cup fulfill,
With flowing meaſure of reuenge and wo:
When I returne a litle backe from ill,
To wallow in the myre againe I go.
No powre is in me Lord my life to mend,
Vnleſſe thy hand from heau'n me comfort ſend.

SON. XXXII.

FAine would I fence this feeble fleſh of mine,
From Satans furie, who me thus aſſailes,
Which doth beſiege my ſoule, and meanes to pine
My conſcience, which my ſin ſo ſore bewailes,
His buſie braine to win me neuer failes,
And leaues no ſtratagem at all vntride:
My fainting hope I know not what it ailes,
But it doth feare the batt'ry to abide.
The ſafeſt way muſt be (what ere betide)
To ſet a watch to looke vnto my waies:
Leſt pride, or luſt, or wrath do let him ſlide
Into my hart, which yet vnyeelded ſtaies:
But like a theefe he ſtealeth me vpon,
Watch thou me (Lord) ech houre: elſe I am gon.

SON. XXXIII.

MY sinnes behold (ô Lord) are manifold,
VVhich do incamp my soule each houre about,
Still me intrenched with distrust they hold,
So that no frutes of faith can issue out:
Their fleshly champion is a soldiar stout,
VVho is assist by world and Satans aide,
And foule affections readie are in rout,
To further force to lust, but hardly staide.
The earthly treasures haue with pleasure paide,
The hatefull Army which doth hast to hell:
My natiue powre their passage not denaide
VVhich makes their pride and peruerse wil to swel.
I see no way to helpe to shun decaie,
But on thy graces rescue Lord to staie.

SON. XXXIIII.

THe greedinesse of this my corrupt minde,
VVhich tasteth not but of the earthly gaine,
And in thy glorie can no profit finde,
But seekes with symonie my soule to staine:
Makes me (alas) for carnall treasor vaine,
Like Elizeus seruant to desire,
A present of worldes pleasure mixt with paine,
As recompence of heauenly comforts hire.
I sorcerer like do also oft require,
(Like marchandise) thy graces for to buye,
Supposing morall vertues may aspire,
To saue my soule, and sin to mortifie.
But lo I see soules leprosie herein,
And craue that praiers may my pardon win.

Voyd

SON. XXXV.

VOyd of true life, and buried in the graue
Of wicked flesh (alas) I long haue bin,
No earthly comfort can my conscience haue,
VVhich was corrupted with all lothsome sin.
My sister (vertues) to despaire begin,
Of euer seeing once my lifes restore,
Ne is there any other way to win
True life indeed, which shall decay no more,
But prostrate Lord thy helpe for to implore,
And craue thy gracious presence at the last,
To aide the soule thy sonne hath lou'd before,
For time of grace with thee is neuer past.
Roll backe hard stone from heart, bid him arise,
VVho slaue to sin, in earthly coffin lies.

SON. XXXVI.

MY bodie (Lord) the house which hath bene long
Possest with spirits, to ruine of the same,
VVhich forst me forward, vnto open wrong
Of conscience, by defacing of thy name,
Hath found some comfort, since thy message came
Vnto my soule, which in thy word was sent,
VVhose powerfull truth hath bound, & seeks to tame
The furious lust which to my ruine bent.
Grant Lord from heart I may indeed repent,
And therewith chase these fiends fro out of me,
Sweep cleane my house, fro out of which they went,
And garnished with graces let it be:
Let puissant faith henceforth possesse the place,
Lest sin returne with legions of disgrace.

SON. XXXVII.

AMidst this famine of Sarepta soile,
Where I a widow dwell, poore and abiect,
Compeld by sin, with sweat of browes to toile,
To gather sticks, from cold me to protect:
Behold me Lord, a caitiue thus neglect,
Whom sin hath banished thy blessed land:
Who yet in heart thy Prophers do affect,
And with thy church to life and death wold stand.
I offer all my treasures here in hand,
That litle sparke of grace yet left behinde,
Increase it Lord, vnto a great fire-brand
Of faith which may a frutefull harueſt finde.
My meale and Oyle, ô Lord do thou increase,
My selfe & sonne, shall praise thee so in pease.

SON. XXXVIII.

BOrne blinde I was, through sinfull Adams fall,
And neuer since could see with carnall eyes:
Ne know I where or how for helpe to call,
From out of sin to holie life to rise.
It pleased thee (ô Lord) that in this wise,
Thy powre and glorie might to man appeare,
Who graceleſſe groueling in earths darkneſſe lies,
And wants the eyes of faith his soule to cheare:
But since thou sentst thy sonne my Sauiour deare,
To shine in light to those in darkneſſe weare:
To dym the worldly wisdome seeming cleare,
And sinfull soules frō hell to heauen to reare. (grace,
Touch thou my eyes with faith, wash me with
In Sylo poole (thy word) which I embrace.

How

SON. XXXIX.

HOw drunken are my humors all alaſſe,
With wine of vanitie and ſenſuall luſt,
Which from one ſin do to an other paſſe,
And after euill daily more do thruſt.
Offorce my faults (for ſhame) confeſſe I muſt;
My lauiſh vſage of thy graces ſent,
My ſoules conſent to action ſo vniuſt,
As death of Prophets teaching to repent:
Like Herod I about the matter went,
To pleaſe the follies of my fleſh delight:
Inceſt'ous I, to ſin ſo much was bent,
That offred mercie, pleaſed not my ſight:
But Lord prepare my heart to ſee my ſin,
That ſorrow may, a way to mends bigin.

SON. XL.

THough with thy Saints ô Lord I choiſe haue made,
To ſpend my daies in praiſing of thy name,
And in the ſtudie of thy word to wade,
To feed my faith with portion of the ſame:
Yet can I not my choice ſo rightly frame,
A midſt the ſpacious fields where truth doth grow,
But whilſt to gather healthfull herbe I came,
A bitter bud I found of fearefull ſhow
Which threatneth me with death and ouerthrow,
Vnto my ſoule, which feedeth greedely
On ſin, the weed which Satan did beſtow:
By poiſoned taſt thereof I pined lie,
But Chriſt thy ſonne by faith me helth ſhall bring,
Diſcharge the law, and bruſe this deadly ſting.

SON. XLI.

ACcording to the promiſe of thy word,
To giue the victorie(ô Lord)to thoſe
That fight thy battels with a faithfull ſword,
Againſt the world,fleſh,diuell and thy foes:
I ſeeke ô Lord proud Iericho t'incloſe,
Incouragde by thy graces from aboue,
My ſhooes of foule affects I pray thee loſe,
Before on holy earth my path I moue;
Thy powerfull hand by prayers let me proue,
Which daily ſeu'n times I to thee direct:
Shake thou the walles of ſin for my behoue,
And in this skirmiſh do thou me protect:
The frutes of fleſh, pride,luſt,and error all
So ſhall be wract, and ſin not raiſe a wall.

SON. XLII.

AMidſt the graues of death this many a yeare,
My ſoule(poſſeſſed with all ſorts of ſin)
Hath liu'd,and held that frutefull place ſo deare,
That from the ſame no counſell could me win:
To beate my ſelfe my follies neuer lin,
No reaſon can with chaines binde ſo my will,
But to vnloſe my luſt I do begin,
With helpe of furious fiend,who aides me ſtill,
But ſince thy ſonne appeareth me vntill,
I craue I may no more tormented bee,
Leſt that my ſoule eternally he kill,
But from the force of Satan make me free;
Theſe brutiſh ſinnes in ſwine more fit to dwell,
Drowne in repentant ſeas,of teares which ſwell.

In

SON. XLIII.

IN deadly ſleepe ô Lord ſin hath me caſt,
Wherein ſecure I lye, and ſo remaine,
Raiſe me ô Lord out of this dreame at laſt,
And let me ſight and light of heauen attaine:
The heauie humors which my iudgment ſtaine,
And dazell ſo the reaſon of my minde,
Grant that they may their proper vſe attaine,
And comfort in thy grace and promiſe finde.
All fleſhly wiſedome of it ſelfe is blinde,
Till thou by knowledge cleare their wandring ſight:
Out of the ſnare of ſin fleſh cannot winde,
Vnleſſe by faith they ſee thy Sonne ſo bright,
Him let me ſtill, both ſee and eke admire,
And thee in him, ô Lord I thee deſire.

SON XLIIII.

MY wicked fleſh, ô Lord with ſin full fraight,
Whoſe eye doth luſt for euerie earthly thing,
By couetiſe allurde hath bit the baight,
That me to Satans ſeruitude will bring.
By violence I vertues right would wring,
Out of poſſeſſion of the ſoule ſo weake,
Like vineyard which the wicked Achab king
Poſſeſt by tyrants power, which lawes do breake:
Let Prophets thine (Lord) to my ſoule ſo ſpeake,
That in repentant ſackcloth I may mone,
The murther of thy grace, which I did wreake,
Whilſt to my natiue ſtrength I truſt alone;
And let my Sauiour ſo prolong my daies,
That henceforth I may turne from ſinfull waies.

SON. XLV.

IF thou vouchſafdſt Lord of thy goodneſſe rare,
To ſanctifie with holie preſence thine,
The Cana marriage, where thou didſt not ſpare,
Firſt miracle of water turnd to wine,
Then be thou preſent at this wedding mine,
Which twixt thy Church and me by faith is ment:
To ſee the want in me thy eyes encline,
(Whoſe wine of grace by wanton youth is ſpent)
But (being toucht with view thereof) repent,
And craue that water of earthes healthles well,
May iſſue forth from heart with ſorrow rent,
And turnd to wine, may ſo with grace excell,
That all that ſee and taſt this change in me,
May grant this worke, of thee alone to be.

SON. XLVI.

SInce it hath pleaſed thee (ô Lord) to ſend,
Now in my barren age of hope and grace,
Repentant childe from ruine to defend,
My name and ſoule to liue before thy face,
Thy bleſſings I do thankfully embrace,
And in thy feare will frame his tender yeare,
The worlds regard in me ſhall haue no place,
If once thy word and will my heart do heare.
And when thou calſt, we both will then appeare,
Before thy Aulter in Moriath land,
To offer vp thy gift my ſonne ſo deare,
Obedient childe to faithfull fathers hand:
Which ſacrifice (not worthie gift for thee,)
With Chriſt my Sauiors ſuffrings quit let bee.

Of

SON. XLVII.

OF euerie creature vncleane to fore,
Whereof thy holy people might not taſt,
Thou didſt preſent o Lord to Peter ſtore,
Which were from heauen in ſheet before him plaſt.
Which he at firſt refuſde with mind moſt chaſt,
Not touching things polluted or defilde:
But afterward thy counſell he embraſt,
And ſaw himſelfe had bene before beguilde,
To thinke all ſinners were for aye exilde
From preſence of thy mercies, which abound,
Whom oft thou doeſt receiue as father milde,
If faith in Chriſt thy ſonne in them be found.
By praiers faith, by faith, thy grace doth grow,
Cornelius bleſſing (Lord) on me beſtow.

SON. XLVIII.

HOw hard it is (o Lord) for man to frame
His minde (corrupt) to be preparde for thee,
With tongue vncleane to praiſe thy holie name,
With fleſhly eies thy glorie for to ſee:
Homeward I bring thy bleſſings vnto me,
And make my ſoule their dwelling place to reſt:
But ſo forgetfull of thy lawes we be,
That this my action Lord I ſee not bleſt,
Pride and contempt the waies haue ſo oppreſt,
That danger is the carriage ouerthrow:
Grant that thy grace, to ſtaie it may be preſt,
That ſo my ſoule thy ſauing health may know,
For to my fleſh vnſanctified to truſt,
Were aie to haſten death by iudgement iuſt.

SON. XLIX.

MY traitrous heart which long time hath rebeld,
Againſt thy ſpirit, which ſhould feed me ſtill,
A ſecret counſell in it ſelfe hath held,
To contrarie thy knowne reuealed will:
Whoſe mutinie my ſences ſo do fill
With deeds repining to thy holie law,
That raging pride and luſt lead me to ill,
Forgetting tokens of thy wrath they ſaw;
As Dathan and Abyram had no awe
Of Moyſes and of Aron thine elect,
But ſought a way thy people how to drawe,
And Prophets thine by pride for to reiect:
So doth my ſoule alas thy grace reſiſt,
And in the follies of the fleſh perſiſt.

SON. L.

A Tenant moſt vntrue ô Lord to thee,
In vineyard of my bodie haue I bin:
To craue thy rent thy ſeruants came to me,
But nothing but intreatie bad they win:
My trauell therein was to nouriſh ſin,
And waſt the wine of thy abounding plant;
The more to call me backe thou didſt begin,
The more to thee my gratitude did want.
Ne would my lacke of grace let me recant,
When thou thy onely Sonne to me didſt ſend,
For ſin and Satan did me ſo ſupplant,
That to his ruine I did alſo bend:
But Lord me lend In time repentant hart,
That from this vineyard I may not depart.

Whilſt

SON. LI.

WHilſt in the garden of this earthly ſoile,
My ſelfe to ſolace and to bath I bend,
And fain wold quench ſins heat, which ſeems to boile
Amidſt my ſecret thoughts, which ſhadow lend:
My ſence and reaſon which ſhould me defend,
As iudges choſen to the common weale,
Allur'd by luſt, my ruine do pretend,
By force of ſin, which ſhameleſſe they reueale.
They ſecretly on my affections ſteale,
When modeſtie (my maides) I ſent away,
To whom for helpe I thought I might appeale,
But grace yet ſtrengthens me to ſay them nay;
Yet they accuſe me Lord, and die I ſhall,
If Chriſt my Daniell be not iudge of all.

SON. LII.

I Iuſtly am accuſde, and now am brought
By law and gilt of conſcience (I confeſſe)
Before thy throne, conuict by deed and thought,
Of ſinfull luſt which did me ſo poſſeſſe,
That quickning graces thine I did ſuppreſſe
By fading loue of world procliue to ill,
Whoſe dome eternall death and nothing leſſe,
My ſoule doth ſee, to threaten to me ſtill.
But ſince that frailtie ſo the world doth fill,
That no one fleſhly wight thereof is free,
For mercy Lord to thee repaire I will,
Who ſeeſt the hart, and canſt beſt comfort me:
Quit me from death, grant I may fall no more,
But remnant of my daies thy grace implore.

SON. LIII.

A Husbandman within thy Church by grace
I am ô Lord, and labour at the plough,
My hand holds faſt, ne will I turne my face
From following thee, although the ſoile be rough:
The loue of world doth make it ſeeme more tough,
And burning luſt doth ſcorch in heat of day:
Till fainting faith would ſeeke delightfull bough,
To ſhade my ſoule from danger of decay.
But yet (in hope of grace from thee) I ſtay,
And do not yeeld, although my courage quaile;
To reſcue me be preſt, I do thee pray,
If ſinfull death do ſeeke me to aſſaile.
Let me runne forth my race vnto the end,
Which (by thy helpe ô Lord) I do intend.

SON. LIIII.

A Baſe borne ſonne to ſin by kinde I am,
From natiue ſoile by want of grace exilde,
Of idle fances captaine I became:
Whilſt I in Tob, my reſting place did bilde,
With worldly vanities I was defilde,
Till home thou caldſt me by thy heauenly word:
Who (truſting to my ſelfe) was ſoone beguilde,
When I ſought workes to be a conquering ſword,
Whoſe vowes did ſeeme a preſent to afford,
Of frute of victorie at my returne:
Which raſhneſſe hath a miſchiefe great incurd,
Compelling me my owne deſerts to burne.
And now I mourne, and better frute do craue,
The bleſſing of thy ſonne Lord let me haue.

When

SON. LV.

WHen thou vouchſafedſt (Lord) to raiſe my ſtate,
From baſe degree of common humane kinde,
And gau'ſt me knowledge, and a will to hate
Each wickedneſſe contrarie to thy minde,
By promiſe thou didſt me moſt ſtrictly binde,
To ſlaye each wicked ſeed which doth poſſeſſe,
My ſinfull fleſh (Amalekite moſt blinde)
Which vertue and thy grace ſeekes to ſuppreſſe,
But wretched I alas I do confeſſe,
Haue kept a part of that accurſed ſpoile
Vndaunted, which thou ſeeſt nere the leſſe,
And therefore wilt accurſe my ſinfull ſoile,
And take from me the kingdome thou didſt giue,
Except thy mercy do my ſoule relieue.

SON. LVI.

THe onelie daughter Lord of my delight,
(Dina the vertue of my iudgment beſt,)
Is rauiſhed alas by Satans might,
Whil'ſt I ſecure in Hiuits countrie reſt,
In worldlie vanities a wandring gueſt,
Amongſt the wicked I remainde a while,
Where (illie) ſhe, by fooliſh will addreſt,
Gazde on thoſe godleſſe youths which her beguile:
For luſtfull Sichem ſonne to ſin moſt vile,
Did lay a traine of loue, which led to ſhame:
Whoſe flattering ſpeech did modeſtie exile,
And left a ſpot of guilt and foule defame.
But faith & zeale (the firſt frutes of my ſtrength)
By grace ſhall venge my honour iuſt at length.

SON. LVII.

THe ſilly babes (the motions of the minde,)
Which natiue vertue ſeeketh forth to bring,
Concupiſcence (the midwife moſt vnkinde)
To deadly ſin and Satan ſtraight doth fling:
The mothers power ſuffiſeth not to wring,
Out of this tyrants hands her dying childe,
Her mone to ſee, it is a piteous thing,
When reaſons lawes ſo lewdly are defilde.
But if thy fauour Lord be reconcilde,
By loue vnto thy ſonne, by him to mee:
Then though my hope of grace be neare exilde,
Yet thou a childe Offaith wilt let me ſee.
A coffin Lord of comfort for me make,
Where ſafe I may ſwim in the words wilde lake.

SON. LVIII.

VVHere ſhall I build ô Lord a quiet reſt,
To bring forth birds of turtle Pigeons kinde?
My wearied wings do wander without reſt,
And cannot gaine a harbour to my minde.
The Swallow Lord a ſetling place doth finde,
Within thy temple, free from Eagles claw,
Not moued with tempeſtuous ſtormes of winde,
Or dangers, which their kind doth ſtand in awe:
A place as fit for me, my faith once ſaw,
VVheras my ſoule might ſafely be incloſd,
Thy Church inuiſible, to which I draw,
My life retirde, therein to be repoſd.
Make frutefull Lord my barren heart therein,
Shield me from ſtorme of ſtill aſſailing ſin.

VVhilſt

SON. LIX.

WHilſt in the vale of carnall ſenſe I dwell,
(Foule Sodome ſinke of ſin and badge of ſhame)
Of whoſe polluted nature I do ſmell,
And aptly bend my ſelfe to them to frame:
Sent by thy mercie Lord, thy Angels came,
And did vouchſafe, a harbor to accept
Within my ſoule, which did profeſſe thy name;
But Satan who a watch on me had kept,
When as theſe gueſts within my conſcience ſlept,
Inuironed with luſt my harbor weake,
For ſorrow of this ſin my ſoule it wept,
Whilſt violently my bodies bands they breake.
But ſtrike thou blinde their fury, them expell,
Take me Lord from the flame of burning hell.

SON. LX.

MY bodie Lord infected long with ſin,
Whoſe running iſſue is almoſt paſt cure,
Which helpe my humane phiſicke cannot win,
And without comfort cannot long endure,
By viewing mercies thine becommeth ſure,
If but thy gracious hem, my hand may reach,
That loue in Chriſt my pardon ſhall procure,
And reunite in ſtrength healths former breach.
Through preſſe of worldly lets, faith ſhall me teach,
To ſeeke my ſafetie in thy promiſe true,
Vouchſafe thou eke repentance ſo to preach,
That (I no more offending) health inſue
Thy vertue Lord, (which bidding me be cleane)
To yeeld me health of ſoule is readie meane.

SON. LXI.

NOw that I ſee ô Lord my open ſhame,
Conuict of ſin and voyd of clothing pure,
Which couer might my ſoule which naked came
Of grace, and me from ſtorme of world aſſure:
I do miſtruſt my ſelfe long to endure,
The heat and cold, which feare and frailtie bring,
And clothing of my owne workes to procure,
I finde in deed to be a fruteleſſe thing;
To hide my ſelfe vnder thy mercies wing,
I therefore haſten now, in hope of grace:
Grant I beſeech, the world no more me wring,
Out of thy hands, but let me ſee thy face,
With faith and comfort, clothed by thy hand,
And Chriſt thy Sonne in my defence to ſtand.

SON. LXII.

VVHilſt that the choſen chieftaines of thy word,
Do bend their power, by preaching to ſubdue
The fleſhly Canaan, and put ſin to ſword,
And giue the ſoule to be poſſeſt a new
With righteous Iſrael, vnto whom of due,
Thoſe earthly bleſſings rather do pertaine:
They ſend two ſpies my ſecret thoughts to vew,
The law and Goſpell, which diſcouer plaine,
My fainting force, in feare for to remaine
Where yet repentant Rahab readie is
To lodge them ſafe, whilſt Satan ſeekes in vaine,
To ſlaie theſe meſſengers of heauenly bliſ:
I craue therefore ſweet Sauiour for a ſine,
Faith bearing frutes, as pledge of ſafetie mine.

How

SON. LXIII.

HOw oft ô Lord with more then tender care,
Hast thou by Prophets cald me to repent?
How great thy loue by ſonne, which didſt not ſpare,
To ſtaie me backe from hell, whereto I went?
Who to that end from heauen to earth was ſent,
Whoſe graces daily preached offred peace,
And ſought to ſtop my courſe to ruine bent,
And me from guilt of death for to releaſe:
Like as the henne, whoſe voice doth neuer ceaſe,
To clocke her tender chickens vnder wings,
When furious foules on ſilly pray do preaſe,
And would deuour (alas) the helpleſſe things.
Such Lord thy care I feele, and loue of me,
That thrall to Satan wouldſt not haue me be.

SON. LXIIII.

WHilſt with the wholeſome food of heauēly truth,
(The Manna which thy written word doth giue)
Thou ſoughtſt ô Lord to feed my wandring youth,
That it in plenteous peace by grace might liue,
By luſt lo Satan ſought my ſoule to driue,
To breake obedient bands vnto thy law,
Which my offences (I proteſt) do griue
My helpleſſe heart, the which delight did draw:
The memory of Egypts ſtore I ſaw,
Of vanities (which carnall ſenſes feed,)
Made me to wiſh, to fill againe my maw
With diſhes ſuch as to deſtruction lead:
Wherfore inwrath with quailes thou cloidſt me ſo,
That plagu'd with ſin, my error now I know.

SON. LXV.

SInce thou haſt rayſd my poore abiected ſpright,
From threſhing floore, where captiue I did ſtand,
And calleſt me thy battels for to fight,
Gainſt ſin (the Madianite which waſts thy land)
Giue me a token by thy mightie hand,
(O Lord) whereby my faith may be aſſurde,
And be to me a pledge of former band,
That victorie by me ſhall be procurde:
Let heauenly deaw by prayer be allurde,
To moyſten this my freewill fleece of wooll,
Then dry the d regs thereof to ſin inurde,
Whoſe heauy waight makes grace and vertue dull;
And offring mine (of prayers to thy name)
Accept, and with a holy zeale inflame.

SON. LXVI.

WHilſt that in wealth and eaſe I did poſſeſſe
The Empire of thy many bleſſings ſent,
I tooke in hand pure vertue to ſuppreſſe,
And pride with luſt my powres they wholly bent,
To conquere reaſon, which thy grace had lent,
And quite forgetting worlds late floud for ſin
To build a tower of truſt, wherein I ſpent
The ſtrength of fleſh & bloud, high heauen to win:
As though in natures ſtrength the force had bin,
To ſhield themſelues from floud or heauenly fire;
But now confuſion iuſt my ſoule is in,
Makes labouring fleſh from folly ſuch retire,
And craues alone within thy Church to dwell,
Whoſe wals of faith & truth may death expell.

The

SON. LXVII.

THe Temple Lord of this my bodie baſe,
Where thou vouchſafdſt to place my ſoule to dwell;
And promiſedſt to make thy choſen place,
Whence ſacrifice of praiſes thou wouldſt ſmell,
Behold againſt thy lawes doth now rebell,
By worldly vanities thereto allurde,
Where couetiſe and pride their packe doth ſell
At ſuch a price, as fleſh and ſin affoord:
But ſince ô Lord thy promiſe hath aſſurde
My ſoule, that thou art alwaies preſt to heare
The plaints of penitents, which hath procurde
Thy Sonne himſelfe in temple this t'appeare,
Whip forth, fling down, this worldly wicked pack,
Fro out my ſoule, repell thou Satan back.

SON. LXVIII.

WIthin thy houſe this bodie baſe of mine,
It pleaſed thee ô Lord my ſoule to plant,
A ſteward of the gifts the which were thine,
And nature fild with meaſure nothing ſcant,
Of bodie or of mind, no bleſſings want,
And fortunes fauours ſharde with me no leſſe,
In ſuch proportion Lord I needs muſt grant,
As thou doeſt giue, when thou doeſt vſe to bleſſe:
But wantonly I weſted, I confeſſe,
Thy treaſure put into my hands of truſt,
And now alas (though late) I ſeeke redreſſe,
Wiſe ſteward-like to liue, when dye I muſt:
I caſt my count, by Chriſt, my debt to pay,
And frutes of faith from hell my ſoule ſhall ſtay.

SON. LXIX.

NOw that it pleaſeth thee Lord of thy grace,
To plucke me forth of ſinfull Sodoms lake,
Where I haue dwelt alas this life long ſpace,
Since I of holie Abram leaue did take;
Vouchſafe I pray thee for thy mercies ſake,
To graunt thy Church be refuge for my life,
The Zoar where I may my dwelling make,
Safe from reuenging Angels bloudie knife;
And though the frailtie o f Lots lingring wife
Looke back, with loue, on ſinfull worlds delight,
(Which common weakneſſe to all fleſh is rife)
Yet keepe me conſtant by thy heauenly might,
And let me not grow drunke with bleſſings thine,
To procreate ſin on luſtfull daughters mine.

SON. LXX.

WHilſt in this worldly wilderneſſe about,
For want of faith I backe am forſt to go,
(Affraid of ſinnes which Giant-like are ſtout,
And foule affections, which like cruell foe
Of Eſawes race, their might and powre beſtow,
To ſtop my paſſage to the promiſt land)
I gin to faint, and to repine alſo,
Againſt the powre of thy moſt mightie hand,
For which the Serpent Satan now doth ſtand
In readineſſe, my ſilly ſoule to ſting,
And cloſe me vp in deaths eternall band,
Vnleſſe to me thy mercie ſuccour bring.
That braſen Serpent Chriſt nayld on the tree,
Whoſe ſight by faith alone is cure to mee.

SON. LXXI.

WHat am I elſe Lord but a ſinfull wretch,
In ſin and in iniquitie begot,
In conſcience guiltie of the common breach,
Of euerie law, that may my honor ſpot:
Thy bleſſings giu'n me, I regarded not:
Thy threatned iudgments I did not eſteeme,
My vowes to thee I almoſt had forgot,
My ſinnes no ſinnes to hardned heart do ſeeme;
Like to my ſelfe I did thy power deeme,
Becauſe thou didſt forbeare thy rod a while,
I ſought by Idols ayd to heauen to clime,
Whilſt worlds delight my ſences did beguile:
But helpleſſe now, alas I turne to thee,
To ſtay my race, let grace Lord ſuccour mee.

SON. LXXII.

THou formedſt me at firſt out of the clay,
Vnto the image of thy glorious frame,
(O Lord of might) thou ſhewdſt to me the way,
To magnifie thy pure and holie name:
Like Potters veſſell firſt my modell came,
Out of a rude vnformed lumpe of earth,
To holy vſe it pleaſd thee me reclaime,
Before my life tooke vſe of carnall breath;
Thou fedſt me in the common humane dearth
Of knowledge of thy will, with ſuch a taſt
Of pleaſing frute, as fild my ſoule with mirth,
And readie makes me now, no more to waſt
Thy offred mercies, which ſo bleſſe in me,
Of glorie that I may a veſſell be.

SON. LXXIII.

A Seruant Lord euen from my day of byrth,
I vowed was by parents vnto thee,
A Nazarit I liued on the earth,
And kept thy vowes as grace did strengthen mee,
Till Satan made me worlds deceipt to see,
And trapt my senses with forbiden lust,
As Eue did tast of the restrained tree,
So fond affections did me forward thrust,
A sinfull Philistine (of faith vniust)
To like, to loue, to craue, to wed, to wife,
Thy grace my strength to her reueale I must,
Till she to Satan sell my slumbring life:
A prisoner I, thus scornd and voyd of sight,
Sinnes house to ouerthrow, craue heauēly might.

SON. LXXIIII.

WHilst in the plentie of thy blessings sent,
I sought to solace Lord my selfe secure,
And gazing on worlds beautie long I went,
(In pridefull tower which did prospect procure)
I saw the baytes of sin, which did allure
My idle thoughts to follow wicked lust,
My kindled passions could not long endure,
But vnto furious flames breake forth they must,
I did pollute my soule, by fraude vniust,
And reft thy grace from his true wedded wife,
And that I might away all mendment thrust,
I did bereaue my knowledge of this life:
Whose bastard frutes slaie Lord, but let her liue,
That penitent we may thee prayses giue.

SON. LXXV.

A Seruant sold to sin ô Lord I am,
Whom Satan (Syrian proud) doth sore assaile,
Nine hundred Chariors of desire there came,
Armed with lust, which sought for to preuaile
And to subdue by strength they cannot faile,
Vnlesse thou raise my fainting strength by grace,
Let constant faith the flying furie naile,
To ground, where groueling is his resting place:
Then shall my soule with Debora imbrace,
In thankfull wise thy mercies I receiue,
And so pursue the fleshly Canaans race,
Till I the furie of the same bereaue.
And with my song thy seruants shall accord,
To yeeld due praise to thee the liuing Lord.

SON. LXXVI.

MY soule like silly Ioseph Lord was sold,
By fleshly brethren his, (vnkind alas,)
To vanities (the merchants) which behold
From far they saw to Egipt, which do passe.
A seruant vnto Ismaels seed it was,
And sold from sin to death, and so to hell,
Of humane frailtie Lord a looking glasse,
In which all foule affections long did dwell,
Yet lo alas when sin seekes most t'excell,
And haue my mind consent to traitrous lust,
With grace ô Lord, that enemy repell,
And heare my praiers, who in thee do trust;
Who though a space in bodies prison staies,
Yet Lord at length vouchsafe to heauen to raise.

SON. XXVII.

SO blinde ô Lord haue my affections bin,
And so deceitfull hath bin Satans slight,
That to giue credit I did first begin,
To pride, and lust, as heauenly powers of might:
I offred all my fences with delight,
A sacrifice to feed those Idols vaine,
Of all the presents proffred day and night,
Nought vnconsumde I saw there did remaine;
Till that thy Prophets by thy word made plaine
The falshood, by the which I was deceiued,
How Satans kingdome made hereof a gaine,
And wickednesse my hope and faith bereaued;
But now the sifted ashes of thy word,
Bewraies Bels Priests slaies dragon without sword.

SON. LXXVIII.

A Wicked theefe that oft haue robd and slaine,
Thy graces of their frute, my selfe of blisse,
Now on the crosse of conscience I remaine,
To die the death the which eternall is:
I see no way to quit my selfe of this,
Vnlesse thou Lord whose kingdome is aboue,
Remember me, and cansell life amisse
Out of thy memorie, through Christ thy loue:
Who in my flesh with me like death did proue,
That guiltlesse he, might guilties ransome bee,
Loue to my soule it was, that did him moue,
The bands of death to bide to make vs free:
Blesse thou my tong, increase thou faith in mee,
This night to be in paradise with thee.

SON. LXXIX.

IN bondage long to Satan haue I bin,
A maker of the bricke of Babell towre,
By birth, a thrall to grosse and filthie sin,
Whom lusts taskmasters doth attend ech houre,
Affection to the flesh doth cleane defloure
The memorie and loue of promist lands:
The fiend (euen Pharo) seeketh to deuoure
My soule, and chaine me to his dreadfulll bands:
But Lord receiue me safe into thy hands,
Protect me from the rigor of his might,
Quench thou the force of lusts inflamed brands,
In my defence giue me true faith to fight:
Send Moyses Lord, with powre of heauenly sword,
And Aaron to direct me by thy word.

SON. LXXX.

A Moabit I was of curssed kinde,
Vnkinde vnto thy Church Lord, and to thee,
Who sought by ayde of foolish Balaam blinde,
To captiuate the soule that should be free,
Incestuous frutes of that high climing tree,
Which doth subdue all reason and all grace,
A carnall kinsman by a neare degree
Vnto the soule, the which I haue in chase.
Whom I with lothsome sin sought to deface,
And bastardise with carnall fond affect,
Whose offspring thou vnto the tenth mans race,
Didst once out of thy sanctuary reiect.
Yet now by faith made free of Iury land,
A suter here before thy throne do stand.

SON. LXXXI.

LO how I groueling vnder burden lie,
Of ſin, of ſhame, of feare Lord of thy ſight,
My guilt ſo manifold dare not come nie
Thy throne of mercy, mirror of thy might:
With hidden and with ignorant ſinnes I fight,
Diſpairing and preſumptuous faults alſo,
All fleſhly frailtie on my backe doth light,
Originall and actuall with me go.
Againſt a ſtreame of luſts my will would roe
To gaine the ſhoare of grace, the port of peace,
But flouds of foule affections ouerfloe,
And ſinke I muſt, I ſee now no releaſe:
Vnleſſe my Sauior deare this burden take,
And faith a ſhip of ſafetie for me make.

SON. LXXXII.

FRom Iuda wandring Lord to Iericho,
From holie law of thine to carnall luſt,
Whilſt midſt the preaſe of lewd affects I go,
I robbed am, of rayment pure and iuſt
And wounded lye Lord groueling in the duſt,
Not any paſſer by can giue me aide,
In fleſhly ſtrength, or friendſhip is no truſt,
By high way ſeene, to helpe me few haue ſtaide:
But ſince my Sauior Chriſt on croſſe hath paide
A ranſome rich to cure my bleeding ſore,
By faith to craue the frutes I am not affraide,
In hope my health thereby for to reſtore:
Bind vp my wounds with balme, leade me to reſt,
Giue me ſuch gifts of grace as like thee beſt.

This

SON. LXXXIII.

THis ſlender Citie (Lord) of ſtrength behold,
Wherein I dwell, Bethulia my bower
Of fleſh, whereto ſin laies a battry bold,
And ſeeks with ſword & dearth my ſoules deuower:
Suppreſſe thou helliſh Holofernes power,
Who prides himſelfe in praie, of children thine,
I haue no truſt in mountaines, wals, nor tower,
For want of faithes (true fountaine) we ſhall pine,
Raiſe vp this female couragde heart of mine,
Strengthen my hand to reue this monſters hed,
Let me not taſt deceiptfull follies wine,
Nor be polluted with worlds ſinfull bed:
But conſtantly by faith fight in defence,
Of feeble fleſh, and driue thy enemies thence.

SON. LXXXIIII.

NOt that my faith doth faint a whit is cauſe,
That I ſo inſtant am on thee to call,
O God of life, but yeelding to thy lawes,
Before thy ſight, my ſoule theſe teares lets fall:
Which in thy bottle kept I know are all,
And quench the fury of thy burning ire,
Which ſin enflamde, and qualifie it ſhall
The quarrell which hath ſet thy wrath on fire,
If feruently the childe due food deſire
Of father, he will not giue him a ſtone,
If of the wicked, iuſtice man require
Importunely, ſome iuſtice will be ſhowne:
More righteous iudge and father thou to mee,
Art Lord indeed, and far more kind wilt bee.

SON. LXXXV.

THe many trials Lord that I haue found,
Since out of Egipt darkneſſe I am brought,
Might witneſſe well how in thee ſtill abound,
Powre, mercy, truth, wherby thy workes are wrought.
But foule diſpaire againſt my faith hath fought,
Amidſt the wilderneſſe wherein I ſtay,
And daintier food my fond affections ſought,
Then Manna, which thou ſentſt me euerie day,
The deſert Zyn, doth fountaine pure denay,
Of grace, wherewith to quench my fainting ghoſt,
Eternall death expects my ſoule as pray,
And luſt aſſaults me with a hideous hoſt.
Stretch forth hād Lord, ſmite thou my hart of ſtone
With rod of true repentance, griefe and mone.

SON. LXIII.

THou haſt ô Lord of mercy, me enricht
With flocks of fauour, and of graces great,
Since I in Bethell firſt the pillar pitcht,
Of praiſes to thy name and mercies ſeat,
Yet fleſhly Eſawes foule affections threat,
A ruine to the frute faith forth ſhould bring,
With pleaſing humors him for to intreat,
I feare it be to ſoule a dangerous thing:
Shield me Lord vnder thy protecting wing
Of mercy, which may ſaue from Satans rage,
My heart and voyce ſhall ſtill thy prayſes ſing,
If thou the malice of my foes aſſwage;
In Sychem ſhall my heart an alter reare,
The mightie God to loue, to ſerue, to feare.

The

SON. LXXXVII.

THe talent which thou pleasedst Lord to giue,
To me thy seruant that I should bestow,
Whilst in thy seruice on the earth I liue,
My diligent increase thereof to show,
I haue abused Lord (too long) I know,
And feare thy comming to be nigh at hand,
I see for breach of dutie what I owe,
And of thy iudgments do in terror stand:
Thy grace hath left me in a forreine land,
Where vnexpert of vertue I do straie,
I shall be throwne to Satans thralfull band,
Voyd of thy heauenly ioy and blisse for aye;
Vnlesse thou helpe, for thou doest vse to giue,
Grace vnto grace, and faith from faithlesse driue.

SON. LXXXVIII.

SInce that it pleaseth thee thy selfe to show,
A iust reuenger Lord of Heath'nish sin,
And bring the pride of bold Philistines low,
Who thee defame, when holy Arke they win;
Now that to fetch it home I do begin,
And in the temple of my heart to place,
Grant so I may thy secrets see therein,
That plagues, for my presumption do not chase
It so from me, as they that fled the face
Of glorie thine, which therein did appeare:
Let faith and loue draw home by trustie trace,
The constant cart, whose carriage is so deare;
And let me order so this holie worke,
That dregs of sin not in my deeds may lurke.

SON. LXXXIX.

IN famine great of grace, and comfortleſſe,
Thy ſeruant Lord doth in Samaria dwell,
For Lord fierce Aram doth with ſin oppreſſe
The citie where my ſoule to harbour fell:
I want the ſtrength his armies to repell,
Of luſt and of affections moſt vncleane,
My mind whoſe loue doth motherlike excell,
Her children (thoughts of mendment) ſees ſo leane,
That forſt by famine, ſhe can find no meane
To feed them long, her faith ſo poore is growne,
That natiue pitie now ſecluding cleane,
Her greedie nature doth deuour her owne.
Releeue in time this ſiege, Lord cauſe a feare
Of thee, this camp of cruell ſin to reare.

SON. XC.

ON ſweet and ſauorie bread of wholeſome kinde,
Which in thy word thou offreſt ſtore to mee,
To feed vpon the fleſh doth lothing finde,
And leaues, to leane (ô Lord) alone on thee:
The leauen of the Phariſies will bee
The ſurfet of my ſoule, and death in fine,
Which coueting to taſt forbidden tree,
To carnall rules and reaſons doth incline:
So lauiſhly my luſts do taſt the wine,
Which ſowreſt grapes of ſin filles in my cup,
That lo my teeth now ſet on edge, I pine,
Not able wholeſome food to ſwallow vp,
Vnleſſe thou mend my taſt, and hart doeſt frame,
To loue thy lawes, and praiſe thy holy name.

Out

SON. XCI.

OVt of thy flocke ô Lord through my defect,
A silly sheepe my selfe (behold) am lost,
To seeke me forth in time do not neglect,
Since I so precious price to thee haue cost.
By many by-paths Lord my feete haue crost,
And cannot find the way vnto thy fold,
Through many stormes of deep despaire thus tost,
To craue thy aide at last I now am bold:
If thou of silly groat that count doest hold,
That thou doest search the house to find the same,
No doubt my soule to sin by nature sold,
May mercy find, by calling on thy name:
The Saints in heauen conuertids gaine reioyce,
On earth thy praise is song, in heart and voice.

SON. XCII.

BEhold amidst worlds desert all alone,
Seduced by the frailtie of the spirit,
Accompany'd with fleshly comfort none,
My soule with sin compelled is to fight
Where suddenly alas before my sight,
I Satan see, me ready to assaile,
By two his seruants which are most of might,
Presumption and dispaire, which seldome faile,
The best perfections of mans strength to quaile,
By pride, or want of faith, or couetise,
By lust, or gluttony, or fained vaile
Of vertue, which doth many sinnes disguise:
But chase him Lord away by written word,
Which is more sharpe then his two edged sword.

SON. XCIII.

THe dreame which thou to Pharo didst reueale,
Thou in my selfe hast made me see in deed,
The state (alas) of mans weake common weale,
Whereas affections of all sorts do feed;
The frutefull soyle of grace some whiles did breed,
Full faire effects in truth of heauenly kinde,
But many barren thoughts alas succeed,
And threaten famine to a vertuous minde.
Store of such yeares as yet I feare behinde,
Which Lord will starue the comfort of my faith,
Vnlesse thy mercy and thy wisedome finde,
A store house to laie vp what scripture saith:
In hope of which thy goodnesse, lo I liue,
Which of thy grace Lord do thou to me giue.

SON. XCIIII.

THe seed which thou the husbandman hast sowde
Within my soule (o Lord) by Prophets hand,
Hath taken roote at last, by deaw bestowd
Form heauenly grace, which fructifies my land:
But lo I saw the worlds deceipt to stand
In readinesse to mingle tares therein,
Whilst sleeping, me in vanities he fand,
He made my frutes to ouerflow with sin:
But ere thy haruest to approach begin,
Vouchsafe to weed these frailties so away,
That when thy corne is to be gathered in,
I may be cleane, and in thy garner stay.
Burne Lord with chastisement my fleshly lust,
And clense my life by faith both pure and iust.

What

SON. XCV.

WHat ſtrength hath man? wherin may he repoſe
A power to ſtay him in a vertuous way?
To loue thy flocke thou Lord my ſoule haſt choſe,
Whom to obey my vowes and words did ſay:
But in my power alas there is no ſtay,
For light temptations made me cleane forget
My dutie to my Lord, and to denay
Him who thus long I haue too lightly ſet:
But now my heart with teares my cheekes doth wet,
In ſorrow of my ſo inconſtant faith,
Repentance hath my ſin before me ſet,
And conſcience now my error duly way'th:
Grant that thy word crow thriſe & thriſe to mee,
And warne me of my dutie vnto thee.

SON. XCVI.

THe malice of this monſter auncient foe
Of man, and of the Church which thou didſt plant,
Euen Satan Herod-like about doth goe,
To make my frutes of faith to grow more ſcant,
Whilſt yet with weakneſſe feeble youth doth pant,
And wanteth grace to ſtrengthen their eſtate,
The motions of the mind doth ſtraight recant,
To ſee ſoules ſafetie which ſin faine would hate;
The counſels of affections do debate,
And do conclude to murder vertues breed:
Luſt, pride and enuy, open wide the gate,
To furious fleſh, that doth the wicked deed.
My ſoule (their mother) mourns ô Lord their end,
My future frutes of grace do thou defend.

SON. XCVII.

SO fooliſh Lord haue my affections bin,
So careleſſe of the bleſſing thou doeſt giue,
So prone my nature vnto euerie ſin,
So thankleſſe of thy grace by which I liue,
That violently thy loue away I driue,
And ſell the patrimony to enſue,
I carry water in an open liue,
And change for lentil pottage birth-right due.
Too late (alas) my folly I do rue,
Who worlds delight preferred haue ſo long,
Reiecting heauenly knowledge treaſure true,
Vnto my ſoule impoſing open wrong,
Yet not ſo late ô Lord I pardon craue,
But yet one bleſſing thou for me wilt haue.

SON. XCVIII.

A Sinfull Syrian Lord my father was,
Exilde from Paradiſe by iuſt deſart,
I wandred into Egipt, there alas
To finde in world ſome food to pleaſe my hart:
Where ſeruile bondage vnto ſin and ſmart,
I ſuffered ſo long through Satans rage,
That heauenly aide I crau'd thence to depart,
Which only able was my griefe t'aſſwage:
From filly ſeruant and an abiect page,
Thou broughtſt me forth to knowledge of thy truth
(The bleſſed land) and ſhowdſt me on a ſtage,
A patterne how to guide my wandring youth,
Such frutes therfore as faithfull ſoile doth yeeld,
I offer here firſt crop of bleſſed field.

SON. XCIX.

I See (alas) proud Satan hath too long
Defrauded thee, ô Lord, of that is thine,
And loue of world hath drawne me vnto wrong,
Whose heart thy offrings to bestow repine:
My outward knees vnto thee do incline,
My tong doth promise present of my store,
I say these gracious gifts are none of mine,
But will them all thy Aulter laie before;
But vanities doth presse me euermore,
And want of faith to leaue some part behinde,
Although I see death readie at the dore,
My hollow heart and lewd deceipt to finde:
Grant that I may my soule, my power, my will,
Present ô Lord to serue thee onely still.

SON. C.

SInce thou by grace out of wilde Oliue stocke,
Hast pleasd me Lord within thy Church to plant,
And reckon me as of thy proper flocke,
Who else all pleasant frute by nature went,
Vouchsafe my thankfull frutes be not so scant,
As cause thee to reiect me backe againe,
Of former bountie Lord do not recant,
But let me in thy garden still remaine:
By mercy not by merit I attaine,
This blessing promisd so long before,
Let not this gift of thine returne in vaine,
But let thy goodnesse multiply the more:
Make sweet the frutes which bitter are by kinde,
Increase thy grace in bodie and in minde.

CONCLVSION.

MOurne thou no more my ſoule, thy plaint is heard,
The bill is canſeld of the debt it owes,
The vaile is rent, which thee before debard,
And Chriſt his righteouſneſſe on thee beſtowes;
Thus comfort to the patient alwaies growes,
If they attend the time God hath aſſignde,
Our ſtrength to beare, our maker beſt he knowes,
And at a need is readie for to finde,
Our Sauiour is ſo mercifull and kinde,
Vnto our ſelues he will not leaue vs long,
He caſtes our faults through loue his back behinde,
And turnes our plaints into more pleaſant ſong.
And when we are euen at the gates of hell,
His glorie, mercie, power, doth moſt excell.

THE

THE SECOND PART OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS, Containing a hundred Sonets of Comfort, Ioy, and thanksgiuing.

PREFACE.

SOme men do mourne for ſuddeine ioy they ſay,
And ſome likewiſe in midſt of ſorrow ſing,
Such diuers frutes do paſſion often bring,
As reaſon cannot courſe of Nature ſtay,
And happie ſure he is (I not denay)
That both theſe motions hath from heart contrit,
When frailtie of his fleſh appeares to ſight,
And mercy calling him backe from decay.
Who can behold the fleſh and ſpirit fight,
The doubtfull iſſue and danger of the thing,
The loſſe whereto our nature might vs fling,
And gaine which grace doth giue, through Saviors might,
And not delight, To glorifie his name,
And yet lament his proper natiue ſhame,

SON. I.

AS through a miſt, or in a cloud a farre,
I ſee a glimſe of heauenly grace to ſhine,
And to reuiue the fainting faith of mine,
And ſpirits which with darkneſſe ſhadowed are.
The fleſhly fog of ſin did iudgment barre,
Of proper vſe, of power, of reaſon ſound,
(Which in firſt parents franckly did abound)
And better part of natures ſtrength did marre;
But ſince my eyes of grace a ſight haue found,
Of that eternall light which doth incline,
Fro out theſe fogs of feare I hope t'vntwine,
And force of fainting faith for to confound,
And on a ground More firme wil build my truſt,
And that in Chriſt whoſe promiſes are iuſt.

SON. II.

CLeng'd are the cloudes and darkneſſe fled away,
And now in triumph doth my Sauiour ride,
Sin, hell, nor death, dare not his ſight abide,
The world nor Satan can his progreſſe ſtay:
This piercing light of truth ſhall ſo bewray
Ech ſtratagem their practiſe doth deuiſe
Againſt my ſoule, that there ſhall not ariſe
One cloud of care to darken this my day.
But that my thoughts (like to the Pilate wife)
Shall looke about, leſt that my heart ſhould ſlide,
And by this ſunne my courſe ſo conſtant guide,
That all their ſlightes ſhall not my ſoule diſguiſe,
Which now eſpies The malice they me owe,
Which lōg they clothd with ſhade of pleſāt ſhow.

When

SON. III.

WHen as my conſcience layeth forth before
My thoughts, the ſinnes which daily I commit,
I thinke my ſelfe an inſtrument vnfit,
To witneſſe forth thy glory any more:
But when I ſee that ſin was firſt the dore,
By which death entred and ſuch hold did take,
That death did firſt our want apparant make,
And want firſt cauſe that man did ayd implore,
That praiers firſt thy mercies do awake,
That mercies do renue our dulled wit,
That ioyed heart ſhould not vnthankfull ſit,
And thanks to thee doth fleſhly glory ſhake,
It ſtraight doth ſlake The fear which bad me ſtay,
And bids me ſtill proceed to praiſe and pray.

SON. IIII.

SInce to ſo holy vſe I conſecrate
The ſilly talent Lord thou leutſt to me,
That it a trumpe vnto thy praiſe might be,
And witneſſe of their woe that thou doeſt hate.
Doe thou ô Lord forget the abiect ſtate
Of fleſh and bloud, baſe mettle of my frame,
And ſince that thou haſt ſanctified the ſame,
Vouchſafe thy grace my weakneſſe may abate:
Thou that my former wandring will didſt tame,
And me prepare in minde to honour thee,
Canſt giue me gifts the which thereto agree,
How ere my proper power be weake and lame,
So ſhall thy name Be precious in my ſight
And in thy praiſe ſhall be my whole delight.

SON. V.

WOuld God I were as readie to confesse,
And yeeld thee praise (sweet Saulour) day by day,
As to craue my wants I am forward ay,
And feruently at need to thee to presse,
To beg of thee alone, thou wilt no lesse,
Because thou onely able art to giue,
And with each needfull thing by which we liue,
Thou promisest our prayers thou wilt blesse,
But we with vse of them should not so stay,
And onely seeke to thee when need doth driue,
(Whose blessings running through an open siue,
No praise for recompence vnto thee pay)
But when we pray, We should thee laud also:
Our thankfull harts with bountie thine should go.

SON. VI.

IHaue begun ô Lord to run the race,
Where flesh and bloud against the world must fight,
On heauenly kingdome gazing with my sight,
Where is appointed scope of resting place:
Wingd with the will of zeale of heauenly grace,
I do indeuor alwayes to proceed,
In constant course vnto the arke indeed,
Where in thy mercies I behold thy face,
A feruent faith it doth my courage feed,
And make my heauie limbs become more light,
When in thy sonne I see thy glorie bright,
The pledge vnto my soule that hope shall speed,
This blessed seed Thou hast Lord sowne in me,
And all the frures shal to thee offred be.

Where

SON. VII.

WHere shall I finde fit words of proper phrase,
Wherewith to vtter all the loue I owe
Whose grateful minde in thankfulnesse doth grow,
And to the world thy worthinesse would blaze:
Vnfrutefully the greater sort do gaze,
Vpon thy workes and blessings they receiue,
And carelesly thy honor they bereaue,
And suffer chance or wit thy fame to raise,
Whilst vnacknowledged thy loue they leaue,
Forgetting all the gifts thou doest bestow,
Whose blinded nature so doth ouerflow,
That most vnkind to thee, themselues they shew.
But since I know By grace thy blessing great,
My pen thy praises alwaies shall repeat.

SON. VIII.

THe more I seeke to dedicate my power,
In celebrating of thy honour great,
(Whose throne is fixed in thy mercies seat)
The more my dutie groweth euerie hower,
Some times with Eagles flight aloft I tower,
And seeme to see the glorie of thy sunne,
But ere my willing wings haue scarse begunne
To mount, they droop with clog of heauie shower:
Vpon the hill of truth I footing wonne,
By faith which laboureth with feruent heat,
Of worthie praises thine for to intreat,
But ere I haue begune my worke is donne,
So farre I runne In seeking to begin,
I cannot write, such maze my muse is in.

SON. IX.

AS fareth with the men the which hath bin
In perill him of late to haue bene drownd,
Though afterward he do recouer ground,
Knowes not at first the safetie he is in:
So when I thinke vpon the flouds of sin,
Wherein I was neare drenched ouer hed,
What time all hope of comfort cleane was fled,
And I into dispaire to sinke begin.
My fainting faith with feare euen well nigh dead,
My minde amazed it doth so confound,
That though thy mercies freely do abound,
In port of peace I am not free from dred,
But being led Fro out the perils sight,
I shall enioy more pleasure and delight.

SON. X.

SInce thou ô Lord hast giuen to me at last,
The victorie against the deadly foe,
Who like a Lyon roaring still doth goe,
My soule (poore Lot my kinsman deare) to wast
Since grace at length his pride hath now defast,
And by the hand of faith he is subdude,
And that my strength by thee is so renude,
That his affections almost are displast.
Since thy high Priest with present me pursude
Of bread and wine, the which he did bestow,
And with the same the blessing gaue also,
Whence life, whence libertie, whence health insude,
I haue indude As proper vnto thee,
Thy Church with tyth of faith thou gau'st to me.

If

SON. XI.

IF he to whom his Lord did but remit
A silly debt was thankfull to him found,
And that the more the sinnes forgiuen abound,
The more he loues that pardond is of it,
Then sure it seemes it were good reason fit
That I whose soule was sold to death and hell,
Whose sinnes in multitude did so excell,
With idle braine should not ingratefull sit:
But as the flowing fauours daily swell,
So should my voice thy praises euer sound;
And since thou hast powrde oyle into my wound,
I should not spare thy mercies forth to tell:
And (so as well as thou shalt giue me grace)
I will thee laud, each season, time and place.

SON. XII.

NOw that I haue some safetie Lord attaind,
Fro out the laberinth wherein I was,
Since grace as guide therein to me did passe,
And loue was line which me my issue gaind;
Since that my wandring steps faith hath reframd,
And that thy word, was Sybils braunch to mee,
Through hell and death away to let me see,
To Elizian fields where blisse for aye remaind,
I must not Lord so much vnthankfull bee,
To breake the vowes which once I made alas,
But I will show thy mercies in a glas,
That by my words men may acknowledge thee,
The onely hee Hath any power to saue,
And raisd my soule fro out the verie graue.

SONNET XIII.

I Shame to see how large my promise are,
How slow my deeds that should performe the same,
I know the constant meaning whence they came,
But will and power are falne at strife and iarre,
What soule begins to do, doth bodie marre,
What loue would build, distrust would ouerthrow,
A plenteous offring zeale doth bid bestow,
But fainting faith like snow to sea is farre,
My will at least his good intent shall show,
Which thou O Lord cause vnto better frame,
A free will offring Lord thou wilt not blame,
Of such weake fruites as are on earth below,
Which yet shal grow More fruteful by thy grace,
And as they be, wilt in thy sonne imbrace,

SONNET XIIII.

THe end whereto we all created were,
And in this world were plast to liue and dwell,
(If we with iudgment do obserue it well)
Was nothing else but God to serue and feare,
In which we badges of his glorie beare,
To yeeld him right the most our weakneſſe may,
Which (to our strength) we ought not him denay,
Who out of earth to heauen this dust shall reare:
Which when within my selfe I deeply way,
I do condemne the dulneſſe which befell
To me, whose gifts in nothing do excell
By which I might his glorie great display,
On whom do stay All things that being haue,
Who to each creature all things freely gaue.

As

SON. XV.

AS is the treasure fruteleſſe which is hid,
And bliſſe no bliſſe a man doth not enioy,
(But rather is a meane to worke annoy,
To him that carefully preſerue it did:)
So often times the wiſeſt ſort haue ſlid,
Into like error, whilſt they do conſeale
The gifts of grace, which God did them reueale,
And hide the talent which is them forbid:
As fruteleſſe is it to the common weale,
That men reſpectiuely become too coy,
And triflingly their time away do toy,
And without good to others let it ſteale,
I therefore deale To world, and do impart
Theſe ſilly frutes, which grow on feeling hart.

SON. XVI.

THe pleaſures of this new poſſeſſed land,
Fore-promiſed long ſince to children thine,
Whereto I haue arriued ſafe in fine,
And to enioy the ſame aſſured ſtand,
To paint with praiſes I would take in hand,
That ſo I might incourage many more,
To follow forth the conqueſt where is ſtore
Of corne, of wine, and oyle, for faithfull band:
Our Ieſus Chriſt himſelfe is gone before,
And ſhowes the cluſters of the healthfull wine,
Whereof who taſts, ſhall not with famine pine,
Nor ſtarue, when plentie is at Citie dore:
Ne need deplore The ſtrength of Anaks race,
For he the power of hell will cleane deface.

SON. XVII.

BE twixt two ſtrong extreames my thoughts do flie,
Twixt heat and cold, twixt heigth and depth below,
And both of them from one deſire do flow,
The ſureſt way to ſauing health to trie,
Faith bids me mount vnto the heauens hie,
Vpon the merits of my ſauior deare,
A guiltie conſcience bids me not come neare,
Leſt in conſuming Iealouſie I die;
A heart contrite doth will me to appeare,
With works of righteouſneſſe, true faith which ſhow
Faith ſaies, that god my ſtrēgth & power doth know,
And that I cannot finde ſaluation here,
But bids me cheere My ſoule, & nothing feare,
Loue in his ſonne will make him me forbeare.

SON. XVIII.

FRom far I ſee the ſtars which guide the way,
From Eaſt to Weſt, to finde my ſauiour out,
I well might wander all the world about,
To ſeeke ſaluation and in one place ſtay:
I ſhining truth did not his houſe bewray,
Which in his word points forth his dwelling place,
By which directed, I will walke a pace,
Whilſt yet I do enioy the light of day;
And when I come before his bleſſed face,
To offer vp my preſents will not doubt,
Although their baſeneſſe all the world ſhould flout,
So that my faith I may him once imbrace,
Which giueth grace And makes accepted well,
Mean works, as much as thoſe which more excell.

Now

SON. XIX.

NOw will I daunce ô Lord before the traine,
Of thoſe which following thee ſeeke home to draw
Thy holy Arke, the treaſor of thy law,
That it with vs may pledge of peace remaine,
I care not though the world my deede diſdaine,
And thinke it not beſeeming thing for me,
In ſuch a worke an inſtrument to be,
Whoſe yeares they deeme more fit for other vaine:
For ſo I Lord thy ſauing heath may ſee,
And ſcape the harme of cruell Satans paw,
Though all the ſcorners of the world me ſaw,
Yet would I not aſhamed be of thee,
For being free, Of holie promiſt land,
I care not how my ſtate on earth do ſtand.

SON. XX.

NO recompence ô Lord is fit for thee,
If duly thy deſert we do regard,
Ne haſt thou want or need of mans reward,
At whoſe command all creatures readie bee:
Yet if our thankfull minds thy goodneſſe ſee,
Confeſſing whence to vs theſe bleſſings flow,
And in the vſe of them obedience ſhow,
Although alas it be in meane degree,
Thou yet doeſt frame thy loue to ours below,
And as thou findſt the giuers heart preparde,
(Who to his power his preſent hath ſparde)
So doeſt thou canſell debt which he did owe,
And doeſt beſtow More graces then we craue,
For which naught els but thāks thou lokſt to haue.

SON. XXI.

HOw precious are the praiers of thy Saints,
Which able were thy threatned wrath to ſtay,
And make the ſunne returne in pride of day,
When as Ioſias heart for feare it faints,
Thy fauour vnto Abram vs aquaints,
Of how great force repentant heart is found,
When (hauing vowd vile Sodom to confound)
To ſtaie at ſeruants ſute thy wrath thou daints;
By prayer man hath powre euen death to wound,
By praier he may moue a mount away,
A faithfull feruent prayer finds no nay,
If that the thing we craue be pure and ſound,
Yea God hath bound Him ſelfe by them to man,
Whoſe worthie praiſe no tongue well vtter can.

SON. XXII.

THanks will I alwaies ſtudie Lord to pay,
To thee, the giuer of all good and grace,
And thankfully thy mercies will imbrace,
And witneſſe forth thy workes from day to day,
My heart, my mouth, my pen they neuer ſtay,
To take occaſion freſhly to renue,
The memorie of praiſes to thee due,
Leſt natures weakneſſe let them paſſe away
My frailtie (in this point) indeed I rue,
Who till I ſee new bleſſings in the place,
Forget the fauours late before my face,
And mercies thine, from which ſuch bountie grew,
For it is true So dull our ſences are,
That oft thy bleſſings do our iudgments marre.

Where

SON. XXIII.

WHere so I cast about my wandring eye,
By chance or choice, by hap, or else by will,
Before my sight some obiect is there still,
Wherein thy power and loue I do espye;
In view whereof, if I my thoughts do trye,
To raise my heart to Ioy, I matter finde,
And vnto thee my loue so firme to binde,
That tongue nor pen should neuer idle lye,
Whose grace vnto thy creatures is so kinde,
As patrons of the same the world doth fill,
Who mad'st not onely, but doest still instill
Some feeling of the same vnto the minde,
Which is not blinde, Or too much obstinate,
Which later nature chiefly thou doest hate.

SON. XXIIII.

WHilst I do studie fitly to begin,
To vtter forth some part of my intent,
Which to thy praise with zeale and loue is bent,
For freeing me from due reward of sin,
I finde a laberinth that I am in,
Of many merits which do me inclose,
Which as this holie motion in me rose,
Of diuerse subiects for to treat do win,
Among the rest my heart hath chiefly chose,
To giue thee thanks for comfort to me sent,
In staying me the wandring course I went,
And feeling faith, with knowledge where it growes,
And though I lose Therwith the worlds delight,
Yet will I ioy in hope of heauenly sight.

SON. XXV.

SInce thou hast Lord vouchsaft to send me ayde,
By holie spirit thine in time of need,
(As Philip to the Eunuch came indeed)
Which in my wandring iourny me hath stayde;
Since he hath taught me what thy Prophets sayde,
And what humilitie was in thy Sonne,
(Whose patience like a lambe hath freedom wonne,
Vnto my soule, for which he raunsome payde)
I see no earthly things should stay vndone,
The duties which requirde of me I reede;
By faith vpon thy promises I feed,
And to thy Sacraments for strength I runne,
And thus begunne, I will continue still,
To learne thy lawes, and to obay thy will.

SON. XXVI.

HOw can I limit well my tong or pen,
Within what bownds may I my selfe inclose,
Who such a theame to write vpon haue chose,
Whereon the more I muse, more growth in then,
It fares with me herein, euen right as when
A hastie mind forgetteth what to speake;
When stammering words the perfect sence do breake,
And makes vs not be vnderstood of men:
Such worthie matter in my mind there growes,
So plentifull, and I of skill so weake,
So pleasing to me, and so proper sake,
That in the choyce of them I iudgment lose,
And euen as those Want matter silent be,
So plentie of thy praise confoundeth me.

Now

SON. XXVII.

NOw that thy mercies do so much abound,
As thou vouchsafest Lord with me to dwell,
And glorious Arke of hope which doth excell,
Drawne home by hungry faith my heart hath found,
Since power thereof, did sinfull Dagon wound,
And yet disdaineth not my humble state,
I freely open Lord, my lowly gate
Of lips and tong, which may thy praises sound,
Thy blessings seeme to flow to me of late,
Since in my soule thy word I did embrace,
My zeale refreshed is with heauenly grace,
My comfort, wealth that hell cannot rebate,
In such a rate Thy saiour do I finde,
As bindes me loue a father found so kinde.

SON. XXVIII.

WHat should I render thee my Saiiour deare,
For all the gifts thou doest on me bestowe?
Whose gracious measure so doth ouerflow,
As power of recompence cannot appeare,
I do imbrace thy gifts with ioyfull cheare,
And to thy alter speedily do runne,
To follow forth thy praise (but new begunne)
Till all thy people may thy mercies heare:
Thy glorious image shineth in thy Sonne,
Thy loue to man did his obedience show,
His loue and mercy vnto man hath wonne
The gifts of grace, whence faith and comfort grow,
Where through we know That we are thy elect,
And these our feeble frutes wilt not reiect.

SONN. XXIX.

THe powerfull pen the which records thy praise,
O Lord of life, hath many volumes made,
Thy wondrous works earth leafe doth ouerlade,
Which aye increase as growing are my dayes,
Vnsearchable indeed are all thy wayes,
In multitude they number do exceed,
In glorie they do admiration breed,
Their goodnesse power of recompence denayes.
The hungry thou with plenteous hand doest feed,
Thy fauour to thy creatures doth not fade.
The more in view of all thy works I wade,
The more I finde my sense confound indeed,
But yet in steed Of Eccho to thy fame,
I will giue thanks and laud vnto thy name.

SONN. XXX.

THis stately stage wherein we players stande,
To represent the part to vs assignde,
Was built by God, that he might pleasure finde,
In beautie of the works of his owne hand,
All creatures of the ayre, the sea and land,
Are players at his appointment of some thing,
Which to the world a proper vse may bring,
And may not breake assigned bownds or band:
Some do in ioy still forth his praises sing,
Some mourne & make their mone with heavy mind,
Some shew the frutes of nature weake and blind,
Some shew how grace base sin away doth fling,
God (like a King) Beholds, Christ doth attire
The plaiers with the shape, their states require.

Who

SON. XXXXI.

WHo so beholds with constant fixed eye,
The fauour and perfection of my choyce,
He cannot chuse but must in heart reioyce,
That mortall sight may heauenly blisse espie,
All earthly beautie he will straight defie,
As thing too base to occupie his braine,
Whose fading pleasures so are payd with paine,
That they true tast of pleasure do denie:
But who so can this perfect sight attaine,
Cannot containe, but yeeld with cheerfull voyce,
An Eccho to the Angels heauenly noyse,
Who to his praise do singing still remaine:
They then are vaine Who fix their sight so low,
That such a glorious God they will not know.

SON. XXXII.

O Heauenly beautie of loue the fountaine true,
Whose shining beames do penetrate my soule,
With such a zeale as former thoughts controll,
And drawes heart, powre, and will thee to insue,
Thou mak'st my fainting sight for to renue,
And dazeling eyes new strength thus to attaine,
To whom alone perfection faire is due,
Thou mak'st earths bewteous shadow seeme but vain,
Thy works of glorie, and of powre remain,
Ingrauen in thankfull hearts which them inroll,
Thy loue and mercy made thee pay the toll,
Which to our dying soules true life did gain,
Thy loue doth wain, My thoughts fro baser loue,
And mak'st my heart and mind to soare aboue.

SONNET XXXVIII.

IF beautie be as men on earth suppose,
The comely shape and colours which agree,
In true proportion to the thing we see,
Which grace and fauour both do neuer lose;
If white and red be borrowd from the Rose,
If bright and shining to the sunne compar'd,
If high and straight to goodlinesse w'award,
And beautie haue such base deseriptions chose,
Then let the wise this beautie true regard,
Where all perfections in one subiect be,
Surpassing frute of the forbidden tree,
Which (but to tast) man suffred deaths reward,
Which is prepard, And offred to our sight,
In Christ to loue and feed vs day and night.

SONNET XXXIX.

HOw may this be, that men of searching mind,
Whose curious eyes in beautie do delight,
(The pleasing obiect of their fancies sight)
In outward shape and colour, comfort find:
And yet the better beautie leaue behind,
Vnsought, or vnregarded of at all,
Compard to which, none can it beautie call,
Vnlesse a buzzard whom affections blind,
This earthly forme of flesh it is so small
Of worth to charme the sence of noble spright,
As is a starre before faire Phœbus bright,
Whose glory doth their borrowed beauti apall:
Thus wise men fall, Whom can all eies do guide,
Whose iudgement may not vertues sight abide.

SON. XXXV.

O Heauenly loue, with God thou dwelst for aye,
Thou passest faith and hope in dignitie,
Thou keepst the law, thy feet step not awrie,
In all mens danger, thou the surest stays
To our request, thou neuer sayest nay,
No wrath, no enuy, moue thee ere a whit:
Thou multitude of sinnes in man doest quit,
Thou law and Gospell both dost ouer sway:
Thou dwelst with God aloft in heauens sit,
With God in counsell thou art alwaies by,
Thou causest Christ mans weakenesse to supply,
And makest vs receiue the frute of it,
And euery whit Of goodnesse that we haue,
Loue made him send, who loue therfore doth (craue.

SON. XXXVI.

THe shining face of my faire Phœbus deare,
Whose glorie doth eclipse each other light,
Presents himselfe vnto worlds open sight,
Their blinded eyes with ioyfull view to cheare:
But sluggish so the greater sort appeare,
That (sleeping in selfe-loue and mind secure)
The cleare aspect of truth they not indure,
Nor of their blindnesse willingly would heare;
But so my sences do his beautie allure,
To gaze vpon his louely fauour bright,
That therein onely haue I may delight,
Where is all happinesse, I do assure,
He doth procure A plentifull increase,
Vnto my soule, of perfect loue and peace.

SON. XXXVII.

AVaunt base thoughts, incomber me no more,
By laying forth these earthly wants of mine,
As though thou wouldst perswade me to repine,
Because of wealth I haue not needlesse store:
If thou didst know thy nakednesse before,
He cloth'd thy soule, and fed thy fainting minde,
(With righteousnesse and faith in Sauiour kinde)
Thou wouldst that former state much more deplore;
And then confesse, the comfort thou doest finde,
By peace of conscience, in this flesh of thine,
Is greatest riches truly to define,
(So that contentment be not left behinde)
These gifts me binde To praise his holy name,
And place chief wealth in knowledge of the same.

SON. XXXVIII.

IWill not feare with feruency of zeale,
To follow forth this faire affect of mine,
(To loue of thee which doth my soule incline)
O Sauiour deare, who sure my griefe wilt heale:
Vnto thy proffred kindnesse I appeale,
Who of thy selfe didst call me vnto thee,
And promisedst I should thy darling bee,
Made free within thy Church and common weale,
Disparagement there is not now in mee,
Ne shall distrust forbid me to be thine;
But faith shall flie aloft to thee in fine,
Where all thy treasures safely I may see;
And happie hee Beslowes his loue so well,
Whose hope is payd with pleasures that excell.

Loue

SON. XXXIX.

LOue then I will, and loue thee Lord alone,
For fellowship in loue there may not bee,
Loue for thy loue (ô Lord) shall be thy fee,
For other recompence thou craueſt none;
My vowes and deeds they shall be alwaies one,
All dedicated to adorne thy name;
My heart, my soule, my strength shall do the same;
Thy loue shall be my faiths true corner stone;
The loue of thee shall my affections frame,
To follow that may pleasing be to thee,
My eyes no beautie but in thee shall see,
And thy regard my wandring will shall tame,
Yea I will blame, And scorne each other thing,
Saue what shall me vnto thy fauour bring.

SON. XL.

FAine would I praise thee Lord with such a zeale,
And feruencie, as might my loue expresse;
Faine would my loue yeeld vnto thee no lesse
Due praise, then thou didst loue to me reueale;
But wanting power thereto, I yet appeale
To that thy goodnesse, which thee first did moue,
In fragill flesh of mine the strength to proue,
Whose weaknes thou by heauenly powre didst heale:
Mans wit in words comes short in this behoue,
To recompence (nay onely to confesse)
The many waies thou doest our bodies blesse,
Much more our soules, which freely thou didst loue,
Thy truthie doue, Thy holy spright of grace,
Makes yet our weaknesse stand before thy face.

SON. XLI.

O Perfect Sunne, whereof this shadow is
A slender light, though it some beautie show,
On whom thy influence thou doest bestow,
Whose constant course still holds in endlesse blisse:
To scan thy glorie, wit of man doth misse;
How far thy mercies beames abroad extend,
Tong cannot speake, nor wit can comprehend,
And humane frailtie is bewrayd in this;
The fire, ayre, water, earth they wholly bend,
The host of heauen, and creatures beldwe,
To pay their dutie vnto thee they owe,
Which didst their being and their vertue send,
And I intend With them (in what I may)
To witnesse forth thy laud and praise for aye.

SON. XLII.

WHat present should I bring of worthie prise,
To witnesse well the loue to thee I owe,
I nothing haue but what thou didst bestow,
Ne likest thou the toyes of mans deuise;
I would not spare my powre in any wise,
No treasure seemes to me for thee too deare:
The pleasures of the world the which are here,
Too base they are, how dre wit them disguise:
To yeeld thee faith, it doth the best appeare,
But mine is very weake (alas) I know,
To yeeld thee praise, doth make a decent show,
But to thy merit neither doth bo mean care, (son,
With garment eldare; Yet clothd of righteous
My selfe to offer vnto thee, I run.

VVho

SONNET XLVII.

WHo so behelds the works (o Lord) of thine,
The stretched heaues, the seat where thou doest
The earth thy foote stoole, which dares not rebell,
Which all vnto thy will do still inclineg,
The Sunne and Moone by day and night which shine,
The changing flouds, the firme and fruteful land,
The Planets which do firme for euer stand,
All which gainst thy behest dare not repine:
The host of Angels in thy heauenly band,
Th'infernall fiends with Lucifar which fell,
The fish, the foule, the beast agreeing well,
And all obedient to thy heauenly hand,
May vnderstand, Thy glorie, loue, and powre,
Without whose help no could non liue an howre.

SONNET XLVIII.

AS doth the Moone by daily change of hew,
By growing, or decreasing, beautie show,
The influence, the greater lights bestow,
Whose absence, or whose presence, her renue:
So must all flesh confesse, and thinke most true,
The faith or feare they haue for euer breed,
From heauenly grace, which hath his gifts abu feed,
Without whose face, blind darknesse doth insue,
Mans proper powre is so obscurde indeed,
With shades which rise frō earthly thoughts below,
That nothing but blinde ignorance do vs grow,
Vnlesse this sunne did shining comfort breed,
Which serues in steed Of fire and flame,
Fro whence this light of faith receiues his flame.

SON. XLV.

IF Saba Queene, a iourney tooke in hand,
From South to North, wise Salomon to heare;
If humane wisedome was to her so deare,
That she did visit thus his holy land,
Then do I muse why men do idle stand,
In pride of youth, when wit and meanes abound,
Their tender braines to feed with wisedome sound,
Far passing that this Queene for trauell found.
This error is the scarle of Adams wound,
Who sought his knowledge not in fountain cleare,
To whom forbidden skill did best appeare,
Neglecting graces him inclosing round,
But on the sound And written word I build,
Not Salomon such Oracles could yeeld.

SON. XLVI.

HOw fond a thing it is which men do vse,
To beat their braines, and so torment their hart,
In compassing the thing which breeds their smart,
And do not know what is the thing they chuse:
They childishly the name of loue abuse,
And would define the nature of the same,
By passions which belong to hatreds name,
Wherein to pine with pleasure they do chuse.
Who euer saw that figs on thorne-tree came,
Or thistels roses beare by any art?
With pain, with grief, with shame, with losse impart
Their passions, which they for their loue do frame,
With iudgment lame, Loue is a heauenly thing,
Where being plast, it perfect loue doth bring.

Let

SON. XLVIII.

LEt earthly things in earth their loue repose,
For flesh and blood on faith they cannot feed,
It is a fruit indeed of heauenly seed,
Which who disgesteth well life cannot lose,
The soule fro out of other matter growes,
And vnto other matter turnes againe,
Immortally to liue in ioy or paine,
As grace or sundry vices it hath chose.
Then is it time my thoughts at length to waine,
From laying vp my treasure for my need,
Where mothes and canker do so common breed,
As in the world whose wealth is meerely vaine,
If I attaine, But saufly layd vp in store,
In Christ my Sauiour, I desire no more.

SON. XLVIII.

O Fye fainting faith dissuade me not so much,
From following of my louely heauenly choyce,
To thinke on whom, I cannot but reioyce,
Whose name or memorie my heart doth touch,
What trauell ere befall, I will not grutch,
Through fire and water I will him pursue,
Whose sight my fainting soule doth straight renue,
His loue and mercy both to me are such.
If I should dye for him it were but due,
By him I liue, and follow will his voyce,
Regarding lightly fame or common noyse,
Which the gaten gained and trauell to insue,
There are but few That passe the narrow way,
But crowne of honor doth the trauell pay.

SONNET XLIX.

I Find my heart is bent for to amend,
And follow thee, forsaking wicked way,
From wickednesse my footsteps for to stay,
And to thy will my works henceforth to bend:
But yet the cause which makes me this intend,
I finde is rather feare, then loue of right.
Yet free-will offrings do thee more delight,
And to such works thou doest thy blessing send.
It is not ill to set before my sight,
Thy heauie plagues for sin from day to day,
But I had rather forth thy fauours lay,
And for their loue in quarrell thine to fight,
Which if I might, By fervent zeale attaine,
Then should I hope the victorie to gaine.

SONNET L.

NO sooner loue intirely me possest,
But see how iealousie doth me assaile,
She seekes with deepe distrust my faith to quaile,
And to remoue from conscience, quiet guest,
She telleth me my Lord doth sin detest,
And that my deeds they too vnworthie are,
That from his fauour they will me debarre,
Whose loue is fixed only on the best:
Feare had begun to worke in me so farre,
That to amaze my minde it could not faile,
Till to my loue my feare bold bewaile,
Who shining sweetely like the morning starre,
Did stay their strife, And bid my soule to rest
In Christ, by whom I surely shall be blest.

He

SON. LI.

HE is vnworthie to receiue a gift
From any man, that him mistrusts before;
I will not ought of thee Lord doubt therefore,
Although no reason can my hope vp lift,
I know in deed it is flye Satans drift,
To laie before me this my vile estate,
Which (being sinfull) thou of force must hate,
And I reiected be without all shift.
But when I with my selfe thy works debate,
Which haue examples of thy mercies store,
His reasons are of force with me no more,
Because that faith sets open wide the gate,
To me of late, Which leades to treasure thine,
Where (in thy sonne) thou doest in mercy shine.

SON. LII.

FAine would I follow thee through sea and land,
My louely Sauiour whom farre off I see,
Zeale makes my mind with speed to haste to thee,
But natiue weaknesse makes me doubtfull stand,
If to my ayde thou gau'st not forth thy hand,
And by thy word incourdg'st me to grow,
I should so shun afflictions which do flow,
That feare should bend my faith like feeble wand.
But by thy offred grace now strong I grow,
And through the troubles of the world will ber
Bold to proceed, and faith shall succour me,
To witnesse forth the thankfulnesse I owe,
Thou doest bestow On me both power & will,
And with them both, I will thee honour still.

SON. LVII.

AS do the ſtarres amidſt the firmament,
With borrowed light beare record vnto thee,
(O Lord of light) in which we men do ſee,
The image of thy power to them but lent,
So when our weake indeuors Lord are bent,
To publiſh forth thy praiſes, which excell,
Theſe ſtilly ſparkes of light which in vs dwell,
Do ſhew thy grace which vs this motion ſent,
Although therefore no ſpeech or tong can tell,
How infinite thy glorie ought to bee,
(Which paſſeth humane ſence by high degree,
As wiſeſt men to grant, they do compell)
Yet thou lik it well, We ſhew herein our will,
Which I haue vowd vnto thy ſeruice ſtill.

SON. LVIII.

CAlme o Lord, for lo I do attend
To follow thee where ſo thou doeſt direct,
I know thou wilt not my intent reiect,
Who gladly would proceed where ſo thou ſend,
I doubtfull ſtand, which way my courſe to bend,
Becauſe I finde ſuch ignorance of skill
To follow forth according to my will,
A fruitfull courſe the which I did intend,
As thou with forward zeale my minde didſt fill,
So ſhew me Lord where to I am ſelect
And I ſhall carefully the ſame effect,
And feruently there to go forward ſtill,
Depend I will, Vpon occaſion fit,
That faithfully I may accompliſh it.

Like

SON. LV.

LIke silly babes, such must thy seruants bee,
In innocencie and obedience still,
Vnto thy holy lawes (ô Lord) and will,
From wrath, pride, malice, lust, and enuy free:
With Serpents eyes of wisedome must they see,
And stop their eares, which Sathan would deceaue,
With charmes of pleasure, which a scar do leaue,
And onely lend obedient eare to thee:
Yet with simplicitie of doue receaue
The yoke of law, whose rule they must fulfill,
And suffer patiently, the word to kill
The force of sin, which would soules health bereaue,
Such thou wilt heaue, And hold in heauēly arme,
And with protecting hand, defend from harme.

SON. LVI.

WHo so could like to Steu'n behold and see,
The throne triumphant where our Sauior sits
In Maiestie aloft, as best him fits,
A Iudge and Sauiour to his Saints to be,
Coëquall with his father in degree,
Possessor of the place for vs prepard:
Who readie stands our weake works to reward,
And from the fury of the world to free;
He were but base, if ought he did regard
This transitorie honour, which so flits,
Which to attaine so much doth tyre our wits,
And yet so niggardly to man is shard,
And afterward Doth leaue a sting behinde,
Of care of conscience, and of griefe of minde.

SON. LVII.

WHo ſeeketh not with all his powre and might,
To eternize vnto himſelfe his ſtate?
That chance or time may not his bliſſe rebate,
Or death it ſelfe may not diſſolue it quight?
Thus ſome therefore for honour fiercely fight,
And ſome for wealth do trauell far and nigh,
Some worldly wiſedome with great ſtudie buy,
To make them famous ſeeme in vaine worlds ſight:
Which is the readieſt way they do eſpye,
To keep their name from death, which ſo they hate,
Yea all ſuppoſe, poſteritie the gate,
T'immortalize this fleſh, whoſe floure muſt dye:
But all go wry, wealth, honor, wit haue end,
And children paſſe, faith onely life doth lend.

SON. LVIII.

VVHat wealth may be to this alone comparde,
To be co-heire with Chriſt of fathers loue?
To haue our earthly thoughts ſo rayſd aboue,
That world and worldly things we not regard?
To ſee by faith a kingdome rich preparde
For vs, which ſhall eternally remaine,
(Made free from worldly cares and troubles vaine)
Which is for children his, a due reward?
Who can diſcouragde be with earthly paine,
Or tedious combats which the fleſh doth proue?
Since care of vs our Partner Chriſt did moue,
To ſhare our griefes, his ioy for vs to gaine:
Which thoughts ſhould waine Our wils frō baſe (deſire,
And vs incourage higher to aſpire.

If

SON. LIX.

IF Paradiſe were ſuch a pleaſant ſoyle,
Where all things flouriſht firſt and proſperd aye,
Wherein who liued, neuer could decaye,
Till ſin by Satans ſlight gaue man the foyle:
Which bleſſings afterward did cleane recoyle,
And left man naked in reproach and ſhame,
To duſt to turne againe from whence he came,
On baren earth to liue with ſweat and toyle;
Then is our ſtate much better then that ſame,
Our Paradiſe a place of bliſſe to ſtaye;
Our Sauiour (Abrams boſome) doth diſplaye,
Wherein our ſoules ſhall reſt moſt free from blame,
Where he our name Hath writ in booke of life,
To be exempt from feare of care, or ſtrife.

SON. LX.

WHat is felicitie whereof men wright?
Which to attaine, our ſtudies ſtill are bent,
VVhich to procure, ſuch time & paine is ſpent,
By endleſſe trauell therein day and night:
Sure if it be nought elſe but firme delight,
And that delight conſiſt in peace of minde,
Then here on earth this treaſure none ſhall finde,
VVhoſe pleaſures quickly vaniſh out of ſight:
The earth doth chaunge, as ſeas do riſe with tyde,
And ſtormes inſue the calme before that went:
This happineſſe but for a time is lent,
And payd oft times with penance more vnkinde
By fortune blinde. True bliſſe conſiſts herein,
To loue the Lord, and to abandon ſin.

SON. LXI.

HOw many priuiledges great and rare,
Do we enioy, that do thy name profeſſe?
Euen many more by far (I do confeſſe)
Then we obſerue, or how to vſe be ware:
To giue thy onely Sonne thou didſt not ſpare,
Vs to redeeme from deaths eternall wound;
The ſting of hell and ſin he did confound,
And way to heauen for vs he did prepare.
Yea ſo his mercies do to ys abound,
That all the worldly creatures more and leſſe,
Yea heauenly Angels do themſelues addreſſe,
To ſerue mans needfull vſe are readie found:
He doth propound, In Chriſt all theſe to man,
And hauing him, no want annoy vs can.

SON. LXII.

BY many gifts (ô Lord) thou doeſt declare
Thy mercies vnto man, whom thou wilt ſaue,
The vſe of all the which in Chriſt we haue,
By hand of faith, that precious bleſſing rare,
That doth his righteouſneſſe for vs prepare,
Our ſtubburneſſe with his obedience hide,
His patience doth our groſſe impatience guide,
His temperance with our intemperance ſhare,
His continence our frailtie lets not ſlide:
(For changing nature ours, his ſtrength it gaue)
Our pride it hides, and hopes which faithleſſe waue,
And ſhades our hart with loue, which ſtill ſhall bide;
Thus euery tide, It readie is at hand,
For our defence a buckler ſafe to ſtand.

How

SON. LXIII.

HOw ſhould the quiet mind in peace and reſt,
Poſſeſſed of the thing it moſt deſirde,
(A thing ſo precious, none durſt haue aſpirde
To gaine, vnleſſe the giuer had him bleſt)
How may it morne, how may ſhe be oppreſt,
Who hath the bridegroome alwaies in her ſight:
Who in her loue doth take ſo great delight,
As by his bountie hourely is expreſt?
The dolefull darkneſſe fitteth blinded night,
The ſhining Sunne hath cloudes of care retirde;
With heauenly heate my heart it hath inſpirde,
Since in thy ſunne I ſaw thy fauour bright,
The which did fight, As champiõ ſtrong for mee,
From cloudes of darkneſſe and from ſin to free.

SON. LXIIII.

WHo ſo of perfect temprature is framde,
Muſt needs delight in heauenly harmony:
His ſences ſo ſhall be renewd thereby,
As ſauage beaſts by Orpheus harpe were tamde;
Yong Dauids harpe, Sauls furious ſpirit ſhamde,
And Dolfins did Aryons muſicke heare.
Such ſympathie in all things doth appeare,
That neuer muſicke was by wiſedome blamde:
But he that could conceiue with iudgement cleare,
The ſweet records that heauenly motions cry,
Their conſtant courſe that neuer ſwarues awry,
But by diſcords, whoſe concords after cheare,
Would hold ſo deare, The mouer of the ſame,
That loue of him ſhould baſe affections tame.

SON. LXV.

GReat is thy powre, and more then we conceiue,
Thy glorie more then can diſcerned be;
Mans greateſt gift is this, that he may ſee,
Or know, that vertue thine doth his bereaue:
His dazeling eyes each ſhadow doth deceaue,
His iudgement builded on inconſtant ground,
His ſtrength but weakneſſe in it ſelfe is found,
His glorie, greater glorie muſt receiue
From thee, in whom all glorie doth abound:
What maieſtie dare man compare with thee,
To whom all creatures bow obedient knee?
Whoſe contemplations thou doeſt cleane confound,
Vpon this ground. True bliſſe & wiſdome ſtand,
To know, our wiſedome floweth from thy hand.

SON. LXVI.

AS but vaine hope it is for man to truſt,
To thing not promiſed, or not in powre
Of ſpeaker to performe at pointed howre,
Which is the caſe of fleſh and bloud vniuſt:
So call that hope, no wiſe man can or muſt,
Which is performance of expected thing;
When as poſſeſſion doth aſſurance bring,
Of thing whereafter we tofore did luſt:
The Saints in heauen in ioyfull reſt do ſing,
Whom hope nor feare do raiſe or yet deuower,
But men on earth haue hope a reſting tower,
To ſhield them from deſpightfull Satans ſting:
Faith is the wing Makes me to hope aſcend,
And truth in Chriſt will make my hope haue end.

SON. LXVII.

GReat are the gifts ô Lord thou doeſt beſtow
On ſinfull man, by thy abounding grace,
Who when they want, doeſt neuer hide thy face,
But ſtill a patron of thy bountie ſhow:
Which makes vs both thy powre and mercy know,
And ſo with ſhame and ſorow to repent,
Our thankleſſe natures ſo vnkindly bent,
So ſlacke to pay the praiſes which we owe:
But when I do conſider thou haſt ſent
Thy Sonne himſelfe for to ſupply our place,
Whoſe patience did the death on croſſe imbrace,
Thoſe to acquite, who did with faith aſſent:
All ſpeeches ſpent, Seeme then to me in vaine,
And onely I admyring do remaine.

SON. LXVIII.

IHaue bene blind, and yet I thought I ſaw,
And now I ſee, yet feare that I am blind;
No blindneſſe like to that is of the mind,
Which doth the ſoule to deadly danger draw:
My careleſſe ſteps did ſtumble at a ſtraw,
And yet ſuppoſd my walke had bene ſo ware,
That to haue err'd had bene a matter rare,
When euery thought did violate thy law:
But ſince to ſearch my ſelfe I do prepare,
So darke of ſight my ſoule and ſence I find,
That if thy Chriſt (my loue) were not more kind,
Eternall death I ſee ſhould be my ſhare.
But now I dare In ſpight of wicked foe,
A better courſe with conſtant courage goe.

SON. LXIX.

WHy should he faint or thinke his burden great,
That hath a partner to support the same?
Why coward-like should he his honour shame,
That hath a champion readie at intreat,
Who can and doth death and confusion threat,
To all impediments which stop our way?
On whom repose our trust we boldly may,
He being iudge, and plaist in mercies seat?
He sees our thoughts, and knows what we would say,
He doth our mouthes to fit petitions frame,
He hides our errors if our faith be lame,
And he himselfe doth also for vs pray,
We need but stay, And trust to his good will,
And we are sure he will our want fulfill.

SON. LXX.

ALthough the world do seek to stop my way,
By many stumbling blocks of feare and doubt,
And bid me seeke a farther way about,
And on the staffe of carnall strength to stay;
Though sin, though hell, though death do me denay,
That any powre shall bridle their intent,
But would compell me walke as worldlings went,
The headlong path of pleasure to decay,
Yet will I not this purpose mine repent,
So long as faith will be my souldier stout,
To ouerthrow this feareful thronging rout;
Whom to subdue, this grace was to me sent,
No shall be spent In vaine this paine of mine,
Hope against hope, shall win the field in fine.

It

SON. LXXI.

IT were vnfit a concubine to keepe,
Or that her children should possession haue,
Among the fruites which lawfull wedding gaue,
By vertuous spouse which in the soule doth sleepe;
And yet behold how shamefully do creepe,
Into possession of my powre and will,
These thoughts and works which motions are to ill,
And trench themselues in fleshly fortresse deepe:
Whose base societie will with vices fill,
The holy brood which grace would spotlesse saue;
In such a doubt my yong affections waue,
That they consent I should them foster still,
But that would spill More vertuous heritage:
Therefore exilde these be, though hell do rage.

SON. LXXII.

SOmetimes my nature seemeth to repine,
To see the pleasure and the plenteous store,
The wicked do enioy for euermore,
Abounding in their corne, their oyle and wine:
But when I see my weakenesse so encline,
To the abuse of portion I possesse,
My heart with ioy, full often doth confesse,
Thy loue doth much in earthly scarsitie shine;
These things are good and bad, as thou doest blesse,
Which I dare not directly craue therefore,
Such danger followes them euen at the dore,
That plentie lightly doth the soule oppresse;
And as I gueesse, Contentednesse doth grow,
In grateful mind, though state be neare so low.

SON. LXXIII.

IF he vnworthie be the sweet to tast,
That shuns the sowre (as we in prouerbe say)
To honor, pleasure, profit, in the way
Great perill, paine, and cost, so often plast;
If as vnworthie health, he be disgrast,
That will refuse a bitter purge to take,
When he doth know it will his feauer slake:
So do temptations proue the mind more chast,
If we with courage do the combat make,
And to the end immoueable do stay:
The more that Satan doth his spight display,
The more the pride and powre of him we shake,
And he will quake, And sin shall haue a fall,
And faith in Christ shall triumph ouer all.

SON. LXXIIII.

TO shun the rocks of dangers, which appeare
Amidst the troubled waues of worldly life,
Which in each company are alwaies rife,
Which with soules perill most men buy full deare,
I feare almost to keep my course so neare,
The conuersation of such tickle tides,
And thinke him blest, that banished abides
In desert, where of sin he may not heare:
But when I note where so a man him hides,
That still affections breed an inward strife,
That nature beares about the bloudie knife,
And to the death the proper soule it guides:
That fancie slides Away, and I prepare,
In combats of the world to fight my share.

SON. LXXV.

WEre it not straunge, that members of the same
One liuing bodie, and one parents childe,
Should by the other daily be defilde?
And of vnseemly thing should haue no shame?
And yet we which of Christ do beare the name,
And children of his father vs do call,
At discord with this parent daily fall,
And Christ our eldest brother do defame:
It seemeth well we be but bastards all,
Though stock be true, we be but Oliues wilde,
Who thinks vs better, he is but beguilde,
Our frutes are bitter, and increase but small,
And who so shall Examine well his works,
Shall see, that gall in purest thoughts there lurks.

SON. LXXVI.

IT is no light or curious conceipt,
O Lord thou knowst, that maketh me to straine
My feeble powres, which blindfold did remaine,
Vpon thy seruice now at length to waight;
But onely shame to see mans nature fraight,
So full of pregnant speech to litle vse,
Or rather oftentimes to thy abuse,
Whilst to deceiue, they laie a golden baight;
And do not rather thinke it fit to chuse,
By praises thine, true praise themselues to gaine,
And leaue those fond inuentions, which do staine
Their name, and cause them better works refuse:
Which doth abuse The gifts thou doest bestow,
And oftentimes thy high contempt do show.

SON. LXXVII.

FOr common matter common speech may serue,
But for this theame both wit and words do want,
For he that heauen and earth and all did plant,
The frutes of all he iustly doth deserue:
No maruell then though oft my pen do swarue,
In middle of the matter I intend,
Since oft so high, my thoughts seeke to ascend,
As want of wisedome makes my will to starue:
But thou ô Lord who clonen tongs didst send,
Vnto thy seruants, when their skils were scant,
And such a zeale vnto thy praise that brant,
As made them feareless speake, and neuer bend,
Vnto the end, One iot from thy behest,
Shall guide my stile, as fits thy glory best.

SON. LXXVIII.

HOw happily my riches haue I found?
Which I no sooner sought, but it is wonne,
Which to attaine, my will had scarce begunne,
But I did finde it readie to abound:
The silly faith I had was ferled found
In Christ, although for feare it oft did pant,
Which I did with more constantly to plant,
That it might all temptations so confound.
With feruency this little sparkle brant,
Till it inflamde my zeale, and so did runne
Vnto the fountaine of true light (the sunne)
Whose gracious soyle to feed it was not scant:
Men finde more want, The more they couet still,
But more man couets this, it more doth fill.

VVhen

SON. LXXXIX.

WHen desolate I was of worldly ayde,
Vnable to releeue my selfe at need,
Thou hadst a care my fainting soule to feed,
Because my faith vpon thy fauour stayde:
My dying hope thou hast with mercy payde,
And as thou didst releeue thy seruant deare,
Elias whom the Rauens in desert cheare;
So am I comforted, whom sin affrayde.
The cries of little Rauens thine eare doth heare,
And slakst their hunger kindly (Lord) indeed,
When parents do forsake deformed breed,
That so thy prouidence might more appeare,
Which shineth cleare, In blessings euery day,
To me, much more then I can duly way.

SON. LXXX.

AMidst this pilgrimage where wandring I,
Do trace the steps which flesh and bloud doth tred,
My comfort is, that aye mine eyes are led,
By gracious obiect which in faith I spy;
Whose brightnesse guides my steps, which else awry
Were like to slide, through Satans subtil slight,
Gainst whom his holy Angels alwaies fight,
And suffer not my strength too farre to try:
By day his word and works are in my sight,
Like to a cloud to comfort me in dread;
By fire through deserts, and the sea so red,
His hand doth gouerne me in dangerous night,
His fauour bright, Conducting this my way,
An host of stops shall not my iourney stay.

SON. LXXXI.

I See a ſtorme me thinks approach afarre,
In darkned skie, which threatens woe at hand;
Vnto my tackle I had need to ſtand,
Leſt ſudden puffs my purpoſd courſe debarre:
Theſe tempting thoughts full oft forerunners are,
Of fierce affections, which do moue the minde,
VVhich if reſiſtance not in time they finde,
The ſtrongeſt tackling they do ſtretch or marre;
I cloſely therefore will my conſcience binde,
And arme my veſſell with couragious band,
Of skilfull saylers, which do know the land,
VVhoſe harbors for my ſafetie are moſt kinde:
And in my minde Shall faith the Pylot bee,
VVhoſe skill ſhall make me wiſhed port to ſee.

SON. LXXXII.

HOw is it that my courſe ſo ſoone would ſtay,
Before I haue begun the thing I thought?
If eaſe or pleaſure I herein had ſought,
I had not then made choyſe of ſuch a way:
More facill is the courſe vnto decay,
More fauour with the world it will attaine;
But I miſlike the ioy requit with paine,
And faining words, not meaning as they ſay:
Men breake their ſleeps ſome ſilly pelfe to gaine;
With loſſe of life ſmall honour ſome haue bought,
Yea Philoſophers pleaſure ſet at nought,
To win a name of vertue to remaine:
Then I will waine My ſelfe from earthly reſt,
With heauenly crowne and honour to be bleſt.

VVhen

SON. LXXXIII.

WHen I begin to faint in my conceipt,
To see the little powre I haue to good;
How sin hath vertue in me still withstood,
And frailtie on my flesh doth alwaies waight;
I am confounded and amazed straight,
And readily could turne and flie the field,
And all my trauell to the tempter yeeld,
Before I would aduenture more to fight:
But when I duly note whereon I build,
My faith, which watered is with Christ his bloud,
Of force sufficient to withstand the floud,
And me from perill and destruction shield,
I easily welde Each burden on me layd,
And of my safetie nothing am affrayd.

SON. LXXXIIII.

THe chastisements which often do befall,
Vnto the most belou'd of God, and blest,
Doth breed vnto their soules both peace and rest,
And home from wandring thoughts their mind doth call,
And sure are tokens not of fauour small,
Who father-like doth vs in time correct,
Who else the care of him would soone reiect,
And haue no heed vnto our wayes at all.
The good Phisition that would life protect,
Cuts of a limbe sometimes as it seemes best,
And yet the patient doth the same distest,
Or any payne that worketh good effect:
Should God neglect Vs then to exercise
With rods, wherby to make vs grow more wise.

SON. LXXXV.

HOw should my feare or sorrow long remaine,
(Although the world did swell, and ouerflow
With danger, which nought else but death do show)
When I by death do finde a present gaine?
Faith me assures that all assaults are vaine,
That seeke to seuer me from heauenly blis:
The loue of Christ assureth me of this,
That I with him shall safely still remaine.
What though of earthly pleasures I do misse?
And though the care of them vnpleasing grow,
Yet this by good experience I do know,
All things turne to the best to children his:
I therefore kis, The crosse with ioyfull cheare,
Because in chastisement doth loue appeare.

SON. LXXXVI.

ALthough those Gibeonites, the native borne
Of sinfull flesh, haue sildy me beguilde,
When as I thought all lust to haue exilde,
By showing fayned repentance ragged and torne:
Though flesh and bloud vnto this league haue sworne,
Not asking counsell of the Lord at all,
By which into a snare my soule did fall,
And deepe hypocrisie my powre did scorne;
Yet meane I them vnto account to call,
And since they haue my holy thoughts defilde,
Accursed I will hold them, and as vilde,
Will hate their offsprings all, both great and small,
And be they shall, But bondmen to my soule,
Who daily may their proud attemps controwle.

When

SON. LXXXVII.

WHen I began a conqueſt of my will
To make, and yeeld it vnto reaſons law,
My reaſon to the rule of God to draw,
And by that rule to guide my actions ſtill,
It had bene wiſedome firſt the fleſh to kill,
Who breeds affections, which do ſtill withſtand
The building of the worke I haue in hand,
And thornes are in my ſides to worke me ill,
But now my error I do vnderſtand,
And muſt (by feare of wrath) keepe them in aw,
And by the chaſtiſements of mine they ſaw,
Make them to yeeld vnto obedient band,
Then ſhall my land With faithfull ſouldiers be
Repleniſhed, and armed ſtrengthen me.

SON. LXXXVIII.

NOt euery one that with his lips doth pray,
Or praiſe thy name is grateful in thy ſight,
Thy ſearching eyes haue not ſo much delight,
In thoſe that cry, Lord, Lord, each houre of day,
But ſuch as in thy bounds obedient ſtay,
And make thy will a law vnto their mind,
That in thy promiſes do comfort find,
And follow not the worlds deceitfull way,
To ſuch thou ſhoweſt thy ſelfe a father kind,
And doeſt corobor at their heart with might,
Againſt all powers wherewith they daily fight,
Their ſores thou tak'ſt to cure, and doeſt vp bind,
Angels alſigned, Do them muron round,
And to their comfort, mercies do abound.

SONN. LXXXIX.

HOw should I quicken vp my selfe indeed,
To true and faithfull loue euen as I ought?
Vnlesse I call to mind whence I was brought,
And by whose aide, who did this kindnesse breed,
Which when I only waigh, my heart doth bleed,
To see that bountie of a God so kind,
And note the dulnesse of my nature blind,
That should forget the Lord, who me doth feed.
When I was almost lost, he me did find;
When I forgat him cleane, on me he thought,
When I was sold to sinne then he me bought;
When I was wounded, he my sores did bind;
Yea when I pind, He gaue me plenteous store,
Which gifts I will record for euermore.

SONN. XC.

WHy should I faint or feare, or doubt at all,
How fierce so euer fleshly combat show?
Since I so sure a succour readie know,
To shield me safe, what euer do befall?
If hé haue such regard of sparrowes small,
As none of them (till God appoint) do dye,
If to our haires which fall, he haue an eye,
That none of them vnnumbred perish shall:
Why should I thinke him deafe when I do cry?
As though he had no care of vs below,
As though he would not needfull things bestow,
Although our patience he delight to try,
Who can deny. But flowres that grow in field,
In glory staine the beautie pride doth yeeld,

SON. XCI.

HOw do Gods blessings to his Saints abound,
Whose gifts of grace, although they be but small
At first, yet more and more increase they shall,
As seed well watred in a fruitefull ground,
The proofe whereof I (sinfull) wretch haue found,
Whose faith nigh famished, he now hath fed
From heauen, with great increase of fish and bread,
Which strengthen'd dying soule with comfort sound,
His word for table he did open spred,
His seruants for to feed me, he did call,
Their dole so free, I find more fragments fall,
Then in my basket, scarce home haue led,
Yet he hath bid To such more to bestow,
As greatest store of former treasure show.

SON. XCII.

I Know not Lord how to discharge aright,
The dutie that for graces great I owe,
No need thou hast of me at all I know,
Yet in thy seruice shall be my delight,
To publish forth thy praises day and night,
To serue thy Saints with gifts I shall possesse,
Thy wondrous workes by all meanes to confesse,
I will imploy my substance, wit, and might.
The remnant of my life shall well expresse,
That (dead to sin) in Christ to life I grow,
Which shall to world, my mind regenerate show,
Although that I, cannot sinne cleane suppresse,
And will addresse My thoughts to thee alone,
Because on earth true ioy or blisse is none.

SON. XCIII.

IF I did hope by pen to patterne out
The many merits of thy Maiestie,
(Which of thy mercies wonders daily trie)
And endlesse matter I should go about,
But I (alas) my strength so much do doubt,
That nothing lesse then such a thought I haue,
To paint forth others to a thought I craue,
Whose confidence in skill is much more stout.
Yet dare I say that nature neuer gaue
The power to flesh and bloud to looke so hye,
Nor gifts of grace, till first there are apply,
To giue him laid aright, that did them saue.
How to behaue My selfe herein I learne,
And wish my will might others likewise warne.

SON. XCIIII.

WHat tongue or pen can shew it selfe vnkind,
Vnto a father full of mercy so,
Who freely doth such benefits bestow,
And of our case hath such a carefull mind?
Before we were, a way he forth did find,
Whereby to purchase vs in heauen a place,
When natiue strength our glory should deface,
A remedie therefore his loue assignd:
He giues vs knowledge of the same by grace,
Which offered is to them the which will go,
Vnto the word where sauing health doth grow,
And faith through which our Sauiour we imbrace,
And being base By birth, and thrall to hell,
He vs adopts in childrens roome to dwell.

Why

SON. XCV.

WHy ſhould this worldly care haue now ſuch power
To quench the comfort which the ſoule ſhall find
In this our God, who is to vs ſo kind,
The memorie of which ſhould feare deuoure?
If faith were watred well with heauenly ſhower
Of grace, and knowledge of our happie ſtate,
It would the force of all aſſaults abate,
And be a bulwarke ſtrong, at trials hower.
If we the world and fleſh did truly hate,
And made his will a law vnto our mind,
If doubt of power or will, did not vs blind,
Which to diſtruſt, ſets open wide the gate,
Then would this rate Of worldly eare be leſſe,
And he our faith with fauour more would bleſſe.

SON. XCVI.

HOw loath this fleſh of mine remaineth ſtill,
To part from ſinne his old companion deare,
Of death or of a change, he would not heare,
But would imbrace him aye with his good will,
The very thought of death his thought doth kill,
The very feare thereof his ſorrow brings,
So ſweet the pleaſures ſeeme of earthly things,
That nought elſe can our fond affections fill.
But who is wiſe, fro out the ſnare he wrings,
Before perforce, death doth approch him neare,
That abſtinence no vertue doth appeare,
When want of power ſubdues affections ſtings,
But who ſo flings, From them when they purſue,
To him pure name of vertue indeed is due.

SON. XCVII.

WHo so would liue, of force he first must die,
Death is the doore which leadeth vnto life,
Life which shall be deuoyd of change and strife,
Whose comfort shall our teares of sorrow drie;
The way is straight the which man must go by:
If to the heauens he purpose to ascend,
His grosse corruption must to grauе descend,
And dead the power of sinne therein must lye,
If he to be regenerate intend,
First must he mortifie the motions rife,
Of lust, which kill the soule with cruell knife,
And eke his ruine prefently pretend,
For God will send A happie change indeed,
As harueſt paies with plentie plow-mans feed.

SON. XCVIII.

WHen I with griefe sometimes to mind do call,
The wofull losse that sinne to man hath brought,
And want which to all creatures it hath wrought,
By Satans slight, and Adams fearefull fall;
I find no comfort in worlds vse at all,
But wish to be dissolu'd with Christ to dwell,
From whom all blessings flow and do excell,
In thought whereof my comfort is not small:
Yea I do grow by thinking hereof well,
Into a doubt, if that in truth I ought
More sorrow parents fall, which death hath brought,
Or joy the life through Christ to me befell;
Yet truth to tell, I find the change so good,
Our state is better now then when we stood.

If

SON. XCIX.

IF I can ſpeake and like a coward crake,
If I can tell the thing the which is beſt,
If I in muſter ſeeme to battell preſt,
And yet ſhrinke backe when I ſhould triall make,
If I indeuour others to awake,
Fro out the deadly ſlumber they are in,
And yet my ſelfe cannot reuolt from ſin,
But in the pride thereof do pleaſure take,
By all my trauell I no gaine ſhall win,
Although my paine might proue to others bleſt,
But (as the Symbals ſound doth to the reſt)
I might haps morne, when others mirth begin,
The feaſt but thin, Would be vnto my ſhare,
Though many diſhes to the gueſts I bare.

SON. C.

FOrtune and chance, blind guides to bliſſe farewell,
Vpon your leaſſures I no more attend,
I not regard what good or ill you ſend,
Nor in your tents of pleaſures wiſh to dwell,
A greater bliſſe then ere through you befell,
Ye made me to neglect I now do ſee,
Whoſe hope from feare could nere continue free,
But aye diſtruſt did gainſt my faith rebell:
The earths delight the which ye promiſt me,
Could not my ſoule from ſorrow ought defend,
Your ſweete with ſower was mixed in the end,
So vaine and variable both they be,
Then happie he That ſeeketh bleſſed reſt,
In Chriſt alone, and doth the world deteſt.

CONCLVSION.

VVOrds may well want, both inke and paper faile,
Wits may grow dull, and will may weary grow,
And worlds affaires may make my pen more flow,
But yet my heart and courage shall not quaile,
Though cares and troubles do my peace assaile,
And driue me to delay thy prayse awhile,
Yet all the world shall not from thoughts exile,
Thy mercies Lord by which my plaints preuaile.
And though the world with face should gratefull smile,
And me her pedlers packe of pleasures show,
No heartie loue on her I would bestow,
Because I know she seekes me to beguile,
Ne will defile My happie peace of mind,
For all the solace I in earth may find.

FINIS.

SVNDRY AFFECTIONATE SONETS OF A FEELING CONSCIENCE.

PREFACE.

VVHere hast thou rangd my retchles soul so long?
How too securely hast thou luld my mind?
In so long space, no cause or meanes to find,
To (once againe) renue thy vowed song.
Be not too bold, thinke not thy perill past;
May be, thy iourney is but new beguns,
Pleasures do vanish, dangers fly as fast
To stop thy course, if slowly thou do runne.
Thy vowes are made, they may not be vndonne,
And cause thou hast (if blessings not thee blind)
To keepe thy promise to a God so kind,
By whom alone, thou freedomes rest hast wonne:
To him (nay to thy selfe) then do not wrong,
To whom thy hart, powre, will, by vow belong.

SON. I.

OF thee and of thy prayse (Lord) will I sing,
Who rid'st on winged Chariot of the skie,
Whose throne is plaist aboue the thrones most hie,
Whose will doth forme & change ech formed thing:
To thee the offerings, of thy bountries gift,
To thee the due, of my attaynd desire
I will present, and with a voice vplift
Contend to cause the world thy name admire.
Thy prayses do not mortall praise require,
For lo (alas) they no way can come nye
Vnto the holy hymnes thy Saints apply,
And Angels sing, inflam'd with heauenly fire:
Yet shall my soule, such zealous present bring,
As shall record my loue to heauens high king.

SON. II.

EXild be mortall tires, rayse be my song,
To treat (with stile condigne) thy honor still,
O mighty Ioue, who heauen and earth dost fill
With myrror of thy power: to thee belong
All powers and wits, of body and of mind,
Thou made & blessest with thy prouidence,
Thy bountie to the needy is so kind,
As nought but mercie and loue proceedeth thence:
At our right hand a readie safe defence,
If Satans practise once assaile vs will,
Thou holy motions dost in vs distill,
And dost illuminate our dulled sence:
Thou dost redeeme, fro out the enemies throng
The innocent, whom worldlings vse to wrong.

Fro

SON. VII.

FRo out what dreame, what sleepe, what charmed rest
Rouse I my selfe? who too too long haue stayd,
(With worldly cares and vanities dismayd)
And cleane forget almost soules solace blest?
My greedy nature, quaffed ouer much,
Restrained poyson (potions of delight)
New libertie did former dyet grutch,
Though life the one, death other showd to sight,
Nature, gainst grace; prouoketh still this fight,
World to our wils doth yeeld accursed ayd,
Satan our senses dulles, that not affrayd,
We worke our wracke with greedy force and might:
But waken me (o Lord) I thee request,
With pleasure, paine, welth, wo, as likes thee best.

SON. VIII.

VVHat is thy measure full deest thou suppose
Of strength, of perfectnesse, of plenteous store,
Of frutes of faith professt, that now no more
Thou carest, albeit thy tree true beautie lose?
It can not be, whilst life and sap remaine,
That barren branch, so holy plant should beare:
A faire greene tree of goodly leaues were vaine,
Vnlesse that kindly frute also there were.
Words are but leaues, works fruits that should be there,
Shew that thou liu'st, by charitie therefore;
True holinesse doth teach a righteous lore,
Whereby to neighbors good our thoughts we reare;
Vaine is our knowledge and our holy showes,
If in our life the fruite of loue not growes.

SON. V.

HOw can I hope for all my forward ſpeed,
My freſh incounters of the riuals firſt,
My bold intent and zeale, which neuer dinſt
To runne ſo hard a race, and long indeed,
To win the prize? if paſt the greater paine,
I faint or do begin, my ſpeed delay,
Or truſting ouer much the goale to gaine,
Let euery leaden heele, leade me the way.
In race of ſoule to heauen, light many a ſtay,
And fainting body doth for pleaſure thruſt:
The world ſtrowes golden fruits (of taſt accurſt)
Which touch with loue, we loſe to ſoules decay:
Then let me ſtill runne on, ſo haue I need,
For conſtancie, ſtands moſt the ſoule in ſteed.

SON. VI.

ALl will not ſerue, the more I would beware,
The more I headlong fall and drowne in ſinne:
So farre vnlike the victorie to winne,
That to his building morter I prepare.
One thing I ſay, an other thing I do,
One ſhow of worke I haue, an other deed:
I runne cleane from the marke I looke vnto,
With one hand quench the fire, with other feed.
One error doth a hundred errors breed,
If one I cut, to grow do ten begin.
This fleſhly laberinth that I am in,
Is of the ſinnefull race of Hydras ſeed,
But yet my trauell ſtill I will not ſpare;
Becauſe I know, God hath on me a care.

Faine

SON. VII.

FAine would I bring some fruit of sauorie taſt,
For offering of freewill and of my zeale;
But I do feare my weakeneſſe to reueale,
(Like new wine in a crazed veſſell plaſt)
The veſſell yet (not liquor) being mine,
And it fild in by maſter of the ſtore,
I hope he will not at my gift repine,
But (if it faile) will it repleniſh more.
My weakeneſſe, I do oftentimes deplore,
And for reliefe, to him I do appeale:
Yet ioy, the bounty, that he daind to deale,
And halting haſt, to thoſe that go before.
In hope that my (nay his gifts) ſhall be graft,
Through loue vnto his ſonne, whom he imbraſt.

SON. VIII.

IMaruell much ſometimes to ſee my will,
Contraried by my ſelfe with harts conſent;
To ſee me croſſe the courſe my purpoſe ment,
And yet th'euent thereof proue better ſtill.
I am by nature vnto euill prone,
And that purſue, with forward fleſhly ayd:
Straight way my mind is chãgd (by means vnknown)
And heart conſents, my former will be ſtayd.
The cauſe hereof, and iſſues I haue wayd,
And find them ſtrange, yet bending in intent
Vnto my good (ſometimes though ill I ment)
And fayld of plots, my greateſt wile dome layd:
Which doth my ſoule, in fine with comfort fill,
To ſee Gods prouidence, my purpoſe ſpill.

SON. IX.

INow begin to doubt my preſent ſtate,
For that I feele no conflict in my mind:
A ſettled concord, needs muſt be vnkind,
Twixt fleſh and ſpright, which ſhould ech other hate,
They neere agree, but to their common woe,
And that through ſin which luld them both a ſleepe,
A warfare in this bodie would I goe,
Leſt fraud, or treaſon in through reſt ſhould creepe.
The practiſes of Sathan are ſo doepe,
Armed with fleſh and luſt, (whom prone we find)
That hardly can the ſoule his freedome keepe,
But that theſe fiendes would him with frailty bind.
Vnleſſe with heauenly weapons at debate,
With them we ſtand, and fight, both rare and late.

SON. X.

VVHen I remember, with what ſpeed in poſt
The Iewes (return'd from bondage) tooke in hand
Their Temple to reſtore, and armed ſtand,
In breach of wals to build, what enemies croſt.
When I their bountie note, in offering ſtore,
All freely giuen, and more then they could vſe,
How true their treaſures were that would no more,
Their workmens faith (accounts whilſt Kings refuſe.)
How theſe our latter times (which we accuſe
Of ignorance, through fraud of Balaams band)
Did yet powre forth the plenty of the land,
To holy vſe, which other did abuſe.
I ſorrow much to ſee true zeale cleane loſt,
And pure religion ſhakt for ſauing coſt.

What

SON. XI.

WHat loue is this whereof the world doth tell,
Which they to God profesſe and men admire?
Loue hath his lawes, and doth effects require
Of charitie (to neighbour) to excell.
For as the members of one bodie bee
Partakers of the paſſion others haue,
And ſpeedily concurre to helpe we ſee,
Becauſe (thereby) the bodies good they craue.
So if their loue to God they freely gaue,
And held him head; their zeale would burne like fire
To ſerue his Saints, the needy to attire,
And home the ſtray to call, the loſt to ſaue.
For how can they th'inuiſible God loue well,
Whē they neglect their neighbors, neer that dwel?

SON. XII.

WHo ſo will ſerue the Lord, he muſt beſtow
The whole (not part) of body or of mind:
If in his heart diſlike hereof he find,
His ſoule not yet, regenerate we may know.
Betwixt two ſtooles no ſitting ſafe there is,
And kingdomes ſo deuided cannot ſtand:
We muſt imbrace and loue or that, or this;
And not looke backe, if plough be once in hand.
If Gods we be, we Beliall muſt withſtand,
We cannot him well ſerue and Baall blind,
To Balak (Balams kindneſſe of ſuch kind)
Did draw him to accurſe the bleſſed land,
Whereby his Aſſe, did maſters blindneſſe ſhow;
And ſtill bewrays, weak faith, where this ſhal grow.

SON. XIII.

Giue all to him, that all did giue to thee:
More then his due, thou haſt not to beſtow:
By yeelding all, thou thankfulneſſe mayſt ſhow,
The more thy ſtore, the more his gifts would bee.
A chearefull giuer God doth beſt accept,
Though he doth giue that gift thou doſt preſent;
His bleſſings muſt be vſde and not be kept,
(Like fruitleſſe tallents) not to profit ſpent.
Thy ſoule and bodie both, ſince God hath lent,
The vſe of them (entire) to him ſhould grow,
What is our power and ſtrength, he well doth know:
And giues the will; which (vſde) he is content.
But for to ſhare a part, that ſcorneth hee
Who knows our thoughts & ſecret hart doth ſee.

SON. XIIII.

BVt will you know (indeed) the ſureſt way,
To make the child of God a loathing find
Of ſinne (which doth infect both heart and mind)
And vs the grace of God doth ſo denay?
Let man but ſee the fierce and angry face,
Of God for ſinne which in his word is found;
Let him behold a man deuoid of grace,
Whom euery thought & deed to death doth wound.
Let him (if euer grace did ſo abound
In him, as he found God a father kind)
But call to mind, how much it ſhould him bind,
And how ſaluation ſtandeth on that ground.
Then will he in his conſcience ſurely ſay,
I will dwell no more in ſinne, nor friends delay.

Some

SON. XV.

SOmetimes cleane tyr'd, or sham'd of sinne at last,
(If not for loue of good, or feare of hell)
I seeke to stay affections which rebell,
And how to quench their heat my wits I cast:
I find euen whilst the thought is in my head,
A liking thought thereof doth me possesse:
From thoughts to liking are my humors led,
And liking longs againe to worke no lesse.
My laberinth felt, I seeke in vaine t'expresse,
An idle thought can not such thoughts expell:
I thinke to exercise my time so well
In some good work, as may vaine thoughts suppresse;
But I do tyre, ere litle time be past:
Prayer alone withstands the greatest blast.

SON. XVI.

ME thinkes sometime, I muse and much admire,
The dulnesse of the Iewes, who daily saw (draw
The powrefull workes of Christ, which well might
A stony heart, to loue of him t'aspire:
Much more I maruell that the words he spake,
Seem'd parables, and darke vnto his owne
Disciples, who his scholers he did make,
To whom all secrets, should by time be knowne;
But when I find the wonders on vs showne,
Vnnoted or acknowledged, by awe
Vnto his will, or word, or holy law,
And common ignorance by most men showne.
It makes me feare, we want the holy fire
Of faith, loue, zeale, which dutie would require.

SON. XVII.

VVHat vaine lip-labour is it men do vse
To speake of God, his name in word confesse?
When as in life no dutie they expresse
Of godlinesse, but fleshly freedome chuse:
Not euery one that cryeth often Lord,
Shall enter to possesse eternall rest:
Vaine ostentation was (we see) abhord
In Pharise, whose speech and showes were best.
Hypocrisie the Lord did aye detest,
And chiefly that in them, his name should blesse,
As Anany, with Saphira no lesse
Do witnesse by their death, at hand adrest:
Let vs therefore this babbling forme refuse,
Of boasting holinesse, which doth abuse.

SON. XVIII.

IGoe about full oft (like Iewes most blind)
To offer vp, to God a sacrifice
Propitiatorie, gratefull to his eies,
Thereby remission for my sinnes to find:
But lose my labour whilst I cleane forget,
First with my neighbour to be reconcild,
A heape of rankor doth my conscience let,
From looking for remorse in father mild.
The mercies on the which my hopes should build,
My owne malicious purpose me denies,
For how should I that grace to gaine deuise,
Which from my neighbours sutes I haue exild?
At Temple dore my offering stayes behind,
Henceforth therefore, till malice leaue my mind.

O happy

SON. XIX.

O Happie Simon of Syren, art thou,
Who choſen wert that office to ſupply,
To beare part of the croſſe, on which ſhould die
Thy Sauiour, (worlds new life and comfort true:)
Not wood I meane ſo much, which thou didſt beare,
But that remorſe, which thereby I ſuppoſe,
(Through ſhame and ſorrow, pittie, care, and feare)
Which for his innocencie in thee roſe.
Such croſſes and full many more then thoſe,
(Euen for my ſinnes and for my ſelfe) wiſh I
As many as on fleſhly ſtrength might lye,
Or grace would aide, ere faith did comfort loſe:
That for his ſeruant ſo he would me vow,
And try and vſe me as he beſt knowes how.

SON. XX.

VV Hat are our ſenſes drownd and paſt recure?
Are reſt and eaſe (the needfull aides of man,
Without viciſitude of which none can
Continue long) become by peace impure?
Shall bleſſings proue our curſe, deſire our bane?
Shall wiſh attaine his will? will worke our wo?
Shall profit be our loſſe? loſſe turne to gaine?
Shall Gods great goodneſſe be requited ſo?
Should fathers kindneſſe make a child a fo?
(O God forbid) our vowes were other, whan
Our tyred ſoules, our prayers firſt began
To ſend, as ſuters to our God to go.
His loue to vs did our deſires procure,
Let our deſires his growing loue allure.

SON. XXI.

WHen I do see the mercies manifold,
Which God doth vse t'extend to his elect,
Whose actions alwaies he doth so direct,
That loue and fauour in him they behold:
How things restrained vnto them are free,
And all things holy to the holy are,
How priuiledgd in euery thing they bee,
And nothing from his loue can them debarre.
My mind from common comforts flyeth farre,
And findes (on earth) no true ioy in effect;
On God alone, I place my harts affect:
Where peace is perfect, without strife or iarre,
And through these worldly cares I wander (bold,
Secure) in courage, more then can be told.

SON. XXII.

COme to the Councell of your common weale,
Ye senses mine (which haue confederate bin
With world and Satan to infect with sin
My soule, whose harbour in your house befell)
Thinke ye your safety great, when he is thrall?
That ye can scape, if soule once captiue bee?
That plagues she feeles, shall not on ye befall?
And ye with her, bring endlesse woe to mee?
What earthly beauty can eyes brightnesse see?
What melodie heare eares? what liked smell?
What vnloathd tast, or feelings please so well,
That are not often noysome vnto yee?
Then (since such hazard great, short ioy ye win)
To watch with me, gainst common foes begin.

In

SON. XXIII.

IN midst of plentie, and of happiest state,
Wherein by nature all men do delight,
Me thinkes I see, most cause of feare and fright,
Most perils, and most dangerous growne debate:
A masking rout of treacherous bayted hookes,
Cast forth by Sathan for to choke the mind,
By euery sense, where so the thought but lookes,
To draw vs to destruction wretches blind:
It was graue prouidence of Iob I find,
(Fearing the charmes and dangers like to light
On feasting children) praying day and night,
To mollifie the wrath of God most kind.
Which would to God were vsd by vs likewise,
So should lesse euill of our mirth arise.

SON. XXIIII.

HOw little comfort do I find (alas)
In these vaine pleasures, which my flesh desireth?
The vse of them full soone me cloyes and tireth,
And solace gone as thing that neuer was:
I striue sometimes to tast the same content,
In mirth and company that others find;
Yet seldome tast the blisse I not repent,
And leaues no bitter sting or griefe behind:
In fine I find the bodie is too blind
To iudge of happinesse, since it admireth
A shadow, which from memory retyreth,
And therefore chuse hencefoorth to feed my mind,
With some such solace, as that will not passe,
And I with comfort see, in faithfull glasse.

SON. XXV.

VVEll, if I find no greater bt my powre,
But yeeld and reele with euery puffe that blo'wth,
And that my nature still such frailtie show'th,
As that my constant purpose fayles each howre:
If I can not approch, or see the tree
Of fruit forbid, but needes I must it tast;
If lust vnlawfull so abound in mee,
That headlong I must needs to ruine hast:
The readiest way to keepe my conscience chast,
Must be to shun occasions, where do grow
The roots, whence fruits of deadly poyson flow,
And therein only thinke my safegard plast:
For (if I see) I hunger to deuowre
The bayt (soules bane) and dwell in sinfull bowre.

SON. XXVI.

VVHo toucheth pitch shall therewith be defilde,
(The prouerbe saith, and practise theweth plaine)
The purest conscience custome soone will staine,
And wisest wits, by boldnesse be beguilde:
We therefore warily had need to walke,
And stop temptations when they first do rise;
For euill deedes insue of euill talke,
And euill company polutes the wise.
We know that Sathan alwayes watchfull lies,
By many meanes, vs to his will to gaine:
If we a little yeeld, it is in vaine
For safe retreat to hope, or to deuise:
Vnlesse Gods grace the bulwarke stronger build,
By which hels powre is quencht, and he exilde.

SON. XXVII.

HE that to do no euill doth intend,
He must do nought that may thereto belong;
He that is purpoled to do no wrong,
To thought our speech of ill he must not bend.
Sinne is a theefe, and searcheth euery part,
And powre of man, to find a harbor fit;
He can disguise his purpose well by art,
And in a trap vs vnawares can git.
If we but kindly talke (to practise wit)
He soone can frame the mind to pleasing song.
The mind, the bodie soone can draw along,
To yeeld consent vnto, and practise it:
In fine he can vs teach sinne to defend,
And (noozeld once therein) to find no end.

SON. XXVIII.

WHen I looke backe vpon the slipperie way,
Wherein my youth with other worldlings past,
I halfe amazed do remaine agast
To see the ruine whereunto it lay:
So many by-pathes, crooked and vniust,
So many stops and stayes, and wayes impure;
So little hold of helpe whereto to trust,
So many blockes my perill to procure:
Such flattering traines to ruine to allure,
As had not grace the graceleslie stayd at last,
I had my selfe to hell, euen headlong cast,
There to remaine without remead or cure:
I then (compeld) with thankes to God do say,
That in mans proper strength there is no stay.

SON. XXIX.

AMong the many fierce assaults we haue,
To me impatience, seemes most strong of all,
Which makes vs from our best defence to fall,
Of wisedome, reason, faith, which all do waue:
Our temp'rance thereby we do quickly loose,
Humilitie and loue we oft do shake,
From law and reason we our eares do close,
And bit in teeth (like stubborne coltes) we take:
Of heauenly promist aide, no count we make:
Of our deserts, we take no heed at all,
For vengeance we with fury only call,
Or with dispaire, we comfortlesse do quake,
When we (like Dauid) should, lewd Simei saue,
In feare least God, forth his commission gaue.

SON. XXX.

WHo seeketh ayde his frailties to withstand,
He may be sure he shall not deadly fall;
Who but for grace, to God doth truly call,
He shall find comfort doubtlesse out of hand:
To see his sinnes, to feare their vengeance due,
To call for grace, to seeke the same amend;
Of Gods elections, tokens are so true,
That such (as his) he doubtlesse will defend.
If that his humbled heart, his soule do bend
To will of good, though fruit there be but small;
He cannot fruitlesse said to be at all,
Because his merits Christ to him doth lend:
And he as free shall be of promist land,
As those in who more righteous worke he fand.

It

SON. XXXI.

IT is not causeleſſe, Chriſt did vſe compare
Mans mind vnto the ſoile that tilled is;
They both fulwell indeed agree in this,
Vntilled, they vnfruitfull are and bare:
Such ſeede as is beſtow'd, they do receaue,
And both yeeld fruit as God doth giue increaſe;
Some ſeed is ſpilt, ſome Sathan doth bereaue,
Some proſper, and produce a plentious peace:
And as deuouring fowles do neuer ceaſe,
Ne wormes, ne ſwine, to ſeeke do neuer mis,
Each one to ſpoyle a part, whilſt plow-man his
Due recompence of paines cannot poſſeſſe;
So doth the ſoule, though tild with ſtudious care,
Gret ſtore of weeds bring forth, good fruits ful rare.

SON. XXXII.

IF wo there was by Chriſt pronounſt indeed,
Againſt Coraſin and Bethſaida day,
Becauſe vnpenitent they ſluggiſh lay,
And to his preaching gaue not carefull heed;
Then woe and double woe I feare (alas)
Belongs to vs, who ſcornefully reiect
The ſame word preached, which vnheard doth paſs,
Or vnobayd (at leaſt) through foule neglect:
Our liues, our double hearts doth well detect,
Our want of charitie, ſelfe loue bewray,
Our pride, our luſt, our couetous denay,
That eares haue heard, or hart doth grace affect:
Then woe is me that woe our ſelues we breed,
And that for feare of woe, or harts not bleed.

SON. XXXII.

IT should not seeme, that we do sinne detest,
As we professe, and make the world to thinke;
When we not only at foule faults do winke,
But rather at the doers make a iest:
How could a thing displeasing, mirth produce?
Or heartie laughter grow, by hearts displeasure?
To laugh at others fall, doth shew an vse
Of our like guilt, who sinne so slightly measure,
The mouth doth speake from harts abounding treasure,
The heart delights, when mind consent doth bring,
The mind (polluted once by bodies sting)
Infects whole man, on whom sinne then hath seasure,
And when (thus) sinne hath built a place of rest,
He makes vs euery euill to digest.

SON. XXXIII.

THe fatall haps, and iudgements which befall
On others and on vs, remorse should breed,
For warnings of our selues they stand in steed,
And vs vnto repentant feare do call:
They are not alwayes worst, who do sustaine
The greatest plagues, ne yet the others free
Of guilt (howbeit vnpunisht they remaine)
But rather for the more part worse they bee:
Christs holy iudgement teacheth this to mee,
By fall of Sylo towre (the which indeed)
Slue not the worst; and euen the best had heed,
Their due desarts in others doome to see.
Let one mans wo, be warning then to all,
And life reformd, amend, sinnes great and small.

I often

SON. XXXV.

I Often times endeuour to prepare
My mind, to beare with patience natures due,
Death which (though fearefull) muſt perforce inſue,
And which no humane fleſh did euer ſpare:
I therefore when I ſee the many woes
That others do ſuſtaine by liuing long;
The ſickneſſe, want, diſhonor, ſpight of foes,
Which moſt men muſt ſuſtaine by right or wrong.
The hazards which on earth to vs belong,
The doubtfull hopes and feares which aye renue;
Ten thouſand fained pleaſures (for one true)
And care to compaſſe them we haue among:
I grow to graunt, that life is but a ſnare,
Death, way to life, a life deuoyd of care.

SON. XXXVI.

VVHo ſees the ſeed that in the ground is caſt,
Cleane frõ all weeds, without both chaffe & ſtraw,
Yet afterward when harueſt neare doth draw,
Shall ſee the weeds increaſe therein ſo faſt:
Who ſees the trauell to receiue againe,
The corne from chaffe, and ſtubble cleanſed made,
May ſee corruption in the ſoule remaine,
Which ſo with droſſe, the ſlender crop doth lade.
And in the ſoule may ſee like daily trade,
(By natures weakeneſſe, which vs keepes in awe)
So much; that though we heare and feare the law
And Goſpell, and in them a while do wade:
We bring few fruits (and them moſt bad) at laſt,
Which Sathan, world, & fleſh, with ſin haue blaſt.

SON. XXXVII.

THough lawfull many things indeed I find,
To such as do them with a conscience pure;
Yet like I not my selfe, for to inure
To things, not pleasing to the weaker mind;
And many lawfull things there are beside,
Which be not yet expedient to be done;
A Christians actions, must the tutch abide
Of such, as by example will be wonne.
For why, the ignorant do blindfold runne
The trade that others tread, as way most sure,
And memory of ill, doth more indure
Then good, wherefore we warily should shunne
The action which may chance insnare the blind,
Although the wise from hazard safely wind.

SON. XXXVIII.

VAine are the brags, and faith but fruitlesse is,
Of such who bost of vertue and holinesse,
When as profaned speech doth yet expresse
A hollow heart, by tongue that talkes amisse.
The tongue declares th'abundance of the hart,
And by our speech we vse t'expresse our mind,
A truly touched soule, with wound doth smart,
When vaine or fruitlesse speech to rise they find:
But nature (forst) will soone returne to kind,
And who his seemelesse speech will not suppresse,
Vaine and deceitfull must his brags confesse,
And that delight in sinne is yet behind:
Who therefore hath no care at all of this,
His knowledge, zeale, and life receiues no blis.

I often

SON. XXXIX.

I Often others heare lament, and say
They cannot see, the fruit they do expect
By prayer; and my selfe feele like effect,
Because indeed, I vnprepared pray.
Not that my knees with reuerence do not bow,
Or that my tongue, it doth not craue reliefe;
Or that my heart, my words doth not allow;
But charitie doth want, and firme beliefe,
Which to true praiers are assistants chiefe,
Both which (for most part) man doth vse neglect,
For want of either of which we are reiect,
And to our weakenesse addeth double griefe:
Who doth till reconcilement, offring stay,
His faithfull lawfull prayers find no nay.

SON. XL.

THe season of the yeare, the natiue kind
Of euery creature to produce some thing,
Into my conscience doth this motion bring,
To God and nature not to be vnkind:
Two soyles I haue, and both vnfruitfull be,
Through weedes (of sin) which both them ouer grow:
The body barren and the soule I see,
Of vertuous fruits, which God and world I owe.
Vouchsafe yet Lord (Phauonean breath) to blow,
With heauenly grace inspiring so my mind,
That soule regenerate, in body find
Reformed life, true life in me to show:
For fleshly fruits (too rife) to hell do sling,
Soules blessed seed, ascends on Angels wing.

SON. XLI.

ALl men by nature greedy are to know,
And (knowing much) the more they do contend,
(To draw vnto true knowledge perfect end)
By practise to the world, some fruits to show:
What knowledge is there then in heauen or earth,
(For one of wiledome great) so high and fit,
To trauell in, euen from the day of birth,
As that is gathered out of holy writ?
Therein is matter for each kind of wit,
Strange, ancient, pleasing, subtle, for to spend
The finest wits, and make them stoope and bend,
Whilst weakest braines, find skill and ioy in it.
Though high it reach, it beareth fruit below,
Which (tasted once) makes stomack stroger grow.

SON. XLII.

STrange are (in truth) the fruits that man doth win,
And plentifull by vse of studie indeed,
Which appetite and matter still doth breed,
If but to gather them we do begin:
But heauenly studie much more copious is,
Contayning all that humane art doth teach:
And (not alone it feeds our minds with this)
But soules true solace it doth farther reach:
It doctrine supernaturall doth preach,
And doth diuinely sow the sacred seed
Which shall our soules with lasting comfort feed,
And worldly skill, of ignorance appeach:
That is the studie we should neuer lin
To spell, reade, conster, and to practise in.

Downe

SON. XLIII.

DOwne let vs fling theſe battlements begonne
Of ſinne, which in our ſoules ſo faſt are built,
At firſt, or not at all it muſt be ſpilt,
Or elſe his fort (once made) the field is wonne.
If we neglect our watch, and not preuent
His practiſes, but euen a little while:
Our trauell afterward is vainely ſpent,
And he our beſt attempts will ſoone beguile:
If we at luſts aſſaults but ſeeme to ſmile,
(Though lowly firſt he creepe, yet ſtraight on ſtilt)
He will vpſtart, and make vs yeeld to gilt,
And we our ſelues ſoules ſlaughter be the while,
Becauſe we ſtay not ſinne till it be donne,
But (rather) after it do fondly runne.

SON. XLIIII.

THere is great ods we ſee and muſt confeſſe,
Betwixt the ſpeakers and the doers faith,
Words well, but deeds much better man bewraith,
And both conioynd, do dutie beſt expreſſe.
One promiſeth to come (as was requir'd)
To feaſt; the other it denyeth, but went:
The firſt he did neglect what was deſir'd,
The latters deedes, do ſhew he did relent:
He had the prayſe and feaſt, who did repent,
His words, his blame, who breaking promiſe ſtayth
Whoſe life doth not confirme what tongue it ſayth,
(For all his brags) in end ſhall firſt be ſhent,
But who doth tongue and hart to God addreſſe,
His deeds (be ſure) with grace he ſtill will bleſſe.

SONN. XLV.

HAue we not cause to blush full oft for shame,
To see how we neglect our neighbours need?
How slow to helpe, where we might stand in steed,
How slight excuses we do vse to frame:
When yet our Saiuour seemeth to respect,
The silly Oxe which in the ditch doth lye,
Whose aide a stranger ought not to neglect,
If (but by chance) he saw it passing by:
But if our brother readie were to dye,
(For very want necessities to feed)
We let him sterue, and take of him no need,
Yea (though he craue) we sticke not to deny,
As though it vs suffisd, to beare the name
Of Christians, yet in life deny the same.

SON. XLVI.

NOt onely doth the Lord, repute as good,
The deedes which he in vs himselfe hath wrought;
(Yea though our wils gainst him in the haue fought,
And he perforce (by grace) our powers withstood,)
But if we euill do, by stubborne will,
And seeke indeed no good at all thereby;
But euen our lewd affections to fulfill,
(So that all grace in vs do seeme to dye)
Yet euen in them, this good we shall espy,
(If we his children be whom Christ hath bought)
That he permits vs not to fall for nought,
But that our frailtie and our wits we tryeth,
And so more earnestly vnto him pray,
And find that pretious fruit a Christian may.

SON. XLVII.

VVE had not need in idlenesse to spend
The dayes (both few and euill) which we haue;
The reason, powre, strength, helth which God vs gaue,
To some good end (no doubt) he did vs lend.
Full many businesses shall we find,
Enuironing our life on euery side,
Which if they were retayned still in mind,
In watch and trauell they should cause vs bide.
The worldly cares of all men well are tride,
The daunger of the soule I seeke to saue,
A world of lusts attend vs to the graue,
And Sathan lyes in waite to leade vs wide
From heauen, wherto true wisedome wils vs bend;
Thinke then if man haue need watch to the end.

SON. XLVIII.

SInce it hath pleasd the Lord to send such store
Of blessings to the bodie, that it may,
In peace and plentie spend one ioyfull day,
(Which many want, and it long'd for before:)
I not repin'd that it the same should vse,
But feard the frailty of the flesh (alas)
Which made my soule, for safest way to chuse,
(With Iob) in feare and care my time to pas:
For sacrifice, my soule there offered was,
Thy holy spirit, the Priest, my will did slay;
His zeale inflam'd the thoughts which prostrate lay,
And quencht thy wrath with teares like fluent glas,
So that (though Sathan readie was at dore
Me to accuse, and try) I feare no more.

SON. XLIX.

VVHat miracle so great hath euer bin
So farre from reasons, or from natures bounds?
What thing Gods glory and his prayse resounds,
More then his mercie in forgiuing sinne?
If things contrary to their natiue kind,
(To ioyne accord, producing strange effects)
Do admiration breed in euery mind,
What thing so much Gods glory then detects,
As this, to see, how daily he protects
And blesseth vs in whom all vice abounds?
How he doth hide our faults which so him wounds,
Supplies the want which proper powre neglects.
Then (since distrust his miracles keepe backe)
Let vs be sure, that we true faith not lacke.

SON. L.

AS those whose skill with colours life-like draw
The portraitures of men, with shadowes rare,
Yet shapes deformed, they ne will nor dare
To shew to others, as themselues them saw:
So when I make futtay (by rule of truth)
Of all my actions, and my soules estate,
I am asham'd to see the scapes of youth,
And feare to looke on that I lou'd of late:
And as I do my selfe, euen for them hate,
So feare I others could no more me spare,
If I should shew my selfe naked and bare,
Who with these fowle affects held no debate;
Yet since they are but breaches of the law,
The Gospell will me shrowd from Sathans paw.

Among

SON. LI.

AMong the many trauels of the iuſt,
The laſt, which holy Iob (alas) ſuſtaind;
I thinke his ſoule and bodie moſt it paind,
And like thereto, vs likewiſe martyr muſt,
When we (vpon vs) feele Gods heauy curſe
For ſinne, from which no one of vs is free;
That comforters ſhould ſeeke to make vs worſe,
And friends like foes, ſhould our tormenters bee.
To hud-blind vs, when moſt we need to ſee,
By colouring ſinne, which ought to be explaind,
Or amplifying errors which are faind,
To make our ſoules and bodies diſagree:
All theſe he felt by friends he moſt ſhould truſt,
To hell by pride, or by diſpaire to thruſt.

SON. LII.

SLow is our God (indeed) and very ſlo
To wrath, and that the wicked dearly find;
His children ſooner feele correction kind,
And ſo repent; whilſt ſinfull forward go.
Slow though he be, yet ſure his iudgements are:
They are deferd, they are not cleane forgot;
He tries our natures, letting raines ſo farre
Loſe to our wils, till we regard him not:
But when we furiouſly to hell do trot,
He ſtayes our ſteps, and wils doth gently bind,
Whiles he the reprobates the more doth blind,
Till they (through ſinne) do fall to Sathans lot:
By Gods correcting hand and patience ſo,
The one to ſinne inclines, the other fro.

SON. LIII.

WHen I consider of the holy band,
Of loue and mercie with the Iewes was made,
The heauenly and earthly blessings which did lade,
Their soules and bodies, whilst in grace they stand.
When I examine cause of this their change,
And note in soule and bodie wofull fall;
How exiles (comfortlesse) the earth they range
Depriu'd of knowledge, glory, hope and all:
When I (as cause hereof) to mind do call,
Their stubborne, faithlesse, and ingratefull trade,
(With which the Prophets did them oft vpbrayd,
And causes were of wrath from heauen not small)
Me thinkes I see like iudgement neare at hand,
For trespasse like to punish this our land.

SON. LIIII.

OThat we could be rauished awhile,
Fro out these fleshly fogs, and seas of sin,
Which grosse affections daily drench vs in,
And do the taste of perfect sense beguile:
That so whilst selfe-loue slept, true loue might show;
That pride might so put on an humble mind,
That patience might in steed of rankor grow,
And naked truth, from craft might freedome find:
That vertue had some harbor safe assignd,
And reason had his scope, and did begin
(Of these foule fiends) a victorie to win,
And them in bondage to the soule to bind:
Then should we see how farre they do exile
Our perfect blisse, whilst thus they vs defile.

Like

SON. LV.

LIke master like the seruants proue (say we)
We therefore are (of like) of Sathans traine,
His auncient lesson which did parents staine,
We learne as yet, and lie as fast as he.
False are his rules, himselfe an old deceiuer,
Vntrue he is, vntruth he first did teach,
God being truth, nought can so soone disseuer,
And no one sin no more offence doth reach.
Sathan himselfe can not Gods lawes appeach
To be vniust, nor say, we iust remaine,
But by new names doth his fraile scholers gaine,
To follow follies which affections preach,
Lust, wrath, & crueltie, pride call we fee,
Loue, value, thrift, and cleanlinesse to bee.

SON. LVI.

VVE may reioyce, but yet in Christ alone;
Alone in him, is cause of true ioy found,
All other ioy is but indeed vnsound,
Perfection or continuance elsewhere none:
If man with Salomon the hap might haue
To tast each earthly pleasure he desir'd,
He would but giue that praise the other gaue,
That (once possest) their pleasure straight retir'd:
From earth to heauenly knowledge he aspir'd,
And humaine wisedome he did throughly sound,
In which he saw calamities abound,
And did neglect as vaine, things most admir'd.
In this alone, contented ioy is showne,
To loue, feare, serue, this Christ our corner stone.

SONNET.

VVIse Moses and grape Iustinians law seuere,
Do well agree to reason in naturall:
And God in like sort, bids his iudgements fall,
So that our sinnes their proper vengeance beare,
As eye for eye, and tooth for tooth was due:
So nature doth our faults for most part pay,
With penitance by it selfe which doth insue,
As we shall find if we our actions eay:
And God himselfe doth on th'adultrer lay,
On wrathfull, couetous, and proud men all,
Shame, blouth, want, scorne, vnlesse in time they call
For grace, by which only can their ruine stay.
Whereby we see, whom man can scape not in feare,
God makes (by nature) badge of trespasse weare.

SONNET.

IT seemeth strange since death so common is,
That daily we experience thereof haue,
By rich, and poore, wise, fooles, that go to graue,
That we so little heed do take of this:
Since nought so much contrarie to our will,
Doth flesh befall, or aye doth seeke to shun,
That yet we headlong haste to ruine still,
Of soule and bodie, which to hell would run.
Scarce we so soone to liue haue but begun,
But (drenched in affections fearefull waue)
We seeke to slay the soule, we wish to saue,
And no outrage in bodie leaue vndone,
So that if God did not (of mercie his)
Perforce our wils restraine, we heauen should mis.

SON. LIX.

WHo would not craue to haue his wounds be heald?
Who can be heald that will not shew his griefe?
Who (senselesse of his paine) would know reliefe?
Who can giue cure, whilst truth is not reuealed?
Who can be iudge of ill, that knowes no good?
Who can know good, that shuns to learne the same?
Who can it learne, that selfe-loue hath withstood?
Who can condemne himself, that knowes no blame?
Knowledge must first our minds more lowly frame;
Through lowlinesse will feare and sorrow grow;
Feare will seeke forth a pledge for debt we owe,
And pledge and portion find in Christ his name:
Thus knowledge of our state, and pride repeald,
Is way to sauing health, by Scripture seald.

SON. LX.

THe weapon which I did vnwieldy find,
Of natiue strength, and powre of flesh and bloud,
(With like whereof Goliah me withstood)
And I for changed sling (I left once behind)
By Gods good grace (who courage gaue and strength)
Is now become a sword more fit for mee,
Who (practisd in his battels now at length)
The vse thereof, find not vnfit to bee:
For since to him it dedicate I see,
And I refreshed am with holy food,
My courage makes me hope I weare it shood,
And cause my soules great foe therewith to flee.
For humane arts and knowledge of the mind,
Do serue the Saints, though worldlings they do

SONN. LXI.

IT is not rest from trauell and from paine
Alone, that in the Sabboth is requir'd,
Nor abstinence from meat, that was desir'd
So much, when Ionas did his fast ordaine.
As rest from sinne and inward meditation
Of Gods great workes, and mercies which abound;
As feeding of our soules with recreation
Of heauenly doctrine, in the scriptures found:
As by prostrating humbly on the ground,
Our stubborne hearts, puft vp and almost fir'd
With wicked lusts, (with vanitie attir'd)
Festerd with all affections most vnsound;
A Sabboth or a fast so spent, is gaine,
Whe flesh beat down, the sprite doth raisd remaine.

SON. LXII.

WHat is the cause that men so much eschue
The reading of the sacred written word?
For nought else sure but that (like two edg'd sword)
It separates and shewes the faults from true:
No sentence in it read or truly wayd,
(Or by the preacher vttered) turnes in vaine,
But woundes the soule with sorrow; which affrayd,
(If Gods it be) to grace it cals againe:
But such as Sathans be, to heare refraine,
The heauy iudgements that they haue incurd;
And (faithlesse) thinke, God can ne will afford
To them, the blisse that children his attaine.
It is a signe therefore, grace neuer grew,
In such as shun to heare, and learne anew.

When

SON. LXIII.

WHen I do heare ſweet muſicks pleaſant ſound,
By which the Angels records are expreſt,
(Who ſing to God due prayſes without reſt)
Me thinkes to pray with them my ſelfe am bound.
When I the concord ſounds of true conſent
Do note, which by their different voice is bred,
It makes my hart to melt to ſee man bent,
By diſcord to diſſolue the bliſſe, that led
To heauenly comfort, which the Angels ſod;
And is of Chriſtian loue perfection beſt;
Whoſe vnitie in Chriſt hath made them bleſt,
To liue in him when law had left vs dead:
The Saints therfore on earth ſhould aye be found,
With thankfull, ioyfull, hearts of loue t'abound.

SON. LXIIII.

AS doth the fire, with imbers ouer-ſpred,
And powder in the Cannon rammed hard,
(By which his furies but awhile debard,
When they breake forth) procure more feare & dred:
As aire in cloud, or earth reſtrained long,
Doth by his nature in the end preuaile:
And (in reuenge of his ſo ſuffered wrong)
Doth earth-quake breed, or thūdring firebolts haile:
So when increaſing ſins, afreſh aſſaile
Our God of mercie, then is he prepard,
Our inſolencies fiercely to reward
With double ruine, which he will not faile
To terrifie thoſe that in ſinne are dead,
Whilſt his to liue (reſeru'd) thereby are lead.

SON. LXV.

WHen I do see a man of loftie mind,
Delighting in the pompe he doth possesse;
A ruine or a shame at hand I gesse,
For which effect God doth his iudgement blind:
For as most daintily we vse to feed,
The beasts to slaughter that we haue ordaind:
So surfet of delights, a feare should breed,
Least sowrer penmance afterward remaind:
The proofe hereof hath still the godly waynd,
From pride or too much trust in happinesse;
Which do not still Gods fauour firme expresse,
But vsd as trials are, of conscience faynd,
We therefore cause of care in plenty find,
To moue vs pray, and watch the end behind.

SON. LXVI.

AS doth the morning comfort to vs bring,
By giuing light to guide vs in our wayes,
As sun-shine beames his beautie then displayes,
To solace, feed, refresh each earthly thing:
So should (me thinkes) a thankfull heart thereby,
Be mou'd, to waigh the fruits by them we haue,
And by that light a greater light espy,
Who these (for bodies good) vnto vs gaue.
Like light vnto his soule forthwith to craue,
Whereby it sleeping (void of holy rayes
Of grace) in sinne doth spend away the dayes,
Which Christ our Sauiour died, the same to saue,
Vnto thee Lord, (Creator, powrefull king)
With birds by break of day they prayse should sing.

I list

SON. LXVII.

I Liſt not iudge nor cenſure other men;
As I do iudge, ſo iudge me others will,
And God himſelfe that part can beſt fulfill:
With others faults I will not meddle then,
Vnleſſe ſo farre as dutie doth deſire,
Which is with loue to warne them of the way,
Whoſe weakneſſe doth our louing aide require,
To ſtay the ſteps wherein they are aſtray:
But I muſt iudge my ſelfe (doth ſcripture ſay)
And that I will, but not by natiue skill:
The law and Goſpell they ſhall try me ſtill,
And their true touch, ſhall my eſtate bewray:
My conſcience witneſſe more then thouſands ten,
My hart confeſſe my faults with tongue and pen.

SON. LXVIII.

I See ſometimes a miſchiefe me beſet,
Which doth amaze me much, and griefe procure:
I haue a hope or hap I wiſh t'endure,
But it doth vaniſh ſtraight, and I do fret.
I craue ſometimes of God with feruencie,
A thing (me thinkes) which might worke to my ioy,
My prayers yet he ſeemeth to denie,
And by the contrary doth worke my annoy:
I find at length the thing I ſcorn'd (as coy)
Fall to my profit, and doth me aſſure,
That God by this his goodneſſe, doth allure
Me to depend on him, and not to toy,
(By natiue reaſon guided,) but to let
His prouidence haue praiſe, and honor get.

SON. LXIX.

HOw should I vse my time hencefoorth the best?
The little that remaines ought well be spent:
Too much lost time, cause hath I to repent,
Best mends must be, well to imploy the rest.
To pray and prayse the Lord, is fit for me,
To craue things needfull, and his mercies tell;
My spirituall wants and carnall plenties be,
As many yet his blessings which excell:
But multitude of words please not so well,
He knowes the heart which righteously is bent,
All holy actions are as prayers ment,
And he is prayd, when sinne we do repell:
Then if my life, the world and flesh detest,
I pray and prayse, and shall find actions blest.

SON. LXX.

GOod words are praisd, but deeds are much more rare!
One shadow is, the other substance right,
Of Christian faith (which God and man delight)
Without which fruits our barren tree is bare:
Once well done, is more comfort to the soule,
More profit to the world, to God more prayse,
Then many learned words which sinne controule,
Or all lip-labour that vaine glorie sayes.
Who in a holy life doth spend his dayes,
And still maintaine gainst sinne a valiant fight,
He preacheth best, his words are most of might,
He shall conuert men most from sinfull wayes:
Such shall haue honor most (affirme I dare)
With God and man, and lesse of worldly care.

Since

SON. LXXI.

SInce we by baptiſme, ſeruants are profeſt
To Chriſt, whoſe name we (as an honor) beare,
It is good reaſon, we his liuery weare,
And not go ranging wainely with the reſt:
Since we do feed (by bountie of his hand)
On precious food, which he doth giue and dreſſe,
(Who at the well of life doth ready ſtand
Vs to refreſh, if thirſt do vs oppreſſe.)
We are too ſlow our ſelues to him t'addreſſe,
To craue and vſe theſe gifts in loue and feare:
His righteous liuery we do rather teare,
Then whom we ſerue by vſe thereof expreſſe:
Little he got that was ſuch bidden gueſt,
And how can thankleſſe ſeruants then be bleſt?

SON. LXXII.

SInce ſhame of men much more then godly feare,
Reſtraineth vs from ſinne, as proofe doth preach;
Since more we after name of vertue reach,
Then to the truth thereof we loue do beare:
It were a part of wiſedome to deuiſe,
To vſe our nature (of it ſelfe ſo vaine)
From ſo baſe cuſtome (euen for ſhame) to riſe
To actions good, which might true honor gaine.
The beſt remede I therefore find remaine,
To purchaſe prayſe, and vertues habit teach,
Is to profeſſe in ſpeech the ſame, whoſe breach
In life we ſhould refraine, leaſt we ſhould ſtaine
Our name, which would at length our liking reare,
To loue of God indeed, and ſinnes forbeare.

SON. LXXIII.

THe difference is right great (a man may see)
Twixt heauen and earth, twixt soule and body ours,
Twixt God & man, heauens powre & earthly towres;
As great the difference, in their vse must bee,
By high, ambitious, and by wrathfull sword,
Are earthly, transitory kingdomes gaynd;
Humilitie with patient deed and word,
To heauenly crowne and honour doth attaine:
Man will his conquest with vaine glory staine;
Heauens kingdom former pride forthwith deuowrs,
It equals all estates, sects, skils, and powres,
And makes the bodie well vnite remaine,
Whereof the head is Christ, the members we,
And held coheires of heauen with him we be.

SON. LXXIIII.

FOr vs who do by nature still incline
Vnto the worst, and do the best forget,
Who do all passed benefits lightly set,
And so vnthankfully gainst God repine?
It were great wisedome dayly to obserue,
Such sundry haps as do to vs befall,
By which to learne, how much God doth deserue;
Who those, and passed benefits gaue vs all.
And since there is not any blisse so small,
But for the which, we ought acknowledge debt,
On each occasion we should gladly get,
A meanes our minds to thankfulnesse to call.
For nought God craues, ne we can giue in fine,
But drinke with thankes his cup of sauing wine.

The

SON. LXXV.

THe parable of ſeed well ſowne on ground,
Which did according (as the ſoyle did ſarue)
Some neuer bud, ſome bloome, ſome ſtraightway
Some grow, & in his crop ſo much abound: (ſtarue,
Doth well deſcribe (as Chriſt full well applyes)
The nature of the word, the which is ſent
By written Goſpell and by preachers cryes,
Into the heart, which (hearing) it doth rent:
And (as well tild) ſometimes begins relent,
And yeeldeth bleſſed fruit and prayſe deſarue;
As God the ſhowres of grace doth freely carue,
And diligence in weeding it is ſpent:
For many times ſuch ſinfull tares are found,
As good had bin the ſeed in ſea had drownd.

SON. LXXVI.

I Cannot chuſe (but yet deuoyd of pride)
To note the happie and the glorious time
Wherein we liue, and flouriſh in the prime
Of knowledge, which thoſe former dayes not tride:
For all preheminences which are read,
(Foreſpoke of latter age by Prophets all)
As happily were perform'd, as promiſed,
When Chriſt thoſe myſteries did on earth vnfold,
And thoſe accompliſh which were long foretold:
The ſame, yea more by farre (we duſt and ſlime
Vnworthy wayers of thee, high we clime)
Enioy, through preached truth more worth thē gold.
But woe is me, this grace is vs denyde,
We (to our ſelues) haue not the ſame applyde.

SON. LXXVII.

IF thou do feele thy fleshly thoughts repine,
When thou doest beare the crosses God doth send,
And that thou vnder burden of them bend,
And out of due obedience wouldst vntwine:
Remember when as yet a child thou wast,
Thou sufferedst patiently thy parents rod,
Because thou knewst his hatred could not last,
Though he thee punisht, doing thing forbod:
And wilt not thou, much more yeeld vnto God
Obedience, who thy good doth still intend?
Whose fatherly protection doth defend
Thee from his wrath, when sinne had made thee od:
The father to thy soule he is in fine,
His wrath aswag'd, his loue doth soone incline.

SON. LXXVIII.

TRue is it sure, and none will it denay,
That faith inableth man to be more fit
For heauenly knowledge, then a humane wit:
To which, hid secrets God will not bewray.
But what is faith, and how it may be knowne,
How best attaynd, in that most men mistake:
In iudgement of the same would care be showne,
And of true faith from false, this difference make;
If worldly strength and wisedome man forsake,
If he by humble prayers seeke for it,
If of Gods promises he doubt no whit
In Christ, but for his strength that rocke he take,
It builded is on ground which still shall stay,
From fleshly bondage free, at latter day.

What

SON. LXXIX.

WHat high presumption is there growne of late,
In abiect hurtes of Sathans damned seed?
That (bramble-like) sinne thus aspires indeed,
To top the Cedar that his pride doth hate?
I graunt the fault, in suffering him so long,
In humble shape to creepe and clime so hie;
Sinne (poyson-like) with age becomes more strong,
And Crokadell-like doth slay with teares mine eie:
But since therefore no other shift I spy,
I like and will my loftie top abate,
My prostate soule, may so restraine the state
Of his increasing powre, whereby that I,
In building of Gods house may serue some steed,
And sinne confounded lie, like lothsome weed.

SON. LXXX.

WHo sees in common view of humaine kind,
The exild captiue-state of sinfull man,
Sold vnto death (which only ransome can,
Appease the wrath for fall of parents blind)
May (if he be of faithfull number) proue
A greater comfort then he can expresse,
To see himselfe, whose sinnes these plagues do moue,
Freed from th'eternall death, whilst neretheless,
The wicked reprobate, who not confesse
Their fall, nor feele the fauours Christians wan,
Headlong proceed, in path first parents ran,
And to the double death themselues addresse:
But happier he sees thousand times shall find,
His weakest state, then their great gifts of mind.

SON. LXXXI.

WHo giues may take, we ought not to repine,
Both wealth, and eaſe, yea life alſo by right,
God giueth all, all things are in his might,
And he can ſend and will, good end in fine:
Why ſhould we then grudge any thing to beare,
That he doth ſend? or nigardly beſtow
Our liues or goods? ſince to that vſe they were
Giuen vs, as nature teacheth vs to know.
The great increaſe of fruite the ſame doth ſhow,
Which from one graine produced is in ſight,
(Which as thing caſt away appeares to light,
Till he (by bleſſing his) doe make it grow)
Which ſhould our hearts to faith in him incline,
And not diſtruſting ſeeke for farther ſigne.

SON. LXXXII.

OVr blinded natures that cannot foreſee
Th'effect of nature, or what may ſucceed
Of actions ours, this error forth doth breed,
That we th'euent, by chance ſuppoſe to bee:
To vs they may in deed by hap befall,
(As things beyond our skill or powre to ſtay)
But (as Gods works) chance can we not them call,
Or fortunes deed, or hap as we vſe ſay:
God doth foreſee, and guide each thing the way
It ſhall proceede, and he doth giue the ſpeed,
That doth inſue, and preſent are indeed,
Things paſt and future, as they ſtand or ſtray:
Him as true cauſe of all things wee agree
To be, and from all chance or fortune free.

SON. LXXXIII.

IT is a thing we lightly do neglect,
And yet a thing (me thinkes) we most should feare,
As which within our conscience still doth beare
A witnesse of our guilt, and foule infect:
When we by fame do find our spotted name,
(The greatest plague a man on earth may find,
The hardest witnesse of our worthy shame,
And sorest censurer of deed or mind)
Yet so selfe-loue doth iudgement often blind,
Or ignorance our natiue reason bleare,
That what is said or thought, by whom or where,
We little care, but let it passe as wind;
Though prouerbe truely say, by fames affect,
Gods iudgement lightly doth a truth detect.

SON. LXXXIIII.

IF common fame be lightly, likely found,
And fame for ill be such vnhappinesse,
Then this (me thinkes) a man must needs confesse,
That ill report (from persons good) doth wound.
If by report, much more if poore oppresst,
If innocents, if they to God complaine,
If vengeance they do call, to haue redresst,
The griefes and agonies they do sustaine:
If God (as so he hath) hath witnest plaine,
That he will heare their cries whom men oppresse,
And will his care of them herein expresse,
That their complaints and cryes turne not in vaine;
What yron age is this, that such a sound
Of cryes against oppression doth abound?

SON. LXXXV.

MY younger thoughts do wish me to withstand
The graue aduise, which grace with loue doth lend
Their rash decrees to tyranny do bend:
These wish me (wisely) note the cause in hand;
The safe possession of a crowne in peace,
By abstinence a while, and patience vsd:
Sinnes power to shew, the others vrge, ne cease
To say, that pleasures should not be refusd:
The worser part my soule had almost chusd,
And for the pleasures which an houre doth send,
(And to eternall bondage after tend)
I bin by law and reason both accusd:
But since thy goodnesse Lord gaue blessed land,
Keepe in thy lawes my fleshly subiects band.

SON. LXXXVI.

ALas, how watchfull and how diligent
We are to further euery fond desire:
How slow againe to thing God doth require,
And how against the haire, good motions went.
Full many more solicitors we find,
To satisfie each trifle flesh doth craue,
Then to the things good conscience would vs bind,
And which (as duties) God in lawe vs gaue:
The wit, will, memorie we readie haue
To blow the bellowes of affections fire;
The soule may drenched perish in the mire
Of fleshly thoughts, ere any seeke to saue,
Or spare one minute (which is fondly spent)
To succour it, though it to good were bent.

We

SON. LXXVII.

WE haue bene babes, babes yet by nature we,
Vnskilfull, ignorant of heauenly law,
And babe-like should be then in feare and awe
To God, by whom create and tulde we be:
Weake food best fits weake stomacks (as is sayd)
And charitie would with true weaknesse beare;
Like strength to all Gods wisedome hath denayd,
But by long sucking t'were fit we stronger weare:
Nothing to beare away, though much we heare,
To speake of faith, which forth no fruites can draw,
To feed with greedinesse the bodies maw,
And yet no spirituall strength to let appeare,
Is signe the soule is dead, in thee or mee?
For liuing trees, by kindly fruit we see.

SON. LXXXVIII.

NOt euery action which to happie end
A man doth bring, is token as I find
Of goodnesse in the doer, though our mind
And common sense some reason so pretend:
The deed which meriteth (for vertue) prayse,
Must be premeditate in will before,
Indeuour'd lawfully, and which bewrayes,
No priuate object or respect we bore;
And God himselfe things iudgeth euer more,
Not by effects, as men of wisedome blind,
But by intentions faithfull, honest, kind,
Of such as doing them his aide implore:
He issue doth to actions different send,
As he to greater good (euer ill) will bend.

SON. XCIX.

IF God ſhould meaſure vs as we deſerue,
(For each offence, requiting equally)
His iuſtice we, with horror ſhould eſpie,
From which excuſe (to ſhield vs) could not ſerue:
But iuſtice his by holy bound reſtraind,
Of mercie, which doth waighour weake eſtate,
A proper counterpoiſe for vs hath gaind,
Whilſt iuſtis wrath, Chriſts mercy doth abate;
His Sonne our Sauiour, doth ſet ope a gate
To ſafetie, by the pardon he did bye,
With bloud moſt innocent, leſt we ſhould die,
Guilty of ſin, which iuſtice needs muſt hate.
Thus we (by faith) cannot be ſayd to ſwarue,
Our faults are his, of merits his we carue.

SON. XC.

IT is a cuſtome that deſerueth blame,
And ouer common with vs now adayes,
That euery man his fault on other layes,
And ſome excuſe for euery euill frame,
And rather then we will the burden beare:
We lay on God (whoſe prouidence rules all)
The cauſe of what, our wicked natures were
Producers of, with wilfull bitter gall.
Thus from one ſin to other we do fall,
And haires herein our nature vs bewrayes,
Of parent firſt, who his offence denaies,
And rather God, wife, ſerpent guilty call,
Then to confeſſe his proper free will lame,
And by repentance praiſe Gods holy name.

How

SON. XCI.

HOw can he be the author held of ill,
Who goodneſſe is it ſelfe, and onely true?
To whom alone perfection ſtill is due,
And all the world, with goodly workes doth fill?
It is not God, it is our ſelues alas,
That doth produce theſe foule affects of ſin,
Our ſickly nature, firſt infected was,
And lacking taſt of truth, delights therein:
Our deeds in vs, how fowle ſo'ere they haue bin,
What good ſoeuer of them doth inſue,
That part is Gods, our corrupt nature drue,
The worſer part; and fleſh, death ſnares did ſpin,
And euen our deeds, the which our ſoules do kill,
Are good to God, and worke his glorie ſtill.

SON. XCII.

DOth any man deſire his life to mend,
And that of ſin he might a lothing finde?
Let him but on his actions looke behinde
Forepaſt, and ſee where to they moſt did bend:
Let him on others looke with equall view,
And note deformitie of lothfull ſin,
Let reaſon (not affections) tell him true,
The brickle ſtate himſelfe to fore was in;
As doctrine, that to penitence doth win,
And true repentance, one of honeſt mind,
When he in other ſees affects ſo blind,
As he in reaſon thinks could not haue bin:
Such as him ſelfe aſhameth to defend,
And to be guiltleſe off, he would pretend.

SON. XCIII.

I Haue desir'd, and held as chiefe delight,
To lead my life, where mirth did alwaies dwell,
From soule, so sorrow thinking to repell,
In feast and sport so past I day and night:
But if (as oft there did) a dismall chance
Befall, whereby I found some cause of griefe,
I was amaz'd, dispair'd, and as in trance,
No comfort found, or meanes to giue relieue:
My former ioyes prouoked sorrow chiefe,
I loath'd the thoughts before did please so well,
My meditations then of death befell,
And of worlds pleasures, which were vaine & chiefe,
Which made me chãge my former humor quight,
For teares, cares, sorrows, still to be in sight.

SON. XCIIII.

SInce we are found (if we our selues do know)
To be a barren ground and good for nought,
Vnlesse by husbandrie we will be brought,
To aptnesse for some good whereon to growe:
Since preachers are the husbandmen ordaind,
And preaching of the Prophets is the seed,
By whose indeuors onely frute is gaind,
Of holy life, the which our faith doth feed;
Me thiukes it should a greater aptnesse breed,
In tennants to this soule, which Christ hath bought,
To haue it so manurde and daily wrought,
As it might grow to better'd state indeed, (show
And yeeld some crop of goodnesse, which might
The thankfull hearts, which we to God do owe.

VVhen

SON. XCV.

WHen I behold the trauell and the payne,
Which wicked men in euill actions bide,
What hazards they aſſay to goe aſide,
When with more eaſe, they vertue might attaine:
How theeues and murtherers ſuch boldneſſe vſe,
Such watchfull painefull meanes their wills to win,
As euen religious men do oft refuſe,
To taſt of like, though they would faine begin.
I finde too true, that we are ſold to ſin,
And that the bodie doth the ſpirit guide,
That reaſon yeelds to ſenſe, and ſenſe doth hide
Luſt in his liking, which doth forward ſlide
From ill to worſe and neuer doth refraine (gain.
Sin, which may ſin; nor paine, which paine may

SON. XCI.

SInce nothing is more certaine then to dye,
Nor more vncertaine, then the time and howre,
Which how to know, is not in Phiſickes powre:
Yet nature teacheth it, to be but nie;
For that death ſtealeth on vs like a thiefe,
And nothing liuing is exempt therefro,
His malice to preuent, is wiſedome chiefe,
That vnprouided he not take vs ſo:
As that on ſodaine he appeare a foe,
And vs compulſiuely he do deuowre,
That God by him in wrath doe ſeme to lowre,
And that to death, (not life) we ſeeme to goe;
Soe let vs liue that death we dare defie,
Since heauens eternall life, we gaine thereby.

SON. XCVII.

GReat are the graces God in man doth ſhow,
All tending chiefly to ſoules proper gaine,
That by ſome meanes at length he might attaine
To higher thoughts, from earthly baſe and low:
Yet ſince no benefits we do receaue,
Can ſo aſſure vs of his loue indeed,
That loue of world, and earth they can bereaue,
And make our minds on heauenly ioy to feed;
Much leſſe a new deſire in vs can breed,
To win the heauens by loſſe of life ſo vaine,
This common way by death he made remaine,
Ineuitable to all humane ſeed;
By force thoſe heauenly ioyes to make vs know,
Which after death in laſting life ſhall grow.

SON. XCVIII.

MIght Elizeus wiſh allow'd be,
And prayer bleſt, which Salomon did make,
And canſt thou then thy trauell vndertake,
For worthier prize then they haue ſhowne to thee?
Sure heauenly wiſedome earthly wiſedome teacheth;
Such wiſedome findeth grace with God and man,
Who ſeeks theſe firſt, God plenteouſly him reacheth
All other earthly gifts, he wiſht or can:
That will I ſeeke, that will I ſtudie than,
No plenty ſhall my thirſt therafter ſlake,
With Elizeus will I alwayes wake,
And watch the Prophets wayes, and manner whan
My Sauiour doth aſcend, that I may ſee
His glory, and he his grace redouble in mee.

Long

SON. XCIX.

LOng do the wicked runne a lawleſſe race,
Vntroſt and vncontrolled in their will;
Their appetites at pleaſure they do fill,
And thinke themſelues to be in happie caſe:
But ſtay a while, and let me ſee the end,
(Which crowneth euery good and perfect deed)
And you ſhall find their ſlipperie way to bend
To ruine, if in time they take not heed:
For earthly eaſe ſecuritie doth breed,
Securitie, the ſoule doth lightly kill,
It breeds forgetfulneſſe of God, and ſtill
Doth quench the ſpright and body pampering feed;
Who therefore doth delights too much imbrace,
Among the bleſt, may hap to loſe his place.

SON. C.

LIke as the ſunne whoſe heat ſo needfull is,
Produceth daily different effects,
According to the nature of obiects,
Which hardneth that, yet molifieth this:
So doth the Goſpell preached, euen the ſame;
It makes ſome to repent and melt in teares,
Some ſtubborne hearts repine, and cauils frame
To quarrell at, and ſcorne ſuch needleſſe feares:
The lowly heart, in ioy and hope it reares,
The haughty mind, as low aſſoone deiects,
In zealous hearts it neighbour-loue reflects,
Whiles other conſcience, ſpight and rankor beares:
The natiue powre it keepes of perfect bliſſe,
And holy heat conſuming all amiſſe.

TEmpt me no more to dwell in Cedar tents,
Pauilions of Princes and of pride,
My tickle ſtrength is dayly like to ſlide,
And makes my bodie do what ſoule repents:
My yeares forwarne me to forbeare annoy,
In liked things which do the ſenſes feed,
In coſtly colours, gems, or games to ioy,
Or ſtately troopes, or honors fruitleſſe ſeed.
For paſſed vanities my heart doth bleed,
And vowed hath the reſting time I bide,
(If God in conſtancie my heart ſhall guide)
Some ryper fruits on former ſoyle to breed;
Which graunt me Lord, that ſo thy ſeruant I,
May in thy Courts remaine, and fleſh defye.

AN INTRODVCTION TO PECVLIAR PRAYERS.

TO thee (ô Lord) who only knowſt my ſin,
And only able art, my ſtate redreſſe,
To thee alone my plaints directed bin,
To thee my guilt alone I do confeſſe:
In hope thy gracious aide at need to win,
Who giueſt me grace, theſe prayers to addreſſe:
My words can not expreſſe, My inward griefe,
My deedes declare too well my true diſeaſe,
Yet doubt I not to craue of thee reliefe,
Becauſe thy Sonne did firſt thy wrath appeaſe:
Theſe are my wants, and many more then theſe,
But of them all, vnfaithfulneſſe is chiefe:
Yet as repentant thiefe, On croſſe found grace,
Vouchſafe my plaints with mercie to imbrace.

SON. CI. Craues grace to pray.

O Powrefull God in Christ our father deare,
Who mad'st and rul'st all things euen by thy will:
Whose truth and loue, the heauens and earth do fill,
Vouchsafe my will to frame, and prayers heare,
Touch thou my heart, my blinded iudgement cleare,
That sorrow for my sinnes may teares distill:
Let true repentance kill, All carnall lust,
Let purpose to amend, my soule direct,
To craue thy aide, who only canst protect (vniust:
Mans feeble strength from thoughts, words, deeds
Fraile is mans powre and will, his substance dust,
His purest actions, hourely it detect;
Yet do thou not reiect, Thy worke in me,
Who craue a will to pray, and faithfull be.

SON. CII. Salutation of the Church.

HAile sacred seat of Gods eternall peace,
Where all his blessings kept in treasure are,
Twixt soule and bodie, which accords the iarre,
And causest cumbers of discord to cease;
From wandring worldly thoughts, thou deest release
My doubtfull hope, which sought for help from farre;
In Sathans fiercest warre A bulwarke strong,
In natures hote assault a sure defence,
An Arke of safety for our feeble sence,
A watchmans towre to those to thee belong,
A harmony of heauenly musicks song:
Kind shepherd to the soule, which strayes not thence,
For still with sweet insence Thy lights do flame,
And Christ thy Priest & Captaine gards the same.

Alas

SON. CIII. *For constancie.*

ALas o Lord, how fraile the flesh I find,
How readie to reuolt vnto distrust,
How willing to seeke helpe in flesh vniust,
Vngratefull fruit of graceless humane kind,
Which harboreth such monsters in the mind,
As soule and bodie both needs ruine must:
Like wauering sand or dust, With winds which moue,
From good to ill, from ill to worse we fall,
We haue not sooner grace for helpe to call,
And budding faith thy mercies for to proue,
But weary long to seeke our ioyes aboue,
We quench this spright, and haue no helpe at all:
The perill is not small, (Lord) I am in,
Inflame the faith, and zeale thou didst begin.

SON. CIIII. *For faith.*

SInce thus my selfe I find to be vncleane,
Vnfit to bide before Gods iustice throne,
Who recompence for sinne accepte thnone,
But to the rigor of desert doth leane,
To fly to thee my Saviour Christ I meane,
Who paydst my debt sufficiently alone:
I need but make my mone To thee I know,
For thou art readie to relieue my want,
Thy fathers loue, and thy obediende brant
With zeale, thy mercies on vs to bestow:
Whereof since faith the vse to vs must show,
And as it is more feruent or more faint,
More powerfull is to daine Deare bitter sting,
Graunt faith may prayers frame, & comfort bring.

H

SON. CV. For grace to iudge of good & euill.

AMidst these dangerous dayes wherein I liue,
Poore silly Orphane destitute of skill,
By parents fall forlorne, by nature ill,
Craue grace of thee ô Lord: and therwith giue,
Powre to my weakenesse in away to driue,
That so I may thee serue and honour still.
Reforme my feeble will, And let me incline,
To haue henceforth a wise and solide zeale,
Of truth and fall how let my choyce be plaste
On perfect patterne drawne with verteous line:
With serpents wisedome let my iudgement shine,
To shun the snares whereto my lust would haste:
Vouchsafe my suite be graste, With help from thee,
Thy word the lampe of light vnto me bee.

SON. CVI. For innocencie in euill.

SInce so simplicitie, thy word doth prayse,
(O Lord) as that thy Sonne example gaue
By all his life, and workes that he did craue,
His seruants where in to direct their wayes,
Like to the babe on mothers breast that playes,
And sylly Lambes, and doues which no guile haue.
Since he is prest to saue, And to imbrace
The lame, blind, naked, leaprous, wretch;
Since to yeeld health to all, and such protect
As simply do with faith approach the place,
When he in mercies seat doth shew his face,
And prayers heare, and needfull graces effect:
Lord deme not neglect, Power, help, grace,
Who meritelesse, yet mercy hope to find.

How

SON. CVII. *Shame of sinne.*

HOw could I Lord but be asham'd indeed,
To lift my eyes to thee, to craue for ayde,
When I of thought, word, deed, haue sins displayd,
With multitude of monstrous ofsprings breed,
The true portraict of Adams carnall seed,
Which made him hide himselfe when he it wayd:
Iherefore am affrayd, And shun to show
Vnto the world, the shamefull brood I beare,
Which thoughts do hatch, and vile affections reare;
Too hatefull for a Christian soule to know,
And do so hastily to hugeneſſe grow,
As vaine it is a figge-tree leafe to weare:
I know no other where My shame to hide,
But with thy merits; or thy wrath to bide.

SON. CVIII. *Against defection.*

WHen I (ô Lord) vnto my mind do call,
The fearefull records of the Patriarkes best,
In whom great gifts of grace did seeme to rest,
And yet to foule and fearefull sinnes did fall;
I do deplore the frailty of vs all,
And feare defection euen in those are blest.
And since I am the least, O Lord (alas)
Of many, that in word professe thy name,
And I some feeling taſt haue of the same,
Which doth not forward to perfection pas;
It makes me fret (as in a looking glasse)
The feeble strength of this my present frame,
Which clogd with sin is lame, And wold look back
To hell (from which I fly) if grace should lack.

So Mary Magd. Not to trust in flesh.

WHat trust may I, ô Lord, on flesh repose?
Whose mould is earth, whose substance is but dust,
His thoughts vaine, his actions all vniust,
As is the stocke of parents, whence it growes,
Whome fraud, mistrust, pride, lust, diffidence inclose,
By which (by nature) euill seede are and must:
I know the feeble fruit, I may expect,
And safety which on such a frame is found,
Where weake foundation is the sand vnsound,
Which may not byde the brunt of stormie day,
When as temptations shall their powre display,
Or yet afflictions vs enuiron round:
Vpon a surer ground, Faith must me build,
And Christ my Sauiour so my soule may shield.

Mary Magd. Prays for humilitie.

SInce thou ô Lord and Sauiour doest confesse
Thy selfe a true Physition, vnto those
Who with humilitie their griefes disclose,
And vnto thee for ayd, by prayers presse,
Vouchsafe thou so thy heart to thee addresse,
That on thy helpe alone my faith repose.
Vouchsafe my sight vnlose, Make me to see
The naked show of natures powre and shame;
Let me behold my weakes, weake, lewd, and lame;
And let my heart with sorrow pierced be,
And pressed downe procure such mone in me,
As may in fine repentance truely frame:
That humbly so thy name, I may adore,
And faithfully in fine thy helpe implore;

Leaue

SON. CXL. *For Comfort in Affliction.*

LEaue me not Lord, most humbly I thee crave,
In this distresse, wherto my sinne hath brought,
VVhich headlong vnto hell, my soule would haue,
And make me thinke there were no powre could saue
My wretched state, from death eternall caught,
Which poysoned is by Satans deadly sting:
But teach thou me to sing, O Lord thy praise,
Amids thy saints which see thy mercies still,
With ioy and comfort do my courage fill,
Once Lord my soule, which yet in terror stands,
Make me to bend vnto thy will my wayes,
And frame my powers vnto thy holy will:
The powre of Satan kill, And so increase
My soule with comfort of thy lasting peace.

SON. CXLI. *In prosperity not to forsake God.*

THe more O Lord I see before my face,
The daily blessings, which thou doost bestow
On me vnworthie wretch, who well do know,
How farre affections vile in me haue place:
The more I see iust cause to call for grace,
Lest for abuse of them thou vengance shew,
For then most soone we grow, For to forget
The giuer, when the gifts we once haue gained,
Ingratitude our natures so hath stained,
Thy greatest blessing we most lightly set,
So far we are from paying praise for debt,
VVe do forget the nurse vs fed and waide:
As I fear me not refraind, Thee most offended,
VVhen most thou them didst feed & comfort send.

SON. CXIII. *Mans Sorrow for sin.*

I Must commend the thing the world doth hate,
And like the thing that flesh and bloud detest,
The cares and griefes by which I was oppreſt,
Which made me see and know my wretched ſtate:
Wiſdome is dearely bought, but not too late,
Who taſts true feare, knowes comfort beſt
Make me then Lord digeſt each bitter pill,
Which for correction of my ſin is ſent:
Purge thou thereby, my droſſe, make me repent
Each lewd affect offenſiue to thy will:
A new and better nature Lord infill,
Which to thy ſeruice alwaies may be bent:
With ſorrow often rent, My hardoned heart,
And let repentance purchaſe cure of ſmart.

SON. CXIIII. *For true feare.*

FEare is a frailtie knowne to humane kind,
Which witneſſeth a guilt where it doth dwell:
Since Adams fall, his offpring knew it well,
And euery man in conſcience doth it find;
It takes poſſeſſion in a troubled mind,
And (if grace want) diſpaire driues downe to hell:
Yet theſe thy praiſes tell, O Lord they ſhall,
Who damned for their frailties, do require
Grace to reſiſt their luſtes, and doe aſpire
For ſtrength of true perfection for to call,
And haue a feare of ſin (though neare ſo ſmall)
For loue of right, as well as ſhunning ire,
Kindle their loue with fire, Sprinkle it with feare,
Their incenſe of obedient ſmoke it reare.

SON. CXV. *Sorow for coldnesse of compassion.*

I Feele ô Lord, and sorrow for the same,
The slender feeling, and compassion small,
The which I haue of neighbours ease at all;
Which to amit their states my heart should flame,
Who with my lips, professe a Christian name,
But stop my eares when they for help do call,
So easily we fall. And do forgete,
The lesson which our Maister Christ vs gaue,
VVho vs with mourners to lament would haue,
And on our brothers good, chiefe care should set:
But selfe-loue and cold charitie, doth let
No frute of faith proceed, though neighbour craue:
Yet thou didst freely saue Me wretch cleane lost,
Whose life the blud of thy deare Sonne hath cost.

SON. CXVI. *For Patience.*

WHen I ô Lord in troubles sore oppresst,
My heauie state with carefull thoughts do way,
Which hope of happie issue doth denay,
And frailtie of the flesh can scarse digest;
I onely find herein at length some rest,
When on thy mercy promised I stay,
And when from day to day, I see with shame,
My new offences, which do trespasse thee,
And note how long thy iudgements spared me,
Which iustly might burst forth in vengeance flame;
Ye when my Sauiours sufferings I behold,
Which ought a rule to his elect to be:
I craue that I might see, Like fruites of grace,
So that impatience hold in me no place.

SON. CXVII. For continuance of Gods word.

THe greateſt plague that I ſee cauſe to feare,
To ſuch as I, who haue ſo careleſſe bin,
By reading and by preaching, for to win
True knowledg, which our harts to thee might reare
Is, leſt thy Prophets ſound ſhould ſo forbeare
To preach thy word, that we ſhould dwell in ſin:
And wallowing therein, We ſhould delight
In ignorance (the headlong path to hell)
And wickedly in carnall tents to dwell;
And ſo ſurceaſe with ſinne, or luſt to fight:
Grant therfore (Lord) thy ſword may alwaies ſmight
My ſoule, till ſinne it from me cleane expell:
Let Prophets alwaies tell To vs thy will,
And keepe vs vnder thy obedience ſtill.

SON. CXVIII. For grace to bring forth fruits.

ALthough (ô Lord) I do as truth confeſſe,
No powre in humane art that can thee pleaſe;
That all polluted are with firſt diſeaſe
Of ſinne originall, which did tranſgreſſe
By parents fall, and workes in vs no leſſe,
On whom by iuſt ſucceſſion ſindoth ceaſe:
Yet ſince Chriſt doth appeaſe The penance due,
By bearing burden on his backe for me,
And faith herein ſufficeth me to free;
Which faith muſt fruitfull be if it be true,
And workes of grace regenerate inſue,
Which perfect pledge of ſafetie ought to bee:
I craue (ô Lord) of thee, From day to day,
To guide my ſteps vnto a righteous way.

Weake

SON. CXIX. Aide in conflict with sin.

VVEake are my Chãpions Lord which fight with sin;
I meane my will, and powre which take in hand,
The furie of their assaults for to withstand,
And victory of him do hope to win:
Some signe it is of courage, to begin
To fight, but cowards part to leaue the land.
I faine would come in band, And leige would make
With thee my Sauiour, ere I be assayld:
No other comfort euer man auayld,
But trust in thee, when troubles them did take;
Thou helpst thy flocke, thou dost not them forsake,
If so their faith in thee be nothing quayld:
No fillable is fayld Of all thy word,
Thy truth subdues the force of wrathfull sword.

SON. CXX. Comfort in affliction.

VVHy do we not reioyce, whilst Christ we haue
Our bridgrome, wedded sure to faithfull band?
His owne free liking made our merit stand,
And by his word, his loue to vs he gaue;
First pledge wherof was Baptisme, which forth draue
Our feare, and lent a gracious helping hand,
And that in sacred land We might be free,
And there possession haue of endlesse rest,
His Testament he made, and with the blest,
Our heritage (by faith) he made vs see:
He signd the writ with his assurance best,
Of bread and wine, which might a Simboll bee,
His corps nayld on the tree, For our discharge
From sin, hell, death, which sets our soule at large.

CONCLVSION.

THough long (my soule) thou banished hast bin,
From place of thy repose, by tyrants might;
By world and worldly cares, by flesh, wherein
Thy wandring thoghts haue dazeld iudgemets sight:
Learne yet at length to guide thy course aright,
Vnto that end which must begin thy rest;
Learne once for shame, so constantly to fight
Against affections, which please fancie best,
That all vnfruitfull thoughts thou maist detest,
And hold those common pleasures, combers great,
Whose issue, age and time with ruine threat,
VVhen death vnlookt for, seemes a featefull guest,
Retire thy selfe, as wise Barzilla did,
From worldly cares, thy purer thoughts to rid.

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FINIS.

And first to the Lords of her Maiesties priuie counsell.

To the right Ho. and most reuerend father in God, my Lord I
Archbishop of Canterbury his grace.

IF Dauid did in passion iust arise,
When he recorded his exiled state,
Compar'd with happier Swallowes, which deuise
To build their nests so neare the Temple gate;
May I not mourne, to see the world alate,
So swarme with bookes, which euery where do fly,
Whose subiects as most base might merit hate,
(Though curious braynes their wits therein apply)
When better matters buried long do ly,
For lacke of fauourers or protectors grace?
May I not take occasion thus to try
My pen, and craue that you the same imbrace?
Yes sure, world knowes, you can, and will protect
The cause, why God and Prince did you erect.

To the Right Ho. Knight, Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the great Seale of England.

WHat fame reports (by mouth of good and wise)
It is not flattery to record the same:
The publike eccho of your prayse doth rise,
That you by iustice ballance iudgement frame:
Then may you not, my pen of boldnesse blame,
If it present to your impartiall eye,
This holy worke, to shield it with your name,
Which may among prophane in daunger ly.
Wise Salomon, childs parent true did try,
And Daniell false accusers fraud bewray,
By searching hearts affects, and words, whereby
Ones famed loue, the others guilt to way:
So iudge this worke, and him shall it depraue;
So I desire, you iustice prayse shall haue.

To the right Hon. the Lord Burghley, Lord high Treasurer of England, one of the most Noble order of the Garter &c.

IF Romanes held Sibillaes workes so deare,
Because they from Deuining spright did grow;
More precious present then, receiue you here,
Which God on king, king did on world bestow.
Our Sibill you, our Salomon we know,
And so your words and workes the world doth prize:
To vertue you, your selfe a father show;
Hence honor yours, hence countries good doth rise:
Then this (no fiction that man doth deuise,
But built on best experience life can bring)
With patience reade, and do it not despise,
Your wise experience can confirme each thing.
It is not rated as Sibillaes were,
But (priz'd by you) it will the value reare.

To the R. Ho. the Earle of Essex, Great Master of the Horse to her Highnesse, and one of the most Noble order of the &c.

NOt Neptunes child, or Triton I you name,
Not Mars, not Perseus, though a Pere to all;
Such word I would find out or newly frame,
By sea and land might you triumphant call.
Yet were such word for your desert too small:
You Englands ioy, you enimies terror are;
You vices scourge, you vertues fenced wall;
To Church a shield, to Antichrist a barre.
I need not feare my words should stretch to farre,
Your deedes out-fly the swiftest footing pen.
You praise of peace, th'vndaunted powre of warre,
Of heauens elect, the happie ioue of men.
Not knowing then, How to expresse my mind,
Let silence craue, this gift may fauour find.

When

To the Ri. Ho. the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord high Admirall of England, one of the most Noble order of the garter, &c.

VVHen as wise Salomons most happie raigne,
Is registred in bookes of holy writ,
His greatnesse seemes increase of honour gaine,
By store of worthy Peeres his state which fit,
Whose excellence of courage and of wit,
His Impery causd with wealth and peace abound,
Whose heads and hands, did neuer idle sit,
But seeking commons good, through world around,
By sea and land their swords free passage found,
Which subiects safetie bred, and feare to foes,
Like fame vnto our Prince, you cause to sounds,
Both farre and neare, whilst your victorious goe:
For which her trust, our loue to you is due,
As pledge whereof, I this present to you.

To the Right Ho. the Lord Cobham, Lord Chamberlaine of her Maiesties houshold, Lord Warden of the Sinke ports, and of the Noble order of the Garter. &c.

GIftes are not measur'd by the outward show,
Nor by the price, of Peeres of Noble kind,
They shadowes are, the harts intent to know,
And simple figures of a faithfull mind:
Then since your vertues high, all hearts do bind,
To striue to testifie their grate intent,
Vouchsafe suppose, my powre cannot yet find
A present fit as will and heart was bent:
And what king (writing once) thought time well spent,
That reade you once, as thing of some regard:
His mind ment well, that it vnto you sent,
Time not spent ill, in view thereof is spard:
If it more worth, I more loue could expresse,
My due regard of you should yeld no lesse.

To the Right Ho. the Lord Vaux, Treasurer of her Maiesties household.

I May not say, I shun to shew my want
Before your selfe, whom I true noble hold,
Since I so others haue not made them scant,
And may of meaner men be well controld:
This common guilt of mine, makes me more bold
To prosecute the errot I begunne,
Who craue your fauour not my faults vnfold,
Although my folly ouer-rashly runne:
If with the best they haue a pardon wonne,
They may the boldlier passe the common view:
What Princes like, the people hold well done,
And fame in passage doth her force renew:
Which good or bad, your censure is to make,
When now first flight it in the world doth take.

To the Right Honorable the Lord of Buckhurst.

AS you of right impart, with Peeres in sway
Of common weale, wherein by you we rest:
So hold I fit to yeeld you euery way
That due, the which my powre affoordeth best.
But when I call to mind, your pen so blest
With flowing liquor of the Muses spring;
I feare your daintie eare can ill digest
The harsh tun'd notes, which on my pipe I sing.
Yet since the ditties of so wise a king,
Can not so lose their grace, by my rude hand,
But that your wisedome can conforme the thing,
Vnto the modell doth in margent stand:
I you beseech, blame not (though you not peayse)
This worke, my gift; which on your fauour stayes.

Of

To the Right Honor. Knight Sir William Knowles, Controller of her Maiesties houshold.

OF auncient vertues, honor'd ofsprings race
Of true religions, you bleſt progeny:
(On which two pillers vertue built your grace,
And court by gracing you, is graſt thereby)
Of ſuch (ſince this worke treates) ſuch worke do I
Well fitting hold, for you to reade and ſhield,
Whoſe wiſedome, honor, vertue, doth apply
To true religion, on the which you build:
My ſelfe too weake ſo heauy a taske to wield,
(As was the treating of ſo high a ſtile)
At firſt attempt began to fly the field,
Till ſome (which lik't the theame) bid pauſe awhile,
And not diſmay, the title would ſuffiſe,
To daunt the vaine, and to allure the wiſe.

To the Right honorable knight Sir Iohn Forteſcue Chauncellor of the Exchequor.

HE who in dutie much to you doth owe,
In power is little able to preſent,
For pledge of gratefull mind, is forſt beſtow
Theſe ill limd lines, beſt ſignes of hearts intent:
The ſcope whereof by Salomon was bent,
To teach the way to perfect happineſſe,
By me transformed thus, and to you ſent,
To ſhew that I do wiſh to you no leſſe:
To wiſh well, is ſmall coſt I do confeſſe,
But ſuch a heart as truly it intends,
Is better worth eſteeme, then many geſſe;
And for all other wants makes halfe amends.
Such is my heart, ſuch be therfore your mind,
Then ſhall my mite, a millions welcome find.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Cecill Knight, principall Secretary to her Maiestie.

TO you (my hopes sweet life, nurse to my muse,
Kind foster father of deseruing sprights)
This Poem comes, which you will not refuse
(I trust) because of blessednes it wrights:
Your aged youth so waind from vaine delights,
Your growing iudgment farre beyond your yeares,
Your painefull daies, your many watchfull nights,
Wherein your care of Common good appears,
Assureth him that of your fame once hears,
That you some heauenly obiect do aspire;
The sweet conceit whereof your soule so chears,
That earths bred vanities, you not admire:
Such is this theame, such was first writers mind,
For whose sakes, I do craue, it fauour find.

To other Lords, Ladies, and aproued friends.

To the Right Honourable, the Earle of Oxford Lord, great Chamberlaine of England.

IF Endors widdow-hood, had powre to raise,
A perfect bodie of true temperature,
I would coniure you by your wonted prayse,
Awhile my song to heare, and trueth indure,
Your passed noble proofe doth well assure
Your blouds, your minds, your bodis excellence,
If their due reuerence may this paines procure,
Your pacience (with my boldnesse) will dispence:
I onely craue high wisdoms true defence,
Not at my suit, but for works proper sake,
Which treats of true felicities essence,
As wisest king most happiest proofe did make;
Whereof your owne experience much might say,
Would you vouchsafe your knowledge to bewray.

Who

To the right Honorable the Earle of Northumberland.

VVHo would intreat of earthly happineſſe,
He need but take a patterne of your ſtate,
Borne noble, learned bred; whoſe acts expreſſe,
That honor cannot vertues force abate,
In home-kind loue, abroad vnmenaſt hate,
In bodies value and in ſpright of mind:
You haue no cauſe to blame your aduerſe fate,
Which ſuch a great aſpect, hath you aſſignd:
Yet that you yet, more happineſſe might find,
The common loue your countrey you doth owe,
To offer you, this meanes thereto doth bind
My will, which in this lowly gift I ſhow:
Which yet accept, for worthy Princes ſake,
Who of each point a perfect proofe did make.

To the Right Ho. the Earle of Shrewſburie.

VVEll placed vertue in high honors ſeat,
Well bending honour to a Chriſtians ſtate,
Vouchſafe my pen your pardon may intreat,
Who this my vowed ſeruice offer late:
Your ſhining glory did my hope abate,
When firſt to ſeeke your ſight my fancie ment;
Your fame for vertue, yet did animate
My pen, which vnto you this preſent ſent:
Your true nobilitie, which ſeemeth bent
To foſter innocents from powrefull foe,
Doth promiſe me, wiſht fruit of hearts intent,
If vnder your protection it doth goe:
The rather ſince of honor I do wright,
And happineſſe which is your ſoules delight.

THe Crowned honor iuſtly which befell
To valiant Ioſua, and wiſe Calebs race,
(Whoſe faith to fainting people did foretell,
The fruitfull ſpoyle of proud reſiſters place:)
Their natiue vertues which you haue by grace,
(Whoſe ſword doth fight the battels of the iuſt,
Which makes our Hemis-phere your fame imbrace,
And feebled hearts on your ſtout courage truſt;)
My confidence in you excuſe they muſt,
Who do my Poems muſter in your traine,
Whoſe theame hath bin by wiſeſt king diſcuſt,
And in your practiſe do of proofe remaine,
Which leade the way vnto the holy land,
For which(whilſt here you liue)you fighting ſtand.

To the Right honorable the Earle of Suſſex.

THe skilfull Pilots that the Ocean haunt,
In ſtormes are found to be of merry cheare,
Whom faireſt calmes, with feare & dread do daunt,
Becauſe a ſigne of change doth ſeeme appeare.
The expert ſouldiers vſed to the warre,
In time of peace do arme them for the fight,
And carefull Chriſtians will foreſee from farre,
The fierce temptations may in pleaſure light:
Then ſince no ſettled rule there can be here,
Whereby to know the iſſues growing are,
But change of times may comfort, clips, or cleare,
And ſo our preſent ſtate amend or marre:
Learne here(braue Chãpion, noble, vertuous, wiſe)
To beare all brunts that may in life ariſe.

If

To the Right Ho. the Earle of Southampton.

AMongſt moſt noble, noble euery way,
Among the wiſe, wiſe in a high degree;
Among the vertuous, vertuous may I ſay;
You worthy ſeeme, right worthy Lord to mee.
By bloud, by value, noble we you ſee,
By nature, and by learnings trauell wiſe,
By loue of good, ils hate, you vertuous bee:
Hence publike honor, priuate loue doth riſe,
Which hath inuited me thus to deuiſe,
To ſhew my ſelfe not ſlacke to honour you,
By this meane gift (ſince powre more fit denies)
Which let me craue be read, and held for true:
Of honor, wiſedome, vertue, I delate,
Which (you purſuing) will aduance your ſtate,

To the Right Honorable the Lord Zouch.

VVHat haue I done? that I would take in hand,
To picke forth Patrons ſhould my work defend,
When ſuch a Lordly troope of Nobles ſtand
As in the choyce of them I find no end?
But hauing thus begun, I do intend,
To fawne on thoſe, whoſe fauours I haue found;
Amongſt the which I truſt you helpe will lend,
Becauſe the building is on ſuch a ground:
I know your learned skill, and iudgement ſound,
Which might deter it to approch your ſight;
But whereas loue (they ſay) doth once abound,
There feare and all ſuſpect is baniſht quight:
Your vertues loue, your honor force me yeeld
To you, on whoſe kind fauour I do build.

To the Right Honorable, the Lord Willoughbie of Ersbie.

MIght I forget the Comforts of my prime;
Might I neglect the matter which I wright;
Might I not know the hopes of preſent time,
Forgetting you, I might my ſelfe acquight:
But parentes fauours, once my youths delight,
Your ſelfe a patterne of a happie peere,
Whoſe prooſes of vertue publike are to ſight,
Might me vpbraid with peeuiſh ſilence here,
If I ſhould hold ſo meane a gift too deare,
For one (whoſe ancient) debter yet I reſt;
For whom my Poeme doth ſo fit appeare,
Since you our age recordes among the beſt:
Then thinke not, I by ſlight would kindnes gaine,
But hold this due, If honeſt I remaine.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord Burrowes.

I Not intend, by preſent of a booke,
Which for the title moſt men will allowe,
For equall praiſe (with firſt true author looke)
Becauſe I newly it transformed now:
Nor for my owne preſume I it to'avow,
(Vnworthie herald of that princes fays)
Which duely to deliuer few know how,
And I (of all) moſt weake by many ways:
Yet ſince your high praiſd bountie not denays,
A grate acceptance of a kindly gift,
Vpon that hope my preſent boldneſſe ſtays,
Who in my purpoſe haue no other drift,
But let you ſee, earths vaine, heauens perfect blis,
Which with my heart I wiſh you taſt in this.

To

To the Right Honorable the Lord Mountioy.

TO you the noble light of happie Ile,
In whoſe moſt vertuous breaſt the holy fire
Vnquenched liues, when all the world the while,
Nigh drowned lyes in dreames of vaine deſire;
Whoſe holy zeale the godly do admire,
Whoſe worthie conſtancie the wiſe commend,
For whom heauens glorie waights, as vertuous hire,
To whom the hearts of men with honour bend,
Who do pure vertue to your powre defend:
Whom vaine delights of earth cannot defile,
Whom (to protect religion) God did ſend,
Vouchſafe to liſten to my ſong a while,
Which right true tidings to the world doth bring
Of what obſerued was, by wiſeſt king.

To the Right Honorable, the Lord of Hunſdon.

OF good king Dauids holy and carefull bent,
Of wiſe and happie Salomons deſire,
Their liuely patterns, here I do preſent,
To you braue Lord as kind deſerts require:
Your gifts of nature rare, I not admire,
(Since heire you were vnto ſo noble a father,
Whoſe wiſdome to true honour did aſpire)
But gifts of grace which by your life I gather,
And for the which you reuerenc't are the rather,
As heire to both thoſe kings in common care,
Of God and realme, gainſt which moſt lewd deprauer
Is forſt his poyſoned tongue for ſhame to ſpare.
As for that good to me by you hath flowne,
Was but one frute of many vertues knowne.

To the Right reuerend father in God Toby
Bishop of Duresme.

IF double cumber of the publike care,
Of Paules and Peters sword and keyes may rest,
I would intreat you some small time to spare,
To view the face of your inuited gest:
Of all men you haue cause to vse him best,
Because you more then halfe the father are,
To you therefore, I haue him first addrest,
To haue his grace ere he proceed too farre:
Your count'nance may his progresse mend or marre,
Because (as of you first his life did grow)
So must his course be guided by your starre,
Which him first hope of heauenly light did show:
Vouchsafe then to bestow, one reading more,
To welcome him, or thrust him out of dore.

To the graue and learned Sir Iohn Popham Knight, Lord
chiefe Iustice of England.

O Would I might without my hearts deepe griefe,
(For common crosses, following men oppresst)
Record your worth, whence many find reliefe,
Which makes you iustly chiefe of all the rest:
Your carefull thought and bodies paine addrest,
To reconcilement of contentious mind;
Your vniuersall loue to truth profest,
By which the desolate do fauour find,
Doth (as me seemes) in common dutie bind
My pen to chalenge you, truths true defence,
Though dull my Poem be, my sight not blind,
That sought to take his priuiledge from thence:
You (chiefe of Iudges) best of truth can treat;
To you therefore, I truth of truths repeat.

Your

To Sir Edmunde Anderson Knight, Lord chiefe Iustice of the Common pleas.

YOur eares so daily exercisd to heare
The plaints, and the petitions suitors make;
Make you most fit of many to appeare,
My selfe and workes, protection both to take:
Not for my selfe, but for the Commons sake,
I presse it thus into your presence now,
Whose theame may hap some drowsie heads awake,
To chalenge, if I dare this worke auow:
But if that you, whose wisedome best knowes how,
That lawfull make to speake, what Scripture taught,
I know the common sort dare but allow
My publishing, what from wise king I brought:
Then you the common shield to guiltlesse wight,
Vouchsafe this worke find fauour in your sight.

To Sir William Perriam Knight, Lord chiefe Barron of the Exchequor.

THou kind accorder of the dreamt discord,
Twixt law and conscience, Gods and mans decree,
By whom oppression and brib'rie are abhord,
The common poysons of lands peace that bee:
I not vnfitly do direct to thee
These monuments, of wisest kings experience,
Them to allow, if you them worthy see;
Me to reproue, if I haue made offence:
I no man craue to stand in wrongs defence,
I may (as all men do) some weakenesse show,
If great my fault, spare not; if small, dispence;
Because it did not of meere malice grow:
This will you do vncrau'd; that done, I pleasd,
Both God and man, submission hath appeasd.

To the valorous Knight, Sir William Ruſſell, Lord Deputie of Ireland.

IF iuſtly Dauid did by law ordaine,
That they an equall part of ſpoyle ſhould haue,
Who (when he fought) behind did ſtill remaine,
The carriage from the ſpoyle of foes to ſaue:
Doth not your merits by more reaſon craue,
To be recorded in my Kalender?
By whoſe bleſt worke, God of his goodneſſe gaue
Part of our peace, amidſt ſuch threatned warre?
In worthy vertues, moſt mens peere you are,
In true religious zeale, by none exceld;
Your noble houſe (like to a blazing ſtarre)
Hath ſhowne, wherein true honour euer dweld:
Then ſhare with worthies all in bleſſed fame,
And reade this worke, which treateth of the ſame.

To the valorous Knight, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Lord Warden of the Stannerie, and Captaine of the Guard.

OF happineſſe when as I hapt to write,
Me thoughts did make a period (Sir) in you,
Who being ſworne to Mars, and Pallas knight,
They both with equall honor did endew,
And therefore might become a cenſurer trew,
Of greateſt bleſſings men propound or find;
Vouchſafe you then this tract thereof to vew,
As if that Salomon had it aſſignd:
Whoſe intereſt in you expects your kind
And grate acceptance of his graue aduiſe,
From whom (though many other men were blind)
He chalengeth a doome right godly and wiſe:
But as for me his meſſenger, ſuffiſeth
The prayſe, too truly ſpeake what he deuiſeth.

Among

To the valorous Knight Sir John Norris, Lord Generall of her Maiesties forces in Ireland.

AMong the blessed worthies of our time,
Your flickering fame aloft I do espy,
Whose toylesome trauell, such a pitch doth clime,
As euery auncient worthy came not ny.
The moderne Marses did your vertues try,
Whilst you, the proud Iberian forces quayld
In Britany, and in Netherland, whereby
With equall armes they seldome haue preuayld:
The trecherous practise, wherewith they assayld
Th'inconstant humors of the Irish foes,
Your pollicies haue stayd, when force hath fayld,
Whereby your merits measure daily growes:
So that I must of due, make roome for you,
Though twise nine worthies shold be coynd anew.

To the valorous Knight Sir Francis Veare.

MY pen was stayd, but purpose chang'd anew,
So soone as I amidst the noble traine
Of worthy knights, did cast a thought on you,
Who yet (vnsu'd to) did for grace remaine:
If you I win, I shall not litle gaine,
Because both much you can, and much you will
For wisedome, vertue, honor, sure sustaine,
Which haue bene your supporters hereto still:
I need not then perswasiue lines to fill,
The matter will suffise to moue your mind,
If that my hand the beauty of it spill;
Then let my loue of good, your fauour find,
Whose wisedome can, whose goodnes may excuse
The faults, which want (not malice) made me muse.

To the worthy Knight Sir Iohn Stanhop Treasurer of the Chamber to her Maiestie.

NO common thing it is to find (I graunt)
Humilitie and honour both in one:
Who loueth vertue, of them both may vaunt,
True honor still hath mild and vertuous showne;
Then since this worke of vertue treats alone,
(For sure true wisedome doth pure vertue teach)
It shall offensiue be (I trust) to none,
Their words of fauour for truths shield to reach.
Much lesse a shame, what mighty king did preach,
The same to suffer passe them vncontrold;
But now adayes, men euery worke appeach,
As barren, borrow'd, base, or ouer bold:
This makes me craue by you, wise, noble, good,
My wrong deprauers malice be withstood.

To the worthy knight Sir Edward Dyer, Chauncellor of the most Honorable order of the Garter.

NOt last nor least, for common good desarts
I you repute, though fortune point your place:
Your loue to vertue winneth many harts,
And vertues followers do your loue imbrace.
I know my argument requires no grace;
Because grace it doth send, it brings delight:
For both all sue, all loue their pleasing face,
Yet vainely world, for both of them doth fight.
To make more plaine the way for euery wight,
This princely moderator paines did take,
Which (to your equals) men of learned sight,
A full accord (if well iudg'd worke) will make:
You then kind Courtier & found scholler knowne,
Accept, reade, and protect these as your owne.

The

THe natiue dutie which of right I owe,
To your good Knight (for many fauours past,
To me and mine) do will me now bestow
Some token of my thankfull mind at last:
Which I more fitly no way yet can show,
Then by presenting of this volume small,
Which from repentant heart of king did flow,
And may a warning be vnto vs all,
Who daily into new temptations fall,
And daily need assistance gainst the same,
In such respect this worke you well may call,
An Antidote a happie life to frame:
Whereto since hitherto your vertues bend,
You will accept (I trust) the gift I send.

To the vertuous gentleman Robert Bowes Esquire, Embassador for her Maiestie in Scotland.

AS Painters vse their Tables set to show
Of euery sight, ere they perfected bee,
By others better skill the truth to know,
Of faults which they themselues could hardly see:
And as best drugs on meanest shrub and tree,
By skilfull Simplers gathred are sometime;
As gold in sand, as pearles in shell-fish wee
Do find, and amber in the sea shore slime:
So vnder this ill-couched ragged rime,
Which to your clearer sight I do present,
It may appeare how high his thoughts did clime,
That first to frame the same his studie bent;
And I excusd, who only do bestow,
What I to you, by auncient promise owe.

To the vertuous Gentleman Fulke Greuill Esquire.

WHo can of learning treat, and you forget?
Who may of vertue talke, and you neglect?
Who would true fame, from your due praises let?
Who should not (knowing you) your loue affect?
I therefore forced am in this respect,
To offer publikely for you, to reed
The thing the which vncrau'd you would protect,
If (by malignors blame) it stood in need:
In diuerse, diuersly this worke will breed
I know, an humor in the censurers braine,
The wisest, on the best contents will feed,
The curious (for some scapes) count all but vaine:
But of the better sort true prayse must grow,
The prayse of some is meere dispraise I know.

To the reuerend Doctor Andrews, professor in Diuinitie.

I Would not flatter Court, the Church much lesse,
But honouring both, I would them homage yeeld,
In Courts I liu'd, in Church (I do confesse)
I wish to die, and on that hope to build:
Then maruell not, I also seeke to shield
My bold attempt, with fauour of your wing,
Since your diuine conceit, can easliest wield
The burden, which this waighty theame can bring.
I meant in English dittie only sing,
The tragike notes, of humane well away,
But waightie matter of so wise a king,
Compeld me yet a greater part to play:
Wherewith (halfe fainting) for your aide I craue,
Well meaning mind, from feared blame to saue.

As

To his especiall friend Richard Carew of Anthony Esquire.

AS parents of their children fond appeare,
Oft times becauſe with trauell them they bare,
Which makes them priſe thē ſometimes ouer deare,
When other ſee ſmall cauſe for them to care.
As ſuch likewiſe are often times to ſpare,
In care of children that themſelues haue none,
So is it like (with this my worke to fare)
With many readers, when they are alone,
Who ſenſleſſe of my trauell like a ſtone,
(As neuer hauing yet ſo tride their braine)
Will thinke I cocker this my brood, as one
Growne proud, that I ſome iſſue do attaine:
But you whoſe painfull pen hath ſhown your skill,
Can iudge my part, and it well conſter will.

To his louing brother in law Robert Aloyle of Bake Esquire, and Anne his wife.

IF like the world a while I ſeeme to you,
Forgetfull and vnkind for kindneſſe ſhowne,
Thinke it not ſtrange their natures I enſue,
Where moſt I liue, whoſe proofe is dearly knowne.
The world to me vnkind and careleſſe growne,
Conuerts my nature to her temperature;
My youth (with loue of her puft vp and blowne)
Is cauſe that I now iuſtly this endure:
Yet worlds delights, nor cares nere alter'd ſure,
So farre my mind, that I ingrate did proue:
Heauens faith, earths friendſhip, doth my ſoule inure
To take far greater paines where once I loue:
You then (by bloud and friendſhips holy vow)
Right deare take this, and for loues ſeale allow.

REiect me not, (ye Peares of gentle ſpright)
Becauſe I do appeare in plaine array;
Sometimes for change, the curious do delight
In meane attyres, and homely food we ſay;
They are not limbd the beſt, that go moſt gay,
Nor ſoundeſt meats that moſt the taſt do pleaſe;
With Shepheards ruſſets, ſhield from cold ye May,
With hungry meales, preuent oft times diſeaſe:
Such home-wouen robes, ſuch wholeſome dyet theſe,
(Euen theſe rude lines, of my compiled frame)
Do offer you, your iudgements to appeaſe,
As may him nouriſh that doth vſe the ſame:
Not mine (but wiſeſt Salomons) recait,
To gaine the bleſſed ſtate we all await.

To the Right Ho. the Lady Marqueſſe of Northampton.

THe part which I haue taken now in hand,
To repreſent on ſtage to common ſight,
With my true nature ſeemes at ſtrife to ſtand,
And on an actor farre vnfit to light:
Accuſtom'd more on vainer theames to write
Then with the taske which now I do pretend;
Which being to be view'd by iudgements bright,
Makes me to ſeeke your fauour it defend:
Vouchſafe a gracious gloſe thereto to lend,
I then beſeech you (worthy Patroneſſe)
To whoſe applauſe, full many more will bend,
Becauſe they know you vertue do profeſſe:
And vertue is this theame, and that diuine,
With grace conſent then, to my ſute incline.

WHen this my bold attempt to mind I call,
VVho Phaëton like would Phebus Chariot guide;
From doubtfull thoughts into dispaire I fall,
How such cleare light, my weake sight may abide:
From one presumption, into more I slide,
And giue the raigne so much to rash desire,
That I make publike what I ought to hide,
And seeke my sanctuary in that heauenly fire,
VVhose Image of perfection I admire,
In our rare Goddesse, wisdomes clearest light,
VVhose grate aspect, my many wants require,
To clense the clouds, which blind my iudgments sight:
And such faire starres, as you (who influence haue
Of her bright Beames) to giue some light I craue.

To the Right Honorable the Countesse of Cumberland.

AS one whose rashnesse once hath made him bold,
To breake the bands of vsed modestie,
If of his error he shold hap be told,
VVill hardly yeeld that he hath gone awrye;
So worthie Lady, I confesse that I,
Vnworthie scribe, of such a heauenly stile,
Now that I needs my boldnesse must espie,
VVould couer from iust blame my selfe a while;
VVith borrowed grace, therefore I seeke beguile
The common sights, who least would spare my name;
If worthie you therefore but kindly smile,
I know that many more will do the same,
For wisest sort on vertuous do depend,
And vertuous path will vertue safe defend.

IN Courtly life no harpe can finde deputy,
In youngest yeares to shew a mirrors play,
In honours type, a lordly minde imitate,
No doubt, where regenerate doth beare sway,
Such you are held of such as highly prize
The practise of your life, to your great praise,
Whose vertues all temptations ouer-sway,
And your rare gifts, vnto the heauens raise.
No common thing it is in these our dayes,
To see such starres in noble Lucinas sphere,
Your worth, your soueraignes influence well bewraies,
Which so transformes, where so he vigor weeld:
Your birth, your marriage, natures gifts most rare,
With gift of grace herein may not compare.

To the Right Honorable the Countesse of Pembrooke.

O All the Nymphes of learned Braitenies race,
Of all the troopes about Dianes traine,
You seeme not least, the Muses Trophies grace,
In whom true honour spotlesse doth remaine:
Your name, your match, your vertues, honour gaine,
But not the least, that happy pregnancie of spright,
Whereby you equall honour do attaine,
To that rare light, the Lampe of heauenly light,
Who now no doubt doth shine with Angels bright,
While you (his starre) do the clear sunne darkned sky,
He heauen, earth, sea, adore, you are add delight,
Whose (more than mortall) gift you do apply,
To serue their glory, and your guiders grace,
Whose share in this all worldly greater place.

THese Oracles, by holy spright distild
Into the hart of wisest happie king,
To you most vertuous Ladie here are wild,
As heire to parent worthie in euerie thing:
His carefull, trauell countries peace did bring,
His solide wisedome vertue did purfle,
His bountie to the poore the world doth sing,
Whose honour him surliueth, crownd in you:
So nobles (if to God they yeeld his due)
So people ought to Nobles render fame,
So shall succeeding ages still renue
By old records, his euer reuerent name,
Wherein your double blessed spouse all bed,
Shall weath an Olive garland on his head.

To the Right Honourable Ladie, the Ladie Scroope.

THe bountie which your vertues do pretend,
The vertues which your wisdome hath imbraft,
The wisdome which both grace and nature lend,
The gracious nature which so well is plaft,
Doth witnesse well the heauens your beautie graft:
With borrowed wisdome not of humane kind,
Which so hath softned vertues mild and chaft,
As benigne beautie might a dwelling find,
Fit to receiue such presents as in mind,
Are consecrated to that sacred shrine,
Whereon (as vestall Virgin) you assigned,
Do worthie weigh, whole eye vouchsafe me cleare,
To take in worth, reade, iudge of, and defend,
This worke, weake record of my hearts intend.

THe perfect beautie, which doth most reclaime,
The purest thoughts from base and vaine desire,
Not seene, nor feuted is by common aime
Of eies, whom coullers vse to set on fire:
The rare seene beautie men on earth admire,
Doth rather dazell then content the sight,
For grace and wisdome soonest do retire,
A wandring heart to feed on true delight:
Seldome all gifts do in one subiect light,
But all are crownd, with double honour then,
And shine the more, adornd with vertue bright,
But (with Religion graft) adord of men:
These gifts of nature, since they meet with grace,
In you, haue powre more then faire Venus face,

To the Right Honourable, the Ladie of Huntsdon.

OF soule and bodie both since men consist,
Of diuers humors since our bodies be;
Since sundry affects do one selfe thought resist,
Since body, soule, thought, will, are all in me,
Thinke you not strange these passions new to see,
VVhich to my wonted humors different seeme,
They both are fruite of one and selfe same tree,
The first for yonger hold, this elder deeme:
If you of my indeuors well esteeme,
VVhom well the world doth know can iudge the best,
VVhose course of life a happie pitch doth cleeme,
In verteous proues wherein your fame is blest:
Then shall I haue a part of my desire,
VVho for my trauell craue but likings hire.

The

To the Honourable gentlewomen Mistresse Elizabeth and Anne Russels.

THe double giftes of nature and of grace,
Redoubled in you both with equall share,
(VVhilst beautie shineth in the modest face,
And learning in your mindes with vertue rare)
Do well expresse, of what discent ye are,
Of heauens immortall seed, of blessed kind,
Of earths twise honord stock, which ye declare,
In noble parts composde of either mind;
Them both in you (rare gems) we blessed find,
Ye both by them are honord happily:
Then both, vouchsafe what I to both assignd,
To read, and to conceiue of graciously:
So ye (like to your kind) the world shall know,
And to your selues (frō hence) some fruit shal grow.

To the Honourable Gentlewoman Mistresse Elizabeth Bridges.

SInce I haue growne so bold, to take in hand
A theame so farre indeed vnfit for me,
As by the reading you will vnderstand,
Whereto my style in no sort doth agree,
I cannot chuse but feare, lest you should see
Some signe of high presumption in my mind,
Which cause of iust reproch to me might be,
And for my sake the worke lesse fauour find:
Vnto you therfore haue I this assignd,
To craue for me remission at your hand,
VVhose vertues show, you cannot be vnkind,
If kindnesse may with modest vertues stand:
And of and for true vertue do I pleade,
Which to desired blisse and honour leade.

To the Honorable Lady the Lady Southwell.

TO you the vowed ſeruice of my mind,
(Faire Miſtreſſe of the pureſt thoughts I bred)
As youths conceit could beſt inuention find,
I dedicated with affection fed.
My elder thoughts with yours high honor led,
Haue often ſtroue to ſhew continued zeale,
But was diſcourag'd through miſtruſt and dred
Of my defects, which did my will conceale:
Yet now compeld my weakneſſe to reueale
Vnto a world of worthy witneſſes;
I craue to be excuſd, if I appeale
To you for grace, to whom I guilt confeſſes,
And hope you will for auncient ſeruice ſake,
Excuſe my wants, and this in worth will take.

To the Honorable Lady the Lady Cecill.

IN counter-poiſe of your right high deſart,
My dutie made my gratefull mind conſent,
To ſtraine my braine to equall with my hart,
In finding forth for you ſome fit preſent:
Which to performe, thus will and powre (firſt bent)
Was checkt by iuſt regard of your eſteeme:
Which me preuented of my hopes intent,
Since for your worth, vain things not pleaſing ſeeme:
Yet (leaſt a meere excuſe you that might deeme,
To cloke a thankleſſe heart with idle hand)
With more then natiue ſtrength a pitch I cleeme,
To treat of bliſſe, which I not vnderſtand:
But Gods inſpiring grace (to king once tought)
I here as pawne of dutie, haue you brought.

Leſt

LEst that this change of style at first might breed
A doubt in you, whole worke it were and gift;
I thinke it fit your searching thoughts to feed,
With truth who writ it, and therein his drift:
When scorne of hap, did force my hope to shift,
The place wherein felicitie I sought,
As tyrd on earth, to heauen my thoughts I lift,
Which in me this strange Metamorphos wrought:
But so vnperfect fruit, of what it ought,
Mixt with the dregs of old imprinted phrase,
Require a fauour in the Readers thought,
With kind construction frailties forth to raze:
To you my wants, to me your vertues tryde,
Giues me good hope, this suite is not denyde.

To the vertuous Lady the Lady Layton.

SInce stranger like, to Court but newly come,
This home-bred child, may hap for to be vsde,
Inquired of by most, censured by some
Which cannot iudge, yet will not be refusde:
Where wants are pride into, and soone accusde,
If shape, attire, grace, skill, be not the best;
Where curious conceits will seeme abusde,
If euery word, phrase, period, bide not test:
Least that this worke too rashly be suppresst,
Vntried, halfe vnderstood, disgraced quight,
I needfull thinke it be to some addresst,
Who can and will protect from causeles spight:
Which that you will vouchsafe, I nothing feare,
Since to the matter, you such zeale do beare.

T'o the vertuous Lady, the Lady Wroth.

FArre fet, deare bought, doth fit a Lady beſt;
Such you deſerue, ſuch would my will beſtow;
Good things are rare, rare things eſteem'd you know;
Rare ſhould yours be, as your rare of the reſt:
Such hold this gift, fetcht from a forraine land,
Which wiſeſt King, as precious did prouide,
Who viewing all the earth, hath nought eſpide,
Whoſe worth (herewith cõpar'd) may longer ſtand:
The price (I dare aſſure) is very deare,
As puchaſd by your merit and my care,
Whoſe trauell would a better gift prepare,
If any better worthy might appeare:
Then this accept, as I the ſame intend,
Which dutie to the dead would will me ſend.

T'o the vertuous Lady, the Lady Carey.

IF any thing might in this worke appeare,
Worthy the reading, fit for to content,
I ſhould then hold it beſt beſtowed here,
Where moſt my time in frame thereof was ſpent:
By view of your rare vertues I was bent,
To meditate of heauen and heauenly thing,
By comfort of your counſell forward went,
My halting muſe, this heauenly note to ſing:
And now that time doth forth this harueſt bring,
Which muſt (till needy) be layd vp in ſtore,
(As medcine meet to cure care's deadlieſt ſting,
And to reſtore health's comfort, weake before)
You (Lady) who of right beſt int'reſt haue,
Muſt heere receiue, and keepe, what firſt ye gaue.

IF kinred be the neereneſſe of the blood,
Or likeneſſe of the mind in kind conſent,
Or if it be like proneneſſe vnto good,
Or mutuall liking by two parties ment:
If kindneſſe be in truth a firme intent,
With open heart to teſtifie good-will;
If true good will be to contentment bent,
If true contentment cannot be in ill:
Iknow you will repute this token ſtill,
A pledge of kinſmans loue in ech degree;
Which though it do your treaſure litle fill,
Yet way to perfect wealth will let you ſee.
My ſelfe in kindneſſe wiſh and hope in you,
Profit of mind and ſoules content t'inſue.

To the vertuous Gentlewoman Miſtreſſe E. Bowes.

AMong the many profits which do riſe
Vnto the faithfull, which the truth do loue,
A greater comfort can I not deuiſe,
Then is the ſweet ſocietie they proue,
When each doth ſeeke for others beſt behoue,
To ſtrengthen that which fleſh and bloud doth ſhake,
Their weakned ſoules (I meane) which ſorows moue,
Through feare of ſin, and guilty thoughts, to quake.
Whereof by you ſince I experience make,
Whoſe mild and kind accord, with neighbours woe,
Doth cauſe them oft the croſſe with patience take,
And forward ſtill in hope and courage goe:
I were vngrate, if I ſhould not indeuer,
To nouriſh that (your grace) I honord euer.

To the Honorable Ladies and Gentlewomen, attendants
in the Court.

YE worthy Nymphes of chaſt Dyanaes traine,
Who with our Soueraignes preſence bleſſed bee,
Whereby ye perfect beauty ſhall attaine,
If ye affect the gifts in her you ſee:
Scorne not to yeeld your mild aſpects to mee,
Who with you do attend her high beheſt;
It can no whit diſparage your degree,
To looke on that is liked of the beſt:
This worke for ſtyle inferiour to the reſt,
Which many worthier wits to you preſent,
Craues welcome yet, as ſome (no common gueſt),
Whom beſt to greet your greateſt care is ſpent.
For kings words theſe, do guide to bliſſe you craue,
The fruit of fauour which you ſtriue to haue.

To all other his Honorable and beloued friends
in generall.

WHat ſhall I do? proceed or ſtay my pen?
To either ſide, great reaſon vrg'd my mind;
Vnto moſt powrefull would I yeeld, but then
Defect of powre, makes hand to ſtay behind:
Of well deſeruing friends I many find,
Of worthy perſons (vnſaluted) more;
Thoſe I neglect may hold my heart vnkind,
And ſome my iudgement partiall hold therefore:
Yet (as I find) ſo they muſt graunt the ſtore,
Of happy Englands well deſeruing ſtate,
Exceeds the bounds my worke preſcribd before,
And doth reſtraine my mind to ſtricter rate:
But if one word may ſhew a world of loues,
Vſe this and me, to all your beſt behoues.

To the Honorable Ladies and Gentlewomen attending in the Court.

YE worthy Nymphes of chaft Dyanaes traine,
Who with our Soueraignes precious bleſſed bee,
Whereby ye perfect beauty ſhall attaine,
If ye affect the gifts in her you ſee:
Scorne not to yeeld your mild aſpects to mee,
Who with you do attend the height beſtyld
I can no more diſparage your degree,
To looke on that reſided of the beſt,
This worke for true inferiour to thereſt,
Which many worthier wits to you preſent,
Graues welcome yet, as ſome (the common gueſt)
Whom beſt to greet your greateſt cares ſpent
For kings words theſe, do guide to dilde your eares
The fruit of fauour which you liue to haue
To all other the Honorable and Reuerend
In generall

WHat ſhall I doe? proceed or ſtay my pen?
To enter ſtyle great reaſon vrg'd my mind,
Vnto moſt powerfull would I yeeld, but then
Deteſt of powre, makes hand to ſtay behinde:
Of well deſerning friends I many find
Of worthy perſons (vnlaureat) more,
Thole I neglect my hold my heart vnkind,
And ſome my iudgement parrall hold therefore:
Yet (as I find) to thee muſt graunt the fore,
Of happy England well deſerning ſtate,
Exceeds the bounds my worke preſcribd before,
And doth reſtraine my mind to further rate:
But if one word may ſhew a world of loues,
Vle this and me, to all your beſt behoues,